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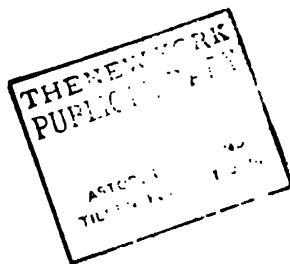






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# LADIES' READER

Vol. 1. No. 1. 1875.



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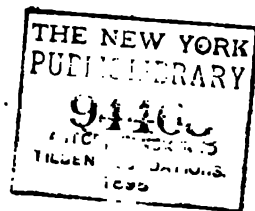
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THE

# LADIES' WREATH.

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VOL. I.]

MAY, 1846.

[NO. 1.

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## INTRODUCTION.

IN presenting to our beloved countrywomen, a new periodical, devoted to their interests, and respectfully claiming a share of their attention, it becomes necessary that we should state briefly, the objects we have in view, and the means by which we shall seek their accomplishment. We are well aware that there are already in existence many papers and magazines, designed for our own sex, but none we believe, occupying precisely the ground we intend to take in the LADIES' WREATH. It is to be emphatically the VOICE OF WOMAN; giving utterance to truths in her behalf, whose value has never yet been adequately appreciated or understood. If we can succeed in awakening the wives, mothers, and daughters of the land, to a sense of their true dignity, and the important agency they are destined to exert in the moral and physical regeneration of the world, our utmost expectations will have been realized.

"Whatever may be the customs and laws of a country," says Aime Martin, "women always give the tone to morals. If we wish to know then, the political and moral condition of a state, we must ask what rank women hold in it. Their influence embraces the whole of life."

A wife—a mother—magical words, comprising the sweetest and purest sources of earthly felicity. The empire of women is that of the affections, her reign, the reign of love, of beauty, of reason. The sternest and most impassive natures yield in some degree to the gentle influence of



the wife, and the son continues to obey his mother long after she has ceased to live—while “the ideas received from her often become principles more strong even than his passions.”

If it be then an incontestible fact that the influence of woman is so powerful, so pervading, if it affect equally public morals and private happiness, and extend with various modifications through the whole of life, why has it been to so great an extent neglected? How is it, that a power of such universal operation, has been overlooked by the philanthropist, who, in his plans for the amelioration of the condition of mankind, has hardly deigned to mention this potent agent? The “renovation of society,” is the watchword of the moralist and the sage, but how few among them dream that by this negligence they are losing the most important and effective of all human agencies?

The truth cannot be too frequently repeated, or too strongly impressed upon the mind, that “the moral destinies of the world depend far less on institutions or even education, than on moral influence.” The most important of all moral influences is the maternal. On the character of mothers depends, under God, the regeneration of mankind.

Are then the claims we have made for our sex too exalted? Is it not rendering to mankind a valuable service, to impress on the mind of woman, the *fact* of this influence, and to enlighten her as to its nature, its extent, and the duties it imposes?

Such is the work, to which the magazine we propose to issue, is to be mainly devoted. As its mission will be chiefly confined to our own sex, so woman’s character and destiny, her wants, her rights, but above all, her duties, will chiefly occupy its columns. The cause of the oppressed seamstresses of our cities, who are suffering from the grinding oppression of unprincipled employers, will be advocated in these pages, with all the ability God has given us, nor shall we turn a deaf ear to the cry of our sisters in bonds, because the Creator has given them a skin darker than our own. Wherever an evil is found, that experience has

proved to be a source of general corruption, there will our efforts be directed to expose it fearlessly, whatever may be the result to ourselves or our enterprise. We shall hope to enter the hallowed domestic circle as a messenger of good, both to parents and children, while we plead the cause of virtue, of justice, and humanity, within that sacred enclosure.

To the MOTHER, as the source of moral influence, and the formet of the moral atmosphere, on whose healthfulness so much depends, we shall speak of her solemn obligations, her precious privileges, and the blessed rewards of maternal faithfulness and care.

On the mind of the *youthful female* we shall seek to impress the thought, that "women are not to live for themselves"—that their mission from the cradle to the grave is one of benevolence and love; and that only in proportion to their reception of this truth, is their beneficial action on society at large.

The claims of labor, not only to an adequate compensation, but to the respect of the community, and its perfect compatibility with true dignity of character and mental culture, will be constantly urged in these pages, which shall never, while under our control, be closed against any cause which seeks the removal of moral evil, or the alleviation of human misery.

Such are our plans—but for carrying them out successfully, we must of course depend on that public patronage, which is essential to the existence of a periodical like this. For the sake of the great interests we advocate, we shall hope to gain a favorable hearing from all to whom those interests are dear.

In the name of Jehovah of Hosts, we fling our banner to the breeze, and invite the good and true to rally around it: promising them that like the white plume of Henry of Navarre, it shall always be found in the path of honor, and that no stain of treachery or moral cowardice shall ever sully its white folds. In the conflict between light and

darkness, that is thickening around us, we, too, would bear our humble part; confident that every honest endeavor, however faint; every word of truth, however feebly spoken, shall, by the blessing of God, accomplish that which He shall please, and prosper in the thing whereto He hath sent it.

---

### MORAL POWER OF BOOKS.

"I DENY not but that it is of the greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men. For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men." —MILTON'S *speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing*.

"Often," says Coleridge, "have I reflected with awe, on the great and disproportionate power which an individual with no extraordinary attainments or talents may exert, by merely throwing off all restraints of conscience. He who has once said, 'Evil! be thou my good!' has removed a world of obstacles, by the very decision that he will have no obstacles but those of force and brute matter." Let such an individual have wit, genius, eloquence—let him have the power to make the worse appear the better reason, and to move the minds of others, as the leaves of the forest are moved by the wind, and what may he not accomplish! "A book is the subtle essence, the life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up to a life beyond his life." In reading a favorite author, we commune with his mind, we see with his eyes, we insensibly imbibe his opinions, and rise from the interview, either strengthened in the love and practice of virtue, or with diminished moral power to resist the temptations of vice. The mind cannot receive ideas even transiently, without being in some way affected by their passage through it. Who can hold converse with such men as Taylor and Leighton, and Bacon, and Milton, or nearer to our own times, with Addison and Johnson, and


Cowper, men who though dead, still speak in their imperishable pages, and not become wiser and better by the intercourse? They force us to *think*, and this is no slight advantage at the present day, when there seems such a universal tendency to shun reflection, and to take sentiments, thoughts and feelings, all on trust from others. These ornaments of literature, bowed before the majesty of virtue, and their splendid talents were laid as an offering on her shrine. With child-like docility they sat at the feet of Jesus, and their inspiration was drawn from—

“Siloa’s brook that flow’d  
Fast by the oracle of God.”

“Let me make the songs of a nation,” once said an accurate observer of human nature, “and I care not who makes its laws.” No one who is not passionately fond of poetry, can fully realize its power over the human heart. A poet, such as Byron, can move at will, all the chords of this complicated instrument, and bring from it discord, or harmony, as he pleases. How has the gifted but unhappy Byron exerted this powerful influence—on the side of vice, or virtue? Let his own character and that of his productions answer. With all his talents and advantages, he was himself an irritable misanthropic debauchee, who prided himself on fearing neither God nor man. In his poems, love is a mere animal passion—spirit, a mixture of pride, obstinacy and malevolence; while most of his personages, though formed after a Pagan model, fall far below the Pagan standard of morality. What must be the effect on public morals, of the general circulation of exquisite poetry, calculated only to excite the imagination, pervert the understanding, and inflame the passions? We always regret to hear the young speak of Byron or Moore as their favorite poets, and would gladly make them feel, that while England boasts such names as Milton, Campbell, Wordsworth, Hemans, and Montgomery—while America has

Bryant, a Longfellow, a Dana and a Sigourney, they need not resort to such dangerous pages for interest and amusement. The fact is, we have got so far away from the truth and simplicity of nature, that any thing which does not powerfully excite us, is insipid beyond endurance. The author who shrouds himself in the mantle of mystery and concealment, is more eagerly welcomed than the simple interpreter of nature, who mingles freely with us, as a being of the same wants and capacities with ourselves. The effect of this depraved taste on the morals of the community is most injurious, for the step from admiration to imitation is a short one. When Schiller's tragedy of the Robbers, was first brought out in Germany, great numbers of young men from the universities were induced to betake themselves to robbery *en amateur*, by the romance of the description. So universal was the mania, that it became at last, necessary to prohibit the representation of this play, upon the stage. Human nature is still the same, and those who in any way encourage the circulation of immoral books, may find it to their cost. Many a parent, whose heart is wrung by the misconduct of his children, might trace their wanderings from virtue to the *books* which were lying on his parlor table, and the perusal of which, he perhaps thoughtlessly encouraged by his own example. We deprecate a public censorship of the press, but in the domestic circle it is absolutely necessary, if we would guard our children from the worst of all influences, that of a gifted intellect joined to a depraved heart. It is not enough that they are shielded from evil associates; the companionship of books is more intimate, and therefore more influential than any other. The annals of crime might furnish many useful lessons on this subject, but we need not resort to this source of information, for every one's personal experience will confirm the truth of what we have asserted.

There are many young females, particularly among the laboring classes, who, because they have but little leisure to bestow on books, devote that little to *light* reading, often



of a kind decidedly objectionable. The writings of Byron, Bulwer, Eugene Sue, and other French novelists, of still more exciting and immoral tendency, are eagerly devoured by them, and the distorted and unreal pictures of life found in these pages, form the groundwork of their sleeping and waking vagaries. Will such reading improve the intellect, or amend the heart? Will it prepare the young for the duties and realities which lie before them? Will it make them useful, intelligent and happy wives, mothers, and members of society? No, never. The time thus wasted, will be in after years, deeply and bitterly regretted. "The poet's houri is not more seductive, nor the scorpion's sting more dangerous, than these productions of brains fevered by a restless ambition, and corrupted by unholy passions."

That there are many admirable works of fiction which may be read not only with safety, but profit, by those who have leisure for an extensive course of reading, we are well aware. If he who makes truth disagreeable, commits high treason against virtue, surely the writer who renders truth attractive, bestows an important benefit on society. The writings of the good and the true—of those who are endeavoring to "leave the world better than they found it," must partake of the moral character of their authors, and may safely be taken to our firesides, and our hearts. But we would impress the thought on our youthful readers, that no splendor of intellect, no fire of genius, no graces of diction, can atone for the want of moral principle in an author or in his productions. The power to move immortal mind, is one of thrilling interest, and fearful importance—woe to him who shall dare to use it for selfish ends, or pervert it to unholy purposes.

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"Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread idleness."—*Bible*.

## ISABELLA OF CASTILE.

BY CORINNE MONTGOMERY.

THERE is one royal name which even Republican America should "delight to honor," for it is the symbol of all that is high and holy in patriotism, of all that is pure, lovely, and true in domestic faith. Many queens have done virtuously, but most virtuously thou, Isabella of Castile. A youth of trial and many stern ordeals had prepared the mind of the Spanish Princess for the high duties assigned her by Providence, and when she gave her hand to Ferdinand of Arragon, he received the richest dowered bride in Europe. The diadem of Castile, half lost as it was in the grasp of the Moslem, was of less real worth to the warrior king, than the wise and devoted love that knew so well how to harmonize their turbulent nobles, and consolidate their distracted provinces.

But not as the wife of Ferdinand, or Queen of united Spain, is Isabella the dearest historic name royalty ever gave to the children of the new world. It is the heroic mother of its discovery, that commands our reverence. When kings heard with cold incredulity, and learned prelates condemned with bitter sarcasm, the noble plans of Columbus, Isabella studied them with gentle patience, and believed. She believed, and resolved to prove that belief, though she must meet the sneers of rival royalties, and the urgent remonstrances of her own nobles, at every step of the enterprise. Worst and hardest of all, she had to meet the disapproval of her honored husband; but Isabella knew well that if she owed deference and loving obedience to her wedded lord, she had also the duties of a sovereign to fulfil towards her heritage of Castile. "Columbus shall go forth to seek in those western waters, on the farthest verge of the untracked Atlantic, new realms, which will receive from us the light of religion, and give back their rich products to our industry. My Ferdinand will not

make the venture in behalf of our united kingdom, and I therefore take the risk for my own Castile. If war has drained the treasury, let my jewels be pledged for the funds needful to speed Columbus on his way." To this resolution of the noble Isabella—a resolution to which no cotemporary prince could expand his thoughts—is freedom indebted for this continent. Here she cradled her family of republics, and here the liberated descendants of European bondage, will learn how to honor and bless the name of the noblest woman who ever bore a sceptre.

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## A NOBLE CHARITY.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

CONSIDERING the immense wealth of this city, our institutions for the relief of poverty and ignorance, afford but little room for boasting. The time will come when we shall look back at once with shame and wonder, that we could have been so callous to the woes which we see every where around us, and so blind to our own best interests, even in a pecuniary point of view.

But there are many excellent charities among us, and in particular, one institution lately come into operation in this city, whose objects are so truly noble, whose intention so enlightened, whose scope so comprehensive, that we may feel an honest pride in holding it up to notice, and commending its excellent example to other cities. This is the Association for the Care and Assistance of Prisoners, from the period of their incarceration, up to the time of their re-establishment in society. This plan includes care of their condition and morals in prison, to be accomplished by means of suitable persons, provided by law—a labor which is Herculean in itself, since matters which are to be perfected through the action of large bodies are ever slow, and subject to a thousand obstacles. The introduction of matrons at the City Prison and at Blackwell's Island, is a



vast step towards the great object of reformation, but much remains to be done, before our prisoners, male and female, will receive that measure from us which we should wish meted to us again, if our conditions were reversed, as so easily, in God's overruling Providence, they might be.

That department of the Society's plan which is most obviously interesting, is the help to be afforded to discharged convicts who shall show any willingness to be led back to the paths of virtue; and of this department, the portion whose claims we wish to urge at present, is particularly the female. Of the multitude of females who are convicted of every variety of crime in the course of the year, no inconsiderable portion feel at least the desire to avoid the disgrace and wretchedness into which they have been brought by former misconduct; and it is to such as these, that the Prison Association extends the hand of mercy, acting as the vicegerent of that All-merciful Father, who desires not the destruction of the sinner, but rather that he may turn from his wickedness and live. Most of the women in this situation are foreigners—some, no doubt, degraded before they left their native shores—others led into vice by wretches who lie in wait ever for female imbecility. But others are our own country women—girls enticed from the country for evil purposes—betrayed by false managers, or deserted by profligate husbands, and left a prey to the spoiler. One and all are subjects of the greatest interest; and none can know without personal observation, the feelings excited by the attempt to do good among these desolate but still human creatures, sunk almost below hope, yet often showing gleams of unextinguished womanhood, which can never fall coldly on the heart of woman.

For these a home has been provided, where shelter and employment, instruction and advice, are offered in the truest spirit of Christian sympathy and love. From this Home, which is but yet a beginning, affording accommodations for scarcely more than twenty inmates at a time,

numbers have gone out as domestic servants, into various families, in city and country, and the return voice has been such, with but few exceptions, as to encourage the Association in the effort to make their aid applicable to an increasing number of unfortunates.

We hope to call attention more and more to this new but most necessary form of beneficence—to persuade our friends whom fortune has blest in basket and in store, to venture a little for the sake of giving the best instruction possible to these repentant creatures—the discipline of the private family—the care of sympathizing and judicious matrons. In particular would we entreat those of our friends who live in country places, to consider whether they could, by any ingenuity, devise a more effectual mode of doing good, than by taking into their families, as domestic servants, these women who long to be put in the way of a better life. They remain long enough at the Home to be thoroughly known by the matrons, and by the ladies who give their personal services to the object, and none are sent to places who have not shown a desire to reform. Faithful domestics are so much a desideratum in the country, that those who have had good ones from the Home, speak with energy of the docility and industry of the repentant subjects whom they have tried.

The report lately published by the Association, sets forth eloquently the objects and claims of the Institution—what has been accomplished during the present year, and what is hoped for the future. Slight as is this notice of a most important subject, we shall refrain from lengthening our article, hoping to be the more favorably received at another time

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Gospel truths, dwelling in the regenerated soul, have been compared to the strings of a harp, ready to give forth sweet sounds whenever the breath of the Spirit passes over them.—*Mrs. F. L. Smith.*

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THE DEATH FIRE.

THE DEATH FIRE.

BY MRS. ANN. S. STEPHENS.

BENEATH the ever dense and leafy gloom  
Of the hush'd wilderness, a lurid flame  
Crept, like a serpent, gorged with kindling blood,  
Around the knotted trunk of an old forest oak  
A cloud of smoke, fiery and hot with flame,  
Surged o'er the tangled roots, and coiling up  
With angry hiss and red and fiery tongues,  
Devour'd the hoar moss from the bearded bough.  
Then upward and abroad it fiercely spread  
Through the dusk pine-tops and the clinging vines,  
Till the dark forest crimsoned with the glare.  
Strong winds swept through the hot and crackling boughs  
While scintillating sparks—a fiery rain  
Fell from the arrowy flames that darted through  
The black and smoky air.  
In double ranks, around that flaming tree,  
Sat fierce brow'd warriors, like a crowd of fiends  
Sent forth to hold their orgies on the earth.  
Their shafted arrows and the sinewy bow,  
The tomahawk, and club and keen-edged knife,  
Flash'd back the fire, and there all hotly gleamed.  
In the tall grass ; that, coiled all crisply back,  
Grew stiff, and died on the scorched earth.  
Upon this savage and most fearful scene  
The stars looked gently with their quiet eyes ;  
And the soft moonbeams trembled in the smoke,  
Like angels in the grasp of demon hands.  
The sighing winds cast back their gathered perfume,  
And, lifting the flame-cloud with their sweeping wings  
Reveal'd a gleam of green and moon-lit banks,  
With waters flowing softly to their home.  
There in a cove, amid the lotus flowers,  
A bark canoe rock'd on the whispering wave.  
The sparkling river, flowing with sweet chime,  
So cool and tranquil in its verdant banks,  
In gentle contrast with the flaming trees,  
And the red demons crouching underneath,  
Mock'd the devoted victims.  
One was a girl so gently fair

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She seemed a being of upper air,  
 Lured by the sound of the waters swell,  
 To the haunt of demons dark and fell !  
 But oh, the keen despair,  
 Breaking from out that large dark eye.  
 Bent with such chill intensity  
 On the wild pageant there !  
 Her livid lips grew cold and white,  
 And her brow was knit in the dusky light  
 Beneath her long black hair.  
 Shackled by many a galling thong.  
 But in Christian courage firm and strong.  
 Stood a brave man, with his eye on fire,  
 As he bent its glance on the funeral pyre.  
 Yet his bosom heaved and his heart beat quick,—  
 His labored breath came fast and thick ;  
 His cheek grew pale, and drops of pain  
 Sprang to his brow, like beaded rain,  
 As he felt the clasp of his pallid bride,  
 Where she clung in fear to his prisoned side.  
 A savage shout—a fierce deep yell  
 Rings up through the forest, cove, and dell ;  
 The wood is alive on either hand  
 With the rushing feet of that murderous band.  
 One start from the earth, one feeble cry—  
 Like the moan of a fawn when the hounds are nigh—  
 And she sinks to the ground with a shuddering thrill,  
 And lies at his feet all cold and still.  
 With the mighty strength of his stern despair,  
 Like a lion roused in his guarded lair,  
 The youth has rended his bonds apart—  
 The bride is snatched to his throbbing heart ;  
 With a bound he clears the savage crew,  
 And plunges on toward the bark canoe.  
 He nears the bank— a fiendish scream  
 From the baffled foes rings o'er the stream .  
 He springs to the bark—away—away—  
 It is lost from sight in the flashing spray !

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“ Christ has taken our nature in heaven, to represent us,”  
 says Newton ; “ and has left us on earth, with his nature,  
 to represent him.”

## ALICE—A STORY OF OUR VILLAGE.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

GENTLE reader, imagine yourself in a state of clairvoyance, and come with me to the loveliest spot in all that lovely valley, through which the Connecticut "hurries his wave to the wave of the deep," stealing as he goes, the last lingering kiss from the willows that bend so gracefully to the evening breeze. Do you see that little village, nestling in an enclosure formed by a sudden bend of the river round the foot of yonder mountain, and looking with its white houses and venetian blinds, its trees and shrubbery, like a rural paradise? That is the village of M——, better known through all the adjacent country by its soubriquet of "The Happy Valley," and regarded by its inhabitants as "a fairer, sweeter spot than all beside," on the face of the earth. Let us enter its principal street, through this avenue of magnificent elms, whose branches interlace so closely, forming a verdant canopy far above our heads. Shall I take you to my own little cottage, half hidden by the honeysuckle and clematis that have wound around the trellis, or resisting the temptation to exhibit my floral treasures, shall I lead you at once to the Hall which stands in conscious superiority on a gentle eminence overlooking its humbler neighbors and dependants? It is the abode of wealth, taste and elegance, and all their appliances have been tasked to beautify and perfect it. Of the house, one might almost say, that like Abbotsford, "it is a romance in stone and lime," and certes, it was planned by one who had a poet's eye, and a poet's love of the picturesque and beautiful. In laying out the grounds, too, how admirably art has followed the dictation of nature, while inventing new forms and combinations of loveliness. Here is a wildwood walk, leading to a sylvan bower, through whose latticed sides the tube rose, the heliotrope and verbena, send their wealth of fragrance—there the closely shaven lawn runs down to

the river's brink, studded with majestic trees, "the aristocracy of nature," and surrounded with a belt of forest trees of every variety. But yonder, seated in that noble portico supported by massy columns, and commanding an extensive view of the river, are seated a group to whom I am impatient to introduce you. Mr. Forrester, the owner of this delightful abode, is still in the prime of manhood, though early habits of thought have drawn lines of care on his lofty brow, and years of travel in other lands have deepened the flush of health on his manly cheek. He is not a native of our village, not even a New-Englander by birth, yet are we justly proud of his character and talents, his public spirit, and his private virtues. Some few years since, he came with a widowed sister, who superintended his bachelor establishment, to spend the summer months in a neighboring town, and chancing in one of his rides to discover this secluded valley, gave it the appellation it still bears, and took measures at once to become a permanent resident among us. Though his heart overflows with kindness, he has yet a dignity and reserve of manner which repels every attempt at familiarity, and this, together with his reputation as a scholar and a traveller, kept us all at a distance, until the severe illness of Mrs. Lawton, rendered it an act of duty on my part, to visit her and tender such services as wealth cannot command. I was kindly, nay gratefully received by Mr. Forrester and his sister, and from that hour a friendship commenced, which the intercourse of succeeding years has only served to increase and cement. But the mistress of this splendid establishment, the lovely and graceful woman who is playfully looking over the shoulder of her husband as he reads—ah, "thereby hangs a tale," which as I am in the gossiping vein, I will relate to you, while we rest on this bank of violets, over which the south wind comes so refreshingly, laden with the perfume of innumerable flowers. Let me premise, however, that I have no romantic incidents, no thrilling adventures to relate. It is a simple story of every day life, and its hero is no Sir

Charles Grandison, or Lord Orville, but an unpretending gentleman, possessing too much principle to shoot his friend in obedience to the laws of HONOR, and far too fastidious to marry any young lady who would consent to an elopement. As for my heroine—but she deserves a more formal introduction.

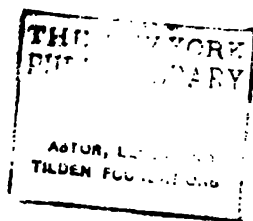
I was busily engaged in reading one afternoon, in the summer of 183—, when my attention was arrested by the sweet tones of a child who was offering berries at the door. The music of the human voice has at all times strange mastery over my feelings, and I laid down my book and stepped into the hall to look upon the speaker. It was a little girl, who had apparently numbered ten, or it might be twelve summers, and though the rose on her cheek had acquired a deeper hue from constant exposure, there was a delicacy and beauty about her form and features, which won my admiration in a moment. Her very soul looked out through the soft dark eyes that were turned on me with a supplicating expression, as she repeated the words I had just heard.

“Please buy my berries, for my grandfather is old, and so very sick, that I fear he will die.”

“And who is your grandfather, my little girl.” I asked, “and where does he live?”

“He is Capt. Dudley, and he lives in the little cottage on Mr. Brent’s farm,” she answered, “will you come and see him, ma’am?” and her face was radiant with the excitement of hope, as she looked up for my reply. I gave her the desired promise, and made her very happy, by purchasing all her berries, and sending her directly home to her sick grandfather. The next evening found me on my way to Mr. Brent’s farm, wondering who these new-comers might be, who had made their way into the village so quietly, that even Miss Candace Flint, our female Paul Pry, knew nothing of the matter.

As I approached the cottage, I saw through its open door, my youthful acquaintance of the preceding day, busily em-







ВЪЗРАСТЪ НА СЛАВЫ И ПОСЛАВІЯ

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*Malva Sylvestris*



## WHAT CONSTITUTES A LADY?

BY THE EDITRESS.

SINCE this word *lady* has forced its way into all our vocabularies, and even claims the right of precedence over every other, we must consent to use it occasionally, though for ourselves we greatly prefer the good old Saxon term—*woman*. There is in its very sound, a world of tender and endearing meanings, each one of which strikes a chord that will continue to vibrate until the heart is cold in death. With *woman* we associate the idea of home, with all its fond recollections and innocent enjoyments, and of love with its thousand gentle ministries, strewing life's pathway with flowers from the cradle to the grave. Woman is the guardian angel of man from infancy to old age; his nurse, his cherisher, his companion, his assistant in every stage of being. The mother, whose changeless affection made the sunshine of our early days, and who is to us the prototype of every thing excellent and lovely, was a *woman*, and the heart could be satisfied with no other word, in dwelling on her virtues and her worth. No such hallowed associations cluster around the term *lady*. The image presented by it to the mind, may command our respect and admiration, but it never has been, and never will be enshrined in the heart's inner sanctuary, and like its rival, worshipped there in solitude and silence.

We have still another reason to assign for our preference. We learned to love the word *woman*, when in early

childhood, we read with ever fresh delight, the inspired account of the heroic Deborah, the meek and devout Hannah, the high-spirited Abigail, and the tender and disinterested Ruth. These were all *women*, and so too was Mary the favored mother of the incarnate Mediator; so were Martha and Mary of Bethany, so were all that constellation of female worthies which shines so brightly on the page of inspiration as the friends and attendants of our blessed Lord. Woman was—

“ Last at the cross and earliest at the grave,”

shunning no danger, and fearing no reproach, where her faith and her affections were concerned; while Herodias, Salome, Bernice and their associates, who were the *ladies* of that day, perished in their proud rejection of the glad news of salvation.

But let us not be misunderstood. It is not the thing represented, but the term chosen to express it, to which we have reference. The ideas which the word lady are intended to convey, we would gladly help to impress on the mind of every female in the land. They embody all that is high and holy in strength of intellect, purity of heart, uprightness of principle, and that winning grace which makes every word and action seem “wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best,” to the beholder. But while we freely make this admission to the *lady*, we claim on behalf of our favorite *woman*, an equal share of excellence and loveliness. We cannot subscribe to the vulgar opinion, that wealth, station, or fine dress make the lady, and want of them, the woman. On the contrary, we believe that wherever mental cultivation and moral worth are found, whether in the cottage or on the throne, they constitute the lady, in the truest sense of the word—and that the best and noblest of our sex can be known by no appellation more honorable than that of woman.

But we have been betrayed into writing a homily, where we intended to make only a casual remark. We beg the

pardon of our readers for this long prologue, and repeat the enquiry with which we began—"What constitutes a lady?"—such a lady as Martha Washington, and Hannah More, and Elizabeth Fry? It certainly could have been nothing extrinsic which gave them a claim to the title, for in that case they would hardly have obtained the unanimous verdict of society in their favor. It was moral worth and symmetry of character, commanding the admiration, respect, and affection of all around them, which made these illustrious women and others of their class, what they are—models of excellence for all coming generations.

There is no one subject on which the youthful female is so apt to imbibe false impressions, as this of which we are speaking. She wishes to be considered a lady, but if she is destitute of wealth—if she have no splendid equipage, no retinue of servants at her command, how can she aspire to such a distinction? Still worse—if from necessity or inclination, she supports herself by the labor of her hands, or is practically acquainted with the details of domestic economy—she considers herself and is considered by many others, as out of the pale of ladydom, and belonging to the plebeian domain of *woman*. We protest against this idea, and its practical results, as involving two radical errors. In the first place it separates intelligence and refinement from useful industry, and regards them as incompatible with each other; a most serious and mischievous mistake, as every day's experience fully proves. Secondly, it assumes the important fact, that something besides character constitutes the qualification for good society, and that the virtuous, intelligent, and useful woman who happens to be destitute of certain external advantages, may not venture to style herself a lady. The invidious distinction thus recognized, is not less at war with reason and philosophy, than with the spirit of our democratic institutions. *Personal merit* alone, should be the test by which to try the pretensions of every one, and water will not more certainly find its own level,



than will the various classes of society, when subjected to an ordeal like this.

We are not pleading for a leveling system, which shall break down all distinctions in society, and reduce them to one common mass of insipidity and vulgarity. Far from it The Bible recognizes these distinctions, and they are as essential to the order and harmony of the body politic, as are the various members of the human frame to form one perfect whole. But we do insist upon the truth of the position, that wealth, or rank, or fashion, or any thing external, ought not to constitute the only "*open sesame*" which gains admittance into the charmed circle of what is termed *par excellence*, good society. We plead for the essential dignity and nobility of intellect and goodness, even when found in unison with poverty and toil, and must continue to believe that she who possesses a cultivated mind, pure principles, a benevolent heart and refinement of manners, is in every respect a lady, even though, by the labor of her hands in some useful employment, she may earn her own subsistence

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(Original.)

### AN ADVENTURE AT SEA.

BY REV. C. SMITH.

It was early in the spring of 182—, that I bade farewell to the "sunny south," where for some years I had been residing, and embarked at Petersburg, on board the brig Emulous, Captain V., bound for New York. My heart was sad, as I remembered the friends I had left behind, and the scenes of exquisite enjoyment we had known together, nor could the thought that I was returning to the home of my childhood, and the beloved ones who were dearer than life itself, at once dispel the gathering gloom. In truth, there is much in southern habits and manners, calculated to charm and fix the affections of one, who like myself, was young, ardent and inexperienced, and to whom every thing seemed

*couleur de rose*. Even now, my heart warms as I look back on the captivating picture of the "Old Dominion"—its romantic scenery, and objects to excite romantic reminiscence—the haunts of the high-souled and generous Pocahontas—the land that reared a Henry, and trembled as the thundering eloquence of her own son rolled like a resistless torrent over the hearts of his enchanted hearers—the cradle of a Jefferson, a Pendleton, a Wythe, and more than all, a Washington—a bright throng of worthies, forming a galaxy, under whose brilliancy a nation may well be proud to shine.

It is the land of boundless, joyous hospitality, reckless gaiety, and unrestrained sports and amusement—where with all the enthusiasm of England in the "olden time," the stranger listens to the notes of careless glee that burst from horn and dog, at the opening of the lovely day, and feels as the polished domestic circle gather at its peaceful close, around the social fireside, to partake of enjoyments in which he is earnestly invited to share, that such a heritage is indeed worth all the sacrifices made by our forefathers to secure it.

But to return from my long digression. I had torn myself away from all this, and left the harbor of Petersburg on Saturday, the 15th of March, with the prospect of a favorable wind and a short voyage. Our passage down the James' River was delightful, and R. and myself, who were the only cabin passengers, congratulated each other on our choice of this mode of travelling, in preference to a trip over land. We were detained at Norfolk and Old Point Comfort, until Thursday, the 20th, when with a fine breeze from the south, the captain put out to sea. We had retired to rest, with Old Point lying within a few yards of our vessel—and waked in the morning, while it was bounding over the waves of the ocean, with nothing in sight but the sky, and a trackless waste of waters. For a few hours the breeze continued fair, but about 10 A. M., it slackened, grew fainter and fainter, until towards noon it was almost

a perfect calm. The brig hardly seemed to move, except from the sluggish rolling of the sea—the sails hung listlessly by the mast, the sailors were lolling on cotton bags, and nothing interrupted the dull monotony, but an occasional expression of impatience from the captain, or the creaking of the heavy yards, as the vessel rolled slowly from side to side. But this did not last long. A slight breeze soon blew off the land, and I observed symptoms of anxiety among the sailors, who were constantly watching the ever varying appearance of the sky, as though suspicious of coming danger. The captain too, came frequently into the cabin, remarking each time, with evident anxiety, that the wind was “hauling north.” It continued veering, though gently, until night on Friday, when it came directly from the N. E., or as the sailors expressed it, “dead ahead.” Still I saw no cause of alarm, and R. and myself got into our berths with no uneasiness, but that occasioned by the anticipated protraction of our voyage, as the vessel was thrown somewhat out of her course in lying to. I was awakened from sleep before midnight, by a strange mixture of sounds which I could not at first comprehend. A north-east storm was commencing in earnest. Its roaring, mingled with the shrieking and whistling of the wind through the rigging; the loud, harsh creaking of the masts and yards, as the vessel lurched heavily into the yawning abyss made by each receding wave—and the heavy tread of the sailors on deck, altogether formed a stunning jargon of dismal sounds, not very agreeably calculated to wake one from sleep. Still I was not alarmed, for I was in reality ignorant of the extent of the danger, and was besides, wholly engrossed by the distressing sickness occasioned by the rolling of the vessel. But physical suffering began to lose its engrossing influence over my feelings, as the captain or some of the men came at times into the cabin to warm themselves, (for it rained, hailed and snowed alternately, with unceasing violence,) and talked of the fury of the storm, and the difficulty they encountered in managing the vessel. But they endured the merciless pelt-

ing of the storm right manfully. Two at a time, they stood their watch of half an hour at the helm, literally clinging to it by means of ropes, promptly, and without a murmur. Blessings on the generous sailor! Thinking apparently less of themselves than of us, they endeavored to comfort us with the assurance that the storm must soon abate; and that at all events, all that man could do to save the vessel, should be done. I saw from the agitation of the captain, which in spite of his attempts at composure, was distinctly visible, that our danger was imminent, but still I spoke not, and the whole of that fearful night I spent in perfect silence. At six A. M., on Saturday, the storm had increased to such a frightful pitch of violence, that lying to became impracticable, except at the imminent risk of capsizing. The sails were therefore all taken down, and we were soon scudding under bare poles, driving before the storm perfectly loose and helpless; and this too, in the direction of a most dangerous coast, abounding with quicksands, shoals, and breakers. The horrors of such a situation are beyond the power of language to express. A poor impotent worm of the dust, tossed about on the raging ocean like a feather, with nothing but a few planks between him and the foaming, roaring waters—and sunk into despair by the certainty that all exertion is useless, and that his fate, whatever it may be, is sealed beyond the possibility of being altered by his agency—this is a prostration of all energy which none but those who have felt it can understand. Frequently did I rouse myself from the torpor that would steal over me from excess of mental agony, gaze out earnestly into the cabin from my berth, and try to persuade myself that I was just waking from a horrible dream. But the howling of the storm soon convinced me of the reality of the scene. Little was said by any one, and no preparations for eating or drinking were made on board after Friday night. Captain V. was much occupied in consulting his chart, and finally came to the conclusion, that the vessel would strike, if she outlived the storm, somewhere on Currituck; a name.

that next to Hatteras, falls upon a sailor's ear with inconceivable dread and horror.

Once during the day, I went on deck, to see a topsail schooner, which was descried at a short distance from us, bearing up gallantly against the storm, lying to, and struggling to get far enough out to sea to clear Cape Hatteras. Though not more than a quarter of a mile distant from us, she became totally invisible as she plunged into the gaping chasms between the waves; not even her tall, graceful spars could be seen at such moments: then would she suddenly rise to the top of a mighty mountain of water, and hang trembling, as though suspended by an unseen hand among the clouds. The terrific sublimity of the scene on which I gazed, bids defiance to all description. To me, the doomed and helpless play-thing of the giant waves that seemed exulting in their might, the prospect was insupportably dreadful, and I went below, and did not leave the cabin again. The schooner was wrecked on Cape Hatteras, and every soul on board perished.

Through the whole day, the captain had taken his turn with the men, in attending to the helm, a duty which was no trifling one in a storm of such severity, with the vessel rolling, so as to render it almost impossible to stand, and the sea breaking constantly over the devoted ship. But this excessive exertion added to the effect of mental suffering, wore him down first, and some hours before sunset, he came into the cabin, pale, haggard, and dejected, and seating himself, remained perfectly motionless, without even a change of muscle, for nearly an hour. This desperate inertness of the captain, gave a new shade of horror to our situation. My friend R. came to my berth, and taking my hands in his, said in a tone of thrilling emphasis: "We will die together." At that moment, our hearts were lifted to God in mute, but agonizing supplication, for well we knew, that none but He, who holds the waters in his hand, and who says to the waves, "thus far shall ye come and no farther," had power to save us.

The night closed in upon us—a night as intensely dark as any one of us had ever known. We had waited for sunset with feverish anxiety, in the faint hope that the hurricane might then abate. That period had arrived, but not with it came the fulfilment of the hope to which we clung, as almost the only possible redemption for dying men. The wind, as it roared and thundered over our devoted vessel, seemed to have acquired fresh fury, and death stared us in the face with horrible distinctness. A little past nine, P. M., we heard from the deck the heart chilling cry—“*breakers ahead.*” But there was for us no possibility of shunning them, no turning to the right hand or the left—we could only wait the terrible result in an agony of helplessness which seemed to turn our very hearts to stone. In a few moments we were among them, making the fearful experiment. The vessel dashed and bounded, as though animated by a spirit of frenzied desperation, until one of the breakers, with a blow that made her tremble in every part like an aspen leaf, threw her on her beam ends. The door of the companion-way was partly open, and a mass of water came rushing into the cabin, and directly into my birth, that threatened to overwhelm us in an instant. I sprang from the birth with the hand of despair upon me, and in that awful moment, went through the agonies of death. I now firmly believe, that the confirmation of my idea, that the vessel had filled, and was sinking, could have added nothing to the intensity of my emotions. The vessel righted almost instantly, and was again ready to buffet succeeding breakers.

The presence of mind displayed by the two sailors at the helm, is worthy of notice. The immense mass of water which had struck the vessel with such fury, swept from the deck almost every thing but the two helmsmen. They were dashed from the helm with great violence, and were saved from being washed overboard only by some heavy article of the deck load falling upon them, and pressing them down to the gunwale. In an instant, recollecting their situation,

they freed themselves from the load upon them, and regained the helm before the vessel had fairly righted, so as to continue her straight before the storm, and prevent her from getting into the trough of the sea. The captain afterwards remarked, that their heroism undoubtedly saved us from instant destruction.

For nearly a quarter of an hour were we among the breakers, tossed about as though our vessel were a feather, steadying ourselves as well as we could, by grasping whatever afforded a sure support, and waiting the doubtful result. Not one word was spoken during that time. The brig, as the wave retreated from under her, struck upon the sand with a violence, that made every timber in her, groan and crack from stem to stern. She struck in this way, raising us from our feet every time, for twenty or thirty times, when at 10 o'clock on Saturday night, she ran ashore. Oh! what a thrill of tumultuous joy ran through every heart, as the sailors on deck uttered the cry—“*she's high ashore!*” It was like a reprieve from instant death, and R. and myself congratulated each other with almost frantic extravagance of delight. But we soon perceived that our enthusiasm was not shared by our experienced commander. It was so perfectly dark, that the fact of our being on shore was doubted by some, and the vessel might be on a sand-bar, waiting only the crashing of her timbers to hurl us to destruction in an instant. Even if we were on shore, we might not leave the ship until morning, except at the hazard of being swept away by the surf before we could reach the high land, if it were not wholly covered by the tide, which was usually the case in storms like this. In addition to these dangers, drenched and weakened as we were by anxiety and the want of food, we must have perished in so severe a tempest, on a level, unprotected sea-beach. We had, therefore, only to wait for day-break, while our vessel was dashing upon the sand, with a violence that threatened to shatter her, with every returning wave. It was a long—long night. The words—“more than they that watch for

the morning," have acquired to my mind a vividness and reality, which nothing but such an experience could give them.

Day dawned at last, when hope deferred was making our hearts sick, and gave us the joyful certainty that our vessel was high on shore. Watching for the retreat of a wave, with each a small quantity of bread, we jumped from the sides, and reached dry land. The tumult of emotions that rushed thronging through my heart, as I found myself once more on firm ground, can never be described; my joy was almost madness. But it was soon cooled down, under the influence of the tempest that swept across the level, barren sand-beach, with the keenness of a blast from Nova Zembla. We wandered in every direction in search of some signs of life, either animal or vegetable, but found none, and came at last to the conclusion, that we were on one of those sand-islands scattered along the coast, that have no inhabitants. We were returning to the vessel to take out the provisions, strike a tent, and live as we best might, until we could get off, when we saw a negro running towards us, who soon came up, and told us he was sent by his master, who lived two miles back from the shore, to seek for shipwrecked persons, and bring them to his house. He was to us, an angel of mercy on a mission of grace. After giving him a large sum to get our baggage from the wreck, we followed him to the house of his master, who received us with true southern hospitality. The storm, which was the most terrific ever known on the coast, raged until Monday night, and during that time, three vessels were wrecked within a few miles of us, the crews of which were lost to a man.

This was my first and last experience at sea. I have never again tempted the faithless ocean; but with fervent gratitude to that God who spared my life, when yet I knew him not, I remember those "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business on the great waters," and my fervent prayer ascends, that they too, may learn to know and love



the gracious hand that ~~s~~oes them in the hour of peril,  
when human sympathy and human aid are alike impotent  
and vain.

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(Original.)

### TO ADELAIDE IN HEAVEN.

*AIR.—Twilight Dews.*

BY MISS ANNA E. RODMAN.

When evening dew's are falling fast,  
When stars are shining clear,  
We'll think of hours so sweet tho' past,  
When thou wert with us here.  
And thou too, wilt thou hover near,  
If thus to thee 'tis given,  
To meet with those on earth so dear,  
While thou art blest in Heaven?

There's not in all that beaming sky,  
One little orb we see,  
But brings thy cherish'd image nigh,  
And turns our hearts to thee.  
And oft we wish thee here again,  
Oh! be that wish forgiv'n!  
And hush'd the thought so wild, so vain;  
Be thou still ours in Heaven!

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### "THE MOURNER."

"Faint not! though sorrow's sharpest thorns  
Should pierce thy bleeding side;  
No pangs of thine can equal his,  
Who for thee freely died!"

B. F. T.

## ALICE,—A STORY OF OUR VILLAGE.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN, N. Y.

WHAT troubles me most," said the old man, while a tear stole down his furrowed cheek, "is, that with my small pension, I cannot send the dear child to school, and give her the advantages she deserves. When we speak of it to her, she says she can read to us, and write our letters for us, and be our little maiden, and what need she care for more? But you know, ma'am, better than the child does, that more than this is necessary to secure for a young girl who is left alone in the world, a situation of respectability and usefulness." I confess that as "our Elsie," just then entered the room, her fine face flushed with exercise and her dark ringlets falling about her graceful neck, I almost felt as she did, that she need care for nothing more than she already possessed. But the truant thought was recalled, and I very sagely remarked to Alice that her grandfather was right, and that schools were essential things in the training of young ladies. "But I am very happy at home, and very useful too," she replied timidly, though rather proudly, "and I could not enjoy myself at school, to think my grand-parents were alone all day." I saw her mind was quite made up on the subject, and not thinking it wise to discuss it then, I took my leave, promising to repeat my visit very soon. It was repeated again and again, until I learned to love the little path that wound through Mr. Brent's meadow to the cottage, better than any other in the village, one alone excepted. Perhaps something of the pride of discovery mingled with my regard for its inmates, for such was the seclusion in which they lived, that their very existence seemed unknown to most of the inhabitants of the village.

Meantime, Alice was rapidly growing up, an uncommonly beautiful and fascinating girl, spite of her undisguised aversion to schools and all their attendant advantages. Frank and high-spirited almost to a fault, with "a

glance like the sunshine that flashes from steel," when her indignation was roused, she possessed a disposition so affectionate and disinterested, that she seemed literally to forget herself, and live only for those she loved. Yet, dearly as I loved my young protege, I was compelled to acknowledge that she was in a fair way fully to share Die Vernon's ignorance of every feminine accomplishment, and though I longed to show her to my friends at the Hall, I shrank from exposing her rusticity and want of education in such society. But chance brought about what I had not courage to accomplish.

It was the close of a lovely day in June, and Mr. Forrester, who had been out with his dog and gun, was returning through the meadows, when he met Capt. Dudley, who had walked out, supported by Alice, to enjoy at a little distance from the cottage, the freshness of the evening breeze. His venerable appearance, contrasted with the youth and beauty of the fair being on whose arm he leaned, attracted the attention of Mr. Forrester, who accosted him respectfully, making some slight remark about the charming scenery by which they were surrounded. With the garrulity of age, the old man entered at once into conversation, and delighted with the courtesy of his unknown companion, went back to the past, and "fought all his battles o'er again," while describing the interesting scenes of the great struggle for independence. Deeply interested in the rencontre, my friend came directly to me with enquiries about this venerable relic of the revolution, which I readily answered, and apparently to his satisfaction, as from that day he became a constant visitor at the cottage. With a tact and delicacy peculiarly his own, he contributed to the comfort of the declining veteran, without awaking that jealous spirit of independence, which had rendered it so difficult for me to do anything for his pecuniary relief. Alice, who was at first exceedingly shy of making her appearance before the "grand gentleman who was so proud and so stately," soon learned to love him for her grandfather's

sake, though she could hardly forgive him for his proposition to her grand-parents, that she should be sent to a neighboring town to enjoy the benefits of an excellent school recently established there. The plan was defeated by the refusal of Alice to leave her beloved grandfather, whose increasing illness made her society more than ever necessary to his comfort. In little more than three years from my first visit to the cottage, Capt. Dudley closed his eyes in death, and the faithful wife whose existence had seemed identified with his, survived him but a few weeks, and at her own request was buried with him in the same grave.

When the last sad offices of love were rendered, I took the weeping Alice to my own home, where she soon became a universal favorite, with every member of the household, from my little French poodle, up to the staid housekeeper who had never before been known to tolerate a juvenile member of the establishment. Indeed, she was in a fair way of being spoiled by indulgence, for so truly loveable was her nature, and so joyous her temperament, that misanthropy itself must have yielded to their influence.

Some six months after the death of Capt. Dudley, as I was busy in my little garden tying up a passion flower, which by some accident had been torn down, Mr. Forrester made his appearance, looking not quite as self-possessed as usual. After some common-place remarks, he rather abruptly said, "My good friend, permit me to enquire, what you propose to do in reference to the education of your youthful charge? You are undoubtedly aware, that however lovely and amiable and gifted by nature, her total want of cultivation must prove an effectual bar to her reception in good society; even were it otherwise, her proud and sensitive nature would feel most acutely the mortifying contrast between herself and others in point of mental culture. She is a child, and a petted child, and not to be expected to see this matter in its true light, but my dear madam, will not you think and act for her, where her future welfare is at stake?"

"And what," I asked, "are your plans for my poor Alice?"

"I wish," he replied, "to spare her feelings the pain she might experience from entering a large school, where all her companions would be in advance of herself. I have therefore written to an estimable friend at the South, who, having been left a widow in early life, has devoted herself to the education of her own daughters, and who, if I can obtain your consent to the plan, will receive Alice at my request, and bestow on her all the care her neglected education requires. And now, what think you of my project? It is on my part, only paying a small part of what I, in common with every American, owe to the descendants of those who purchased our liberties with their blood."

I was delighted with the plan, and immediately, on the departure of Mr. Forrester, went to seek Alice, whom I found in her own room weeping bitterly, while the rose leaves she had been gathering for me, lay strewn about the floor. "What is the matter, Alice," I enquired, "and why do you weep?" She was at first unwilling to reply, but on my repeating the question, she answered—

"Susan Gray has been here, ma'am, and she says I am a charity girl, and eating the bread of idleness, and her mother says I ought to be bound out like other poor girls, and earn my own support; I am sure I am willing to work, or to support myself in any way that is honest, but not even for you, ma'am, though I love you better than any thing else in the world, will I be called a beggar or a charity girl, living on the bounty of others."

I saw her spirit was roused, and felt that the moment was a favorable one for my errand. Seating myself by her side, I said gently,—

"Dear Alice, you are a mere child yet, and have nothing to do with such thoughts and words as these. You are too young and inexperienced to take care of yourself, and as the friend of your dear grand-parents, I claim the right to

provide for your welfare. But if I can point out to you a way by which you may be qualified to support yourself honorably, will you avail yourself of the opportunity?"

"Must I leave you?" she asked, looking up eagerly in my face for a reply.

"You must indeed leave me for a season," I answered, "but it is only to ensure greater happiness both for you and myself when you return."

I then detailed the plan of Mr. Forrester, and dwelt on its advantages, urging as an inducement for her to accept it, my own wishes, and those of her grandfather in reference to the subject.

"If you and Mr. Forrester think it best," said she at last, "I ought certainly to go, and I thank you both for your kindness, but indeed, ma'am, I would rather stay with you as I am, than to learn all they can teach me."

Rejoiced to gain even a reluctant consent, I commended her determination, and spoke of her departure as a thing already arranged.

Mrs. Carlton, the lady of whom Mr. Forrester spoke, was daily expected on a visit at the Hall, and on her return home it was decided that Alice should accompany her. When I saw this admirable woman, I felt that Mr. Forrester had indeed chosen well for my sweet Alice. She possessed in an uncommon degree, the opposite qualities of gentleness and energy, dignified firmness and strength of purpose, with feminine delicacy and refinement. In short, hers was just the character to command the respect, and win the love of one constituted like Alice, and I inwardly blessed the kind Providence that had provided such a friend and teacher for the destitute orphan. Yet when the carriage which bore her away, drove from my door, I felt as though the sunshine had departed from my dwelling and wept for very loneliness.

(To be Continued.)

## THE SPIRIT AND TENDENCIES OF WAR.

BY THE EDITRESS.

WE have witnessed with deep regret, the exhibition of the war spirit so rife in our national councils, at the present time, and we have thanked God, too, for the stern rebuke with which it has been met by the public press generally. The advocates of peace have cause to thank God and take courage, at this evidence of the hold which their principles have obtained on the minds of the community. But there are still many, particularly among the youth of our country, who see in war nothing but its pomp and "glorious circumstance," utterly forgetful of the fact that it is a trade of wholesale robbery and murder, and that there is an utter and irreconcilable opposition between "the battle field and the altar of Christ." To such, we wish to make a few remarks on the spirit and tendencies of war, as contrasted with the spirit of the blessed gospel.

The time, we trust, has gone by, when the pious general or soldier could kneel on the field of combat, and ask the blessing of God on the work of death in which he was about to engage, with the expectation that his prayer would be heard and answered. The "trade of war," seems now, by universal consent, given up to such as are not restrained by the fear of God, from carrying out its principles to their legitimate results. Some honorable exceptions there doubtless are, but when we speak of the war spirit, we have reference to the *rule*, not to the exception. Is it not understood by all, that where intelligence and industry, and temperance and morality prevail, the materials for filling up the ranks of the recruiting officer, are proportionably scanty? Who does not know that it is the idle dissolute loungers about the bar-rooms and the streets, among whom his recruits are found? And into what a school do they enter! One of its fundamental principles is, that "the worse the man, the better the soldier," and a master of the

art of war has said,—“men with nice notions of religion have no business to be soldiers.” Verily he was right; for the despotism, the slavish subservience, the recklessness of life, and the licentiousness of camps, could not exist in the same atmosphere with the religion of Jesus. The Saviour teaches us to love our enemies, but in military life this would be a violation of the law of *honor*. He bids us bear injuries with meekness, and forgive the assailant, but this is branded as cowardice in the military code, and would forever disgrace him who should dare to obey the precept. He enjoins purity of heart, and life, and pronounces woes unnumbered on the licentious and impure, but the most unbridled profligacy is considered a necessary accompaniment of camps. Indeed, there is not a principle of the Bible which is not so entirely opposed to the spirit of war, that the prevalence of one must of necessity destroy the other.

Now what are the *tendencies* of this system, about which statesmen can talk so coldly, as if it were a trifle to take up arms for the occupation of Oregon, or any other question of national cupidity or ambition? First, on individual character and happiness. We knew a young man of brilliant intellect and high promise, the child of many prayers, and the idol of all who knew him. He was very young, ardent and inexperienced, and full of romantic plans and expectations. In an evil hour, he met with a recruiting officer, who had found his way into a secluded village, and ere one friend was aware of his design, had enlisted as a private soldier. His father, almost broken hearted, tried in vain to purchase his discharge, and was compelled to bid farewell to this, his first born son, with forebodings that were too fully realized. Three years after, he visited his peaceful home, in the pride and bloom of early manhood, but the fair exterior covered a heart that had been corrupted to its very centre. During that short visit, he betrayed and ruined one who loved and trusted him, and departed before his guilt was known. In three years more



the prodigal came back to his father's house, so changed by profligacy and disease, that his fond mother could not have recognized her own son had she met him elsewhere. He lingered a few months in a state of despondency and suffering, which none who saw him can ever forget, and then sunk into the grave at the age of twenty-five, a victim to the corruption and licentiousness of camps. This is only one of thousands of cases which might be cited, to show the tendency of war to destroy character and happiness. And are its effects on society at large, less destructive? Witness commerce at a stand, the sources of wealth dried up, industry paralyzed, and taxation so excessive as to deprive the poor almost of the necessities of life. Witness the demoralization that flows in like a torrent over the theatre of war, blasting every thing pure and lovely, and leaving moral ruin and desolation in its track.

When to all this, we add the horrible sacrifice of human life attendant on war; when the mind dwells for a moment on the blood and carnage, the physical agony and the mental sufferings of a battle-field, shall we hesitate to pronounce war an unmitigated evil, against which every Christian and every philanthropist should raise his voice? That ardent friend of peace, the late Wm. Ladd, once remarked to us, when asked what influence *ladies* could exert in favor of the cause—"young ladies can do something by refraining from singing or playing martial airs, songs, &c., and by bearing a testimony in favor of peace, on every proper occasion. Mothers can do more, by teaching lisping infancy to love such names as Clarkson and Wilberforce, the friends of peace, and by abstaining from the purchase of toys for their children which foster the martial spirit. When the pomp and glitter of military parade meet their eye, let the mother tell them of the horrors of war, and the blessings of peace, and in every way endeavor to strip this system of wholesale murder, of its false charms." Were this mode of instruction thoroughly pursued, we should see a generation so imbued

with peace principles, that an appeal to arms would not be once thought of in cases of international difference. Shall we not, as wives, mothers and daughters, by right principles and the exertion of a right influence on this subject, secure the blessing promised by our divine Redeemer to the peace-maker? Our sex and our position prevent us from feeling the power of motives which so often lead our sons and brothers, astray in this thing. We naturally love peace, and shrink from the accompaniments of strife, but shall we not, from a higher, holier principle than mere temperament, cultivate the spirit of peace in our respective spheres of action? Thus shall we best exemplify the principles of the holy religion we profess—thus best train up a generation who shall be the genuine disciples of the Prince of Peace—and thus best aid in saving the land we love from the horrors of a war in the nineteenth century.

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#### PURITY.

“So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,  
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,  
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
 And in clear dream and solemn vision  
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;  
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants,  
 Begins to cast a beam on th' outward shape,  
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
 Till all be made immortal.”

*Mask of Comus.*

## DREAM LAND.

BY THE EDITRESS.

I SAW a rosy child lying in the graceful unconstraint of infancy, on his mother's bosom, wrapped in the quiet slumber which after years can never know. His radiant eyes were indeed closed, and the long lashes lay like a silken fringe on the dimpled cheek, but his cherry lips were wreathed in smiles so sweet, that they seemed like a reflection from a brighter, happier world than this. What had that fair boy with his guileless innocence and unbroken happiness, whose short life had been one cloudless summer day, in common with the care-worn, anxious, and erring beings to whom he was so closely allied? What to him, were the strifes, pursuits and pleasures of those "children of a larger growth," by whom he was surrounded? He was still a dweller in Dream Land; he inhaled the fragrance of its flowers, was fanned by its breezes, and heard its enchanting melodies, while angels visited his slumbers, and whispered words of blessing, to which no mortal ear may listen. Alas, for the rude waking that must follow this short, but blissful period of repose!

When next I saw him, traces of care were on his manly brow, and the fair, round cheek was marked with many a furrow. Sorrow had done the work of years, and the world had stamped its visible impress on the features from which heaven's own light had once been reflected. His dream was over, the soul's bright wings were folded, and its angel visitants had departed to seek a more congenial sphere.

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I saw a lovely maiden, in the first bloom of youth and beauty, standing at the altar, by the side of one to whom she had given her young heart's wealth of affection, and who was about to receive her plighted vows. The timid glance of those full, dark eyes, half veiled by the drooping

eyelids, spoke love unutterable, and in the play of the perfect features, and the tones of the rich voice, there was a "fulness of content," which the heart can never know but once. How weary and insipid seemed to her now, all the pleasures she had ever known, ere the beloved one had come to invest every object with love's own golden hue ! Cupid had awakened Psyche, and amid the bewildering delight of her new born emotions, all remembrance of the past, and all thoughts of the future were lost in the absorbing sense of present happiness.

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That young girl dwelt in Dream Land—she was walking in a garden of thornless roses, where no rude footsteps may ever intrude : where the sorrows of earth find no entrance, and even—

"Hope lies asleep on the bosom of bliss."

Once again I saw her, as clad in the sable weeds of the mourner, she bent over the lowly bier of him, who, in sickness and sorrow, in folly, madaness and crime, had still been all the world to her. Faithfully had her early vows been kept, and fondly did that stricken heart cling to the bright memory of the past, when even the semblance of happiness had vanished from the present. The being on whom she had lavished her rich store of affection, was unworthy the precious boon, and had recklessly bartered domestic felicity for the lowest pleasures of sense.

Her dream of bliss had passed away forever—the illusions of life were dispelled by its cold, stern realities, and henceforth, her pathway to the better land lay through a vale of tears.

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I saw a philosopher, on whose broad and lofty brow intellect sat enthroned, and whose lightning glance seemed almost to read the secrets of the soul, yet, though he had penetrated into the arcana of nature, and was profoundly versed in the learning of the schools, in his guileless simpli-

city of heart he was still a very child. The beautiful sentiment of the ancient sage,—“I am a man, and nothing that concerns humanity, is foreign to me,” was the pervading, animating principle which actuated his heart and life. He loved human nature in all its various phases, and no ingratitude or unworthiness on the part of the objects of his kindness, could weaken his belief in its ultimate perfectibility. All the evils which existed around him, and which he so much deplored, were attributed to the force of circumstances, and if these were changed, order would be evolved from confusion, and the chaotic earth restored to more than its primeval harmony and beauty.

The philosopher too, was a dweller in Dream Land. The social system on which his thoughts were fixed by night and day, existed only in the Utopia of his imagination, but the illusion made him happy, and preserved his heart from the withering, blighting mildew of suspicion and misanthropy. Happy in his ignorance of the darker features of humanity, he knew how to bring out in strong relief, all its redeeming qualities, and like the bee, was gifted with the power of extracting sweetness even from the most poisonous flower.

I saw him again, when time had quenched the ardor of youthful enterprise, and age had chilled the vital current at its fountain-head. His cherished schemes had all been disappointed, his kindness had been repaid with ingratitude, and his love with insult. He had been awakened from his early dream, by the harsh hand of experience, and no alchymy could again turn to gold the base alloy which had mocked his expectations.

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In a darkened chamber, on an humble pallet, I saw an aged saint, who was calmly waiting the summons,—“child come home.” For three-score years and ten, she had endured every variety of privation and suffering, but her hope was anchored in heaven, and it sustained her triumphantly amidst all the trials and discomforts of her lot, for

was it not a Father's hand which had appointed it? The gay worldling who swept proudly by her, as she went forth on some errand of mercy, regarded her with pity as a crazed enthusiast, but "she loved the world that hated her," and the tear that fell on her Bible in hours of solitary communion with God, was less for herself than for the dreamers who looked on her with scorn. But her work was done, her conflicts over, and the weary bark, so long tossed on life's tumultuous billows, was about to enter the haven of everlasting rest. Joy to the prisoner, when he emerges from his cheerless dungeon into the blessed sunshine, and breathes the pure air of freedom once more; joy to the exile, when he sees from afar the blue hills and smiling valleys for which his heart has vainly pined so long; but greater joy to the christian when her pilgrimage is ended, and the untold glories of the celestial city, burst with dazzling splendor on the sight! A ray of unearthly joy lighted up the pallid countenance of the expiring saint, as her last words broke the solemn stillness of the apartment,—  
"Can this be death? Is this smiling friend, the king of terrors, whom I have dreaded as a mortal enemy? Welcome death, to me, the gate of life! I have walked in a vain show, and my soul was often disquieted within me—I have dwelt in a land of dreams and shadows, but the morning is breaking, the shadows flee away, and soon all will be cloudless, perfect, eternal day."

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"Haste, ere the gathered shades  
Fall on thee from the tomb where none may work,  
And throw a shelter o'er the orphan head,  
Cheer the sad mourner, light the heathen soul,  
And justify thy Maker's husbandry;  
So that His angels who go forth to reap,  
Earth's ripened harvest for the judgment day—  
Put not the sickle in with tears, to find  
The tares for burning overtop the wheat."  
—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

## MRS. FRY, THE PRISONER'S FRIEND.

THIS admirable woman, after a life of distinguished usefulness and honor, has recently gone to her rest, with the blessings of unnumbered thousands on her head. If it is indeed true,

"That life is long, which answers life's great end,"

Mrs. Fry had filled up the measure of her days, but society, of which she was an ornament, the poor to whom she was a constant benefactress, and the prisoner, to whom she was a guardian angel, can ill afford to spare her from their midst. "The Prisoner's Friend," an interesting paper published in Boston, contains a brief memoir of Mrs. Fry, from which we extract the following items. After Mrs. Fry commenced her labors at Newgate, the change in a few months became so striking that public attention was called to it, and an appointment was made for a visitation in company with the Lord Mayor, the Sheriff, and some of the municipal authorities.

"The prisoners were assembled together, and it being requested that no alteration in their usual practice might take place, one of the ladies read a chapter in the Bible, and then the females proceeded to their various avocations. Their attention during the time of reading; their orderly and sober deportment; their decent dress; the absence of every thing like tumult, noise, or contention, the obedience, and the respect shown by them, and the cheerfulness visible in their countenances and manners, conspired to excite the astonishment and admiration of their visitors.

"Many of these knew Newgate; had visited it a few months before, and had not forgotten the painful impressions made by a scene, exhibiting, perhaps, the very utmost limits of misery and guilt. They now saw what without exaggeration, may be called a transformation. Riot, licentiousness and filth, exchanged for order, sobriety, and comparative neatness in the chamber, the apparel and the per-

sons of the prisoners. They saw no more an assemblage of abandoned and shameless creatures, half naked and half drunk, rather demanding than requesting charity. The prison no more resounded with obscenity and imprecations and licentious songs ; and, to use the coarse, but just expression of one who knew the prison well, ' this hell upon earth ' exhibited the appearance of an industrious manufactory, or a well-regulated family.

" The magistrates, to evince their sense of the importance of the alterations which had been effected, immediately adopted the whole plan as a part of the system of Newgate, empowered the ladies to punish the refractory by short confinement, undertook part of the expense of the matron, and loaded the ladies with thanks and benedictions."

Several interesting and authentic anecdotes are given, which show the extent and thoroughness of the reform. We give the following :

" A session, or term of the court had just closed. Many of the former prisoners were sent away, and many new ones were received. A report was circulated that gaming was still practised in the prison : one of the ladies went there alone, and assembled the prisoners together ; she told them what she had heard, and that she feared it was true ; she dwelt upon the sin of gaming, its evil effect upon their minds, the interruption it gave, and the distaste it excited to labor ; and she concluded by telling them how much the belief of that report had grieved her, and how gratified she should be, if, either from consideration for themselves, or kindness to her, they should be disposed to relinquish the practice. Soon after she retired to the ladies' room, one of the prisoners came to her, and expressed, in a manner which indicated real feeling, her sorrow for having broken the rules of so kind a friend, and gave her a pack of cards ; and four others did the same. Having burnt the cards in their presence, she felt bound to remunerate them for their value, and to mark her sense of their ready obedience by some small present. A few days afterwards, she called



the first to her, and telling her intention, produced a neat muslin handkerchief. To her surprise, the girl looked disappointed; and, on asking her the reason, she confessed that she had hoped that Mrs. — would have given her a Bible, with her own name written in it, which she should value beyond every thing else, and always keep and read. Such a request, made in such a manner, could not be refused; and the lady assures me, that she never gave a Bible in her life which was received with so much interest and satisfaction, or one which she thinks more likely to do good. It is remarkable that this girl, from her conduct in her preceding prison, and in court, came to Newgate with the worst of characters; she has read her Bible with tolerable regularity, and has evinced much propriety of conduct, and great hopes are entertained of her permanent improvement."

"Mrs. Fry was not only able to reach the most degraded in prison, but she could reach even the monarch upon his throne. It is seldom that the prison reformer can reach those in authority; but Mrs. Fry possessed this power in a remarkable degree. Several incidents are given, showing this fact—two of which we present to the reader:

"On visiting one of the state prisons in the kingdom of —, in 1839, she found many hundred convicts working in chains, sorely burdened and oppressed. In unison with William Allen, she pressed the case, in the absence of the king, on the attention of the queen and crown prince. Soon afterwards the queen was seized by her mortal illness, but did not depart from this world without obtaining the kind promise of her royal consort, that Elizabeth Fry's recommendations respecting the prisons should be at once adopted. When the same prison was again visited by her in 1841, not a chain was to be seen on any of the criminals. They were working with comparative ease and freedom; not one of them, as the governor declared, had made his escape; and great and general was the joy with which they received and welcomed their benefactress."

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“When the King of Prussia was in England, he made a point of visiting her at her own abode, on which occasion she had the pleasure of presenting to him her children, and children’s children, a goodly company, between thirty and forty in number! She was also gratified by receiving a most affectionate and sympathizing letter from him in his own hand, within a few weeks of her death. The interest felt about her on the continent of Europe, as well as in the United States of America, was indeed as warm, and nearly as general, as in her own country.”

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MARTHA WASHINGTON.

(See Engraving.)

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

In the bright galaxy of female worthies, there is one name to which every American woman turns with even more of fond affection than of respectful admiration. It is the name of Martha Washington—the beloved and honored wife of the Father of his country; of him who was “first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.” The distinction was an enviable one, which made her the chosen of his heart, and the sharer of his fame; but it was well merited by personal excellencies on her part, which have seldom been equalled.

Eminently beautiful in form and features, descended from one of the noblest families in the Old Dominion, and allied by both her marriages to others not less distinguished, this illustrious woman might seem to have formed a shining mark for the shafts of envy and detraction. But she bore her honors so meekly—her native firmness and dignity were so tempered with winning softness and feminine delicacy, and her refinement of manners with unaffected benevolence, that envy stood abashed in her presence, and detraction turned away from the sight of excellencies it

could not depreciate. Her character was one of deep sensibility and strong passions, but it was sensibility guided by judgment, and passion controlled by reason and religion. In her, the sorrowful, the timid, and the erring, found a sympathizing friend, and a judicious counsellor, for she felt that her "mission on earth was to pity and to heal, and believed that the strongest and purest have within them the germs of those frailties which conquer the weak." The heart of her husband safely trusted in her, and amid all the cares and trials of public life, never, during his whole eventful career, was he disappointed in his reliance on her wisdom, her prudence, or her affection.

But it is not as the high-born and courtly belle of the drawing room—not as the admired and envied wife of the hero and the statesman, that I wish to present Martha Washington to the attention of my young countrywomen. It was the crowning excellence of her character as a woman, that she possessed in rare perfection, those domestic virtues which render home an earthly paradise. She was formed to be the ornament of society, but at an early age, she retired from its noise and glitter, into the calm privacy of domestic life, and there, as the idolized mistress, the tender mother, and the fond and faithful wife, her days were filled up with duty and usefulness. In all the details of household economy, she was an adept, and if she was, beyond dispute, a lady in the parlor, she was equally so in that terra incognita to most fashionable ladies—the *kitchen*. Her skilful management, and efficient control were felt throughout every part of her extensive establishment, and during the long absences from home which her husband's public station rendered necessary, she sustained the additional load of care thus thrown upon her, with an ease and cheerfulness that knew no variation and no abatement. The accomplishments of Martha Washington, were not, like those of too many at the present day, "kept for show," and worn only in the presence of company. They were made to contribute to the happiness of all around her, and

like the rich setting of a diamond, only gave additional beauty to a character whose sterling value they could not materially enhance.

There are comparatively few who possess the proud but dangerous gift of genius—and to the multitudes who have no such distinction, I would say—Martha Washington was not “a genius.” But she possessed what is in reality more valuable ; good common sense, and intellect sufficient to direct it in the very best manner, to all the practical purposes of life ; reasoning powers, strengthened by a thorough course of mental discipline, and above all, that genuine piety which led her to forget herself, in seeking the glory of God, and the happiness of her fellow-beings. Her own character was one of transparent simplicity, and truth and candor were impressed on every line of her speaking countenance. Hers, in an eminent degree, was that charity which “thinketh no evil,” for though she usually read character accurately, it was strictly true in her case, that—

“Oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps  
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity  
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill,  
Where no ill seems.”

Is the character I have faintly and imperfectly sketched, winning and attractive to my youthful readers? It is indeed one of rare symmetry, but there are about it no points of unattainable excellence to discourage all attempts at imitation. The guileless simplicity, the warm and generous sympathies, the untiring energy, the lofty purpose, and the consistent piety of Martha Washington, are virtues that may be cultivated by the humblest daughter of the land which gave her birth. Let woman be but true to herself—to her nature and her destinies ; let her dare to break away from the slavery of fashion, and the allurements of pleasure, and seek her happiness in the path of duty alone—then would every household be blessed with a presiding spirit such as Martha Washington, and the purifying influences of home flow out in streams of life and blessing through the land.

could not depreciate. Her character was one of deep sensibility and strong passions, but it was sensibility guided by judgment, and passion controlled by reason and religion. In her, the sorrowful, the timid, and the erring, found a sympathizing friend, and a judicious counsellor, for she felt that her "mission on earth was to pity and to heal, and believed that the strongest and purest have within them the germs of those frailties which conquer the weak." The heart of her husband safely trusted in her, and amid all the cares and trials of public life, never, during his whole eventful career, was he disappointed in his reliance on her wisdom, her prudence, or her affection.

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## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE LIBRARY OF SACRED MUSIC; *Consisting of Songs, Duets, Quartettes, Anthems and Church Music.* Edited by B. Wyman and G. P. Newell, 150 Fulton street. E. H. Wilcox, General Agent.

THIS work is published in monthly numbers, at the low price of \$3.00 per year, in advance. The selections are made with great taste and skill from the very best authors, and there are, in the numbers we have examined, several gems, each one of which is well worth the price of the whole volume. The lovers of music among the Christian public, have long desired just such a work as the one before us, and we rejoice that the desideratum seems likely to be supplied by the publishers of the Library of Sacred Music. It is equally adapted to the use of choirs and private families, as each piece of music is arranged with an instrumental accompaniment; we hope it may take the place of some of the trashy publications that now cover the piano and the drawing room table. The refining, elevating power of sacred music, is only beginning to be appreciated, and believing as we do, that whatever adds to this power, is a public blessing, we hail this work as one of the instrumentalities by which the world is to be made better, and society redeemed from the thralldom of misery and crime.

THE AMERICAN FLORA, or *History of Plants and Wild Flowers—illustrated with Colored Engravings.* By A. B. Strong, M. D. Published by Strong and Bidwell, 162 Nassau street.

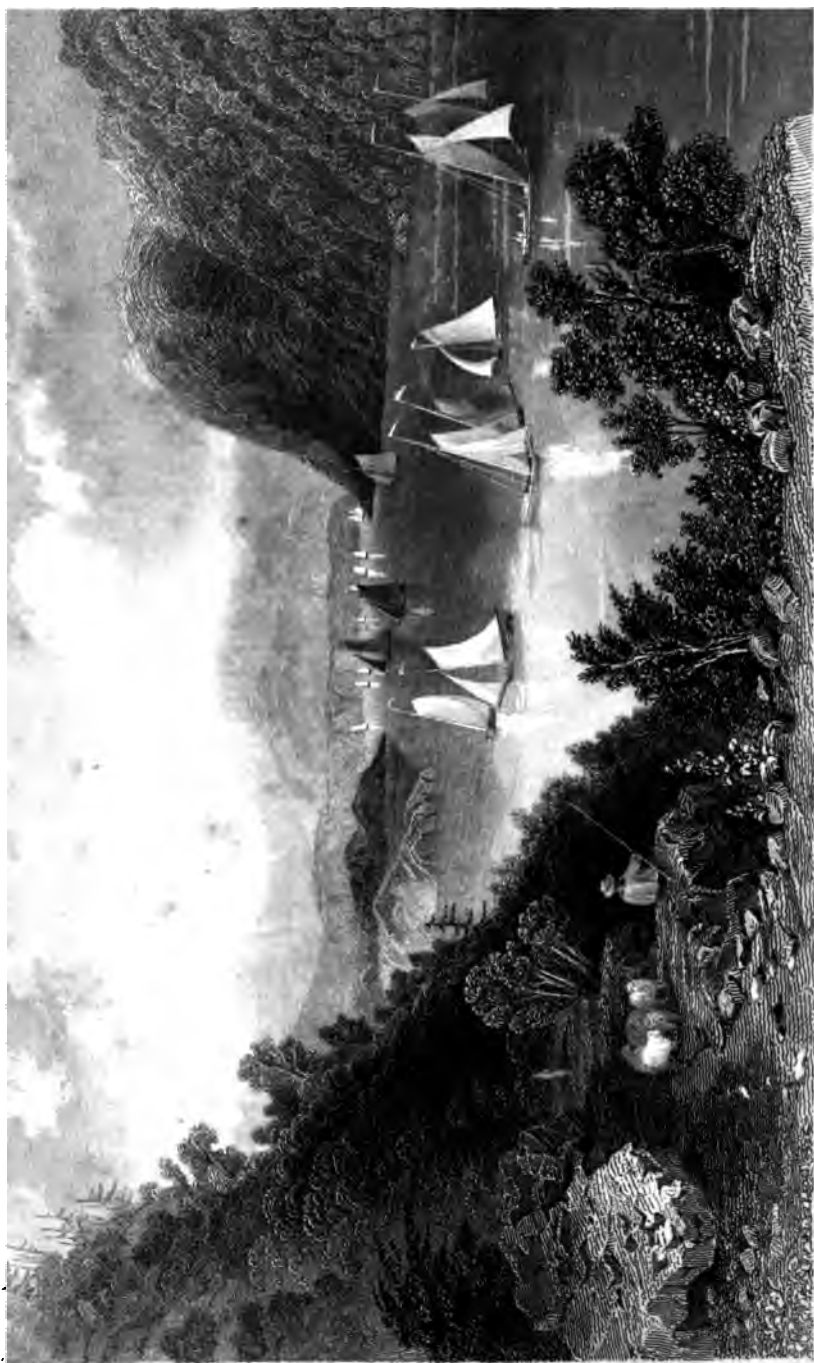
THIS charming work is published in monthly numbers, at twenty-five cents each—each number containing five colored lithographs, with the botanical description, natural history, and medical properties and uses of each plant following the plate. The flowers are really exquisite, and bring before the wearied denizen of the city, many a sweet dream of wild-wood and forest, while the lover of Botany will find a valuable assistant in this work, in prosecuting that delightful study. Wherever the admirers of nature are found, there the American Flora must take rank among the most popular publications of the day. "The drawings are fac similes taken from living plants, and are drawn from nature by an eminent artist, who has been for several years engaged in collecting the rare and wild flowers of our country, expressly for this work." We rejoice that a portion at least, of the floral treasures of our land, are to be exhibited by the publishers of this work, and trust that many to whom it comes, may be induced to explore for themselves, the haunts in which nature hides these loveliest of her productions.

We plead guilty to a passion for flowers, "God's smiles," as they have been beautifully called, which renders it a luxury to gaze on even the inanimate representations which lie before us, but aside from this, the American Flora is got up in a style eminently attractive. The letter-press is excellent, intelligible even to dim and faded eyes, the coloring carefully executed by practical botanists, and the description of the plants arranged on the Linnean system, at once complete and simple. Such a work in an enlightened and refined community, cannot fail to command success.

THE  
PUBL

FOR, BENCK AND  
FOUNDATION.



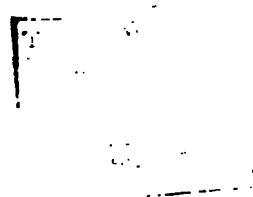








*Digitalis purpurea.*



(Original.)

## THE HIGHLANDS BY MOONLIGHT.

(See Engraving.)

BY THE EDITRESS.

To the lover of Nature, it is worth a pilgrimage across the continent, to go through the Highlands of the Hudson by moonlight. I shall never forget the crowd of rapturous emotions, painful from their very excess, which came thronging upon me, as I first gazed on that glorious scene. Those frowning, grey cliffs, bathed in the clear moonbeams, that stood like sentinels guarding the narrow pass through which the majestic river found its way : those smiling uplands dotted with thrifty orchards and neat farm-houses, just seen for a moment through an opening among the hills ; those delicious glens nestling between the mountains, looking so green, and shady, and quiet, like vistas leading to another Eden ; and the noble stream over whose sparkling surface we were rapidly making our way—these are among the treasures of memory, to which language can never do justice. How beautiful were the snow-white sails of the little schooner, as they came gliding silently out from the deep shadow thrown by the mountains on either side, into the soft moonlight, and then were lost again in shade—

“ Like an angel’s wing through an opening cloud,  
Just seen and then withdrawn.”

The poet has sung the charms of “ fair Melrose,” when seen by the pale “ moonlight ”—the traveler has dwelt on the melancholy grandeur of the Colosseum, when the queen of night sheds her beams upon its ruined walls—but neither poet, painter, nor tourist, have yet described adequately, the

VOL. I. No. 3.

subduing loveliness and sublimity of a moonlight passage through the Highlands of the Hudson.

The view in the annexed plate is one of the most beautiful on the river, and is connected with interesting events in the history of the Revolution, with which our readers are probably familiar. By an act of Vandalism deeply to be regretted, a part of the rock called Anthony's Nose has recently been broken off, thus destroying the famous resemblance to the nasal organ of the unfortunate trumpeter.

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(Original.)

### THE TELESCOPE OF THE SOUL.

BY MRS. F. L. SMITH.

WHO, that has been accustomed to gaze with an admiring eye upon a wide-spread landscape, has not often wondered at the various aspects which the same scene assumes, when viewed in different lights, or through a changed medium?

Let but a cloud obscure the sun-light, or floating vapors intervene, and the sloping fields, the beautiful village, the lofty spire, are alike clad in gloom; while the more distant waters seem to have mingled themselves with the clouds that bound the horizon.

Let now the setting sun throw its mild radiance upon the scene, and how do the lights and shadows seem to separate, in distinct and beautiful contrast, and what a picture of united brilliancy and softness springs up before the enraptured eye. The village spire, pointing to heaven, reflects the brightness of the departing sun. The blue waters may be traced in their winding course, and here and there a white sail or a steamer may be seen gliding into port.

And now, let the TELESCOPE be applied, and lo, as if by a magic touch, new wonders are revealed. Objects which before seemed dim in the distance, are brought nigh, and

may be distinctly examined ; and many, till now unseen, are presented to view : the distant city, with its wreaths of vapor wafted to heaven ; the mountain, rising in lonely grandeur from the midst of an extended plain ; the sparkling waves of ocean ; the deep forest shade ; and, here and there, a green enclosure sacred to the dead.

Again, let

“ Evening shades prevail,  
And night take up *her* wondrous tale,”

and, as the eye applies itself once more to the instrument, world after world passes under review, till,

“ Lost  
In wonder, love and praise,”

the astonished beholder exclaims:

“ These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty, thine, this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair ; thyself, how wondrous then !”

Our father in heaven has constructed an instrument for the soul, which is intended to answer the same purpose which the telescope serves for the bodily eye. If we realized our need of it, and could but learn to adjust it with skill and promptness, it would be well. Its name is *Faith*.

Encompassed as we are, in these “ low grounds,” by mists and shadows, that obscure our vision of this world, and often put the heavenly quite out of sight, how highly should we prize a medium through which we can look clearly upon both.

I approach the aged pilgrim, bending o’er the grave, and ask, “ How know you, my father, that there is laid up for you an eternal and exceeding weight of glory ? *Eye hath not seen it*. Wherefore do you seem to listen for the echo of the everlasting song ? *Ear hath not heard it*. Why is that dim eye lighted up with unwonted brightness, as it passes over “ the field of promise,” which to so many is but a blank ? And wherefore do you so often repeat, ‘ Heaven seems but



as another apartment in my own house? " With an uplifted eye he answers, " FAITH is the *evidence* of things not SEEN."

Alas, what have we not lost by neglecting to make use of this heavenly instrument! Let us, for once, place ourselves at the point of observation and look through the same blessed medium.

Oh how the vision brightens! What untold glories burst on the astonished eye! That blessed city, whose " walls are Salvation and whose gates are Praise," is distinctly seen. The prospect opens within the vail, whither Jesus, the forerunner, has for us entered. The crown of glory that fadeth not away, seems brought within our reach. We have obtained the same evidence of things unseen, that the sight of the eye gives to our intellectual perceptions.

We will now *reverse* the point of vision, and let the world,

" Its pomp, its pleasures, and its nonsense all,"

come before the eye. Ah, how its glories fade away in the contrast. If we have hitherto sought a resting place here, we now turn away dissatisfied, as we remember the glory that to us has just been revealed. We relinquish our firm hold on the life that now is, and turn to look again on that which is to come. We wipe away the tear that would dim our vision, as

" Friend after friend departs,"

and follow them joyfully to their home among the redeemed, blessing God that *such a home* had been provided for them.

With increased reverence and love we press to our hearts that blessed book which is the charter of our hopes, the map of our inheritance, the gift of God our Savior. " Faint yet pursuing," we gird up the loins of our mind, looking for, and hastening unto that blessed day, when faith shall be changed to sight, and hope lost in fruition.

Newark, N. J., June, 1846.

“THY WILL BE DONE.”

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

SHORT, but comprehensive petition ! Uttered often by the careless lip of the proud worldling, as he repeats that inimitable prayer, of which it forms a part, without one thought of its significance ; and yet embracing in its wide scope the whole range of God's providence, from the wisdom that guides a planet, to the care that marks the falling of a sparrow. Uttered too frequently even by the Christian, without a just sense of its deep and solemn import. “Thy will be done !” Who can say this from the heart, and yet retain any will of his own, in reference to temporal blessings, to friends, health, or even life itself ? The will of Him who is possessed of infinite knowledge, wisdom, and benevolence, who sees perfectly the end from the beginning, and on whom all created intelligences depend, must of necessity often conflict with ours, who are not only of yesterday and know nothing, but whose views and feelings are so warped by sin, that our own judgment is never to be trusted for a moment, where the heart is concerned in the decision. Now in such a case, who shall decide for us ?

“Oh, who so fit to choose our lot,  
And regulate our ways,”

as the God who created us, the Savior who died to redeem us, and the blessed Spirit who sanctifies, comforts, and fits us for heaven ? Why should we shrink and tremble when His will is done, since we know that it is “the perfection of wisdom,” and since we have his own gracious assurance —“What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.”

I have seen a mother, who as she knelt by the side of her sleeping infant, breathed forth from a glad and grateful heart, the petition, “Thy will be done.” She thanked God for the sweetest of all earthly gifts, and while thus recognizing the Giver, her deceived heart was ignorant of the

tenacity with which it clung to that darling child. Day by day it grew more lovely and more intelligent, and while she watched the unfolding of the precious blossom, and witnessed every hour some new development of mind, some added charm of form or feature, she almost forgot that the cherished object of her love and care was mortal.

“To find” its “fairy footsteps following” her,  
Its “hand upon her garments, or its lip,  
Long sealed to hers, and in the watch of night,  
The quiet breath of innocence to feel  
Soft on her cheek ; was such a full content  
Of happiness, as none but mothers know.”

But in the midst of all this enjoyment, while the conscious mother felt that a cloud had arisen between her soul and God, though she hardly knew how, the spoiler came, and snatched the youngest and fairest of the flock for his prey.

“Death found strange beauty on that cherub brow,  
And dash'd it out”——

In an unexpected moment, the grim monster was sent to bear away the treasure so lately lent, so highly prized, to the God who gave it. Those twining arms were unclasped from the neck, those soft eyes into whose blue depths she had so often gazed with unutterable tenderness, were sealed up forever ; that sweet voice, whose faintest tone was music to her ear, was hushed, and her soul's idol lay before her, motionless and cold, unmindful of her anguish, and heedless of the tears that were raining on its marble brow. But in that hour of bitter anguish, the stricken mother was not left alone. That glorious Redeemer who in the days of his flesh, wept with Mary and Martha at the grave of Lazarus, and whose ear is still open to the softest call of human woe, came to her relief. Notwithstanding the folly and ingratitude which rendered the chastisement so needful, the compassionate Savior poured the oil of consolation into her bleeding heart, and “as one whom his mother comforteth,” so he comforted his erring but penitent child, in this

her time of need. Melted, subdued, penetrated by such wonderful love, the mourner raised her eyes from the precious dust on which they had rested, and as she followed with the eye of faith the now glorified spirit to the throne of God, exclaimed from the depths of a chastened and humbled heart, "thy will be done." Thus, "though afflicted, bruised and broken," the peace of God came down into her soul, and though the world might never again be to her what it had been, the thought that it was a Father's hand which had smitten her, and the sweet assurance that her darling was forever safe in his arms, enabled her to go on her way rejoicing.

Bereaved mother! hast thou experienced a similar trial and found similar consolations? If so, thank God, and take courage, and be assured that no trial shall befall thee, under which the everlasting arms will not be abundantly able to sustain thee. He whom thou lovest, will be infinitely better to thee than sons or daughters, and soon, very soon, if thou art faithful, thou shalt rejoin the loved and lost, in a world where sickness and sorrow and death can never come. Thus

"While the wounds of wo are healing,  
While the soul is all resign'd;  
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,  
'Tis the Sabbath of the mind."

Blessed foretaste of that eternal Sabbath on which many who were unspeakably dear to us have already entered, and which awaits us when we shall drop "this mortal coil," and go to him "whom having not seen we love, in whom though now we see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, till we receive the end of our faith, even the salvation of the soul."

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(Original.)

## HOME PHILANTHROPY.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

A PORTION at least, of the friends of the community, are aware that during the two past years, many female operatives of this city have taken measures to lay their condition before the public, and to claim from that public some redress from the evils that have driven them almost to desperation.

They came together as sisters equally interested in one great cause; not to advocate what is usually called "woman's rights," but to claim the acknowledged human right of receiving food, shelter and raiment for the labor of their hands.

These daughters, of a land prosperous, fertile and wealthy, find themselves almost the only class who are denied adequate means of support in exchange for labor. Up to this hour, they have toiled on in silence; hoping that patience and industry would at length meet some shadow of reward; that some time, amid all the schemes of philanthropy, all the devices by which the condition of humanity is exalted, some great intellect or body of men having the power to aid them, would step forward and plead their cause with society. But while philanthropy has been running riot on other subjects—while the slave of the South—the working classes of England,—the prison houses of our own land—the irreligious in our streets, have been sought out with untiring patience—while the Indian has been traced to his wigwam—the Hindoo sought out in his jungle, and the walls of China scaled by the enterprize of American charities, the daughters of our own land have been left to struggle with evils which might have been redressed years ago, had one tythe of the public interest which is lavished abroad, been allowed to commence here upon our own hearth-stones, and among the suffering women of our own country.

We are told that their case is a hopeless one, that it arises from the common current of trade, that more laborers are waiting for work than there is employment to give them. We admit this truth ; were it otherwise, they would have no cause to seek redress, for the power would rest with them, and not with their employers. But when the manufacturing interests of a country suffer, when the commercial interests are threatened, the same argument is never used regarding them. It becomes a subject of general interest, often of serious legislation, because men have the power and will to clamor at the halls of legislation, and make their wants felt at the strong holds of power. We can only plead, where they demand—expostulate where they threaten, and oppose female helplessness, shackled down by a thousand restraining influences, where they stand forward in their own behalf and wrestle for their own rights.

Among the twelve thousand women who depend principally on the needle for support in this city, there cannot be found three thousand who receive anything like a compensation for their labor. Very few, by working twelve hours in the day can obtain three dollars for the six working days in a week, even in what is called the hurrying season, and out of this must be paid board, washing, and raiment for the unmarried ; rent, fuel, food and clothing for the widow who has perhaps a family of children to support. We speak of three dollars as among the highest prices received by the female operatives of New York ; a few may command more, but where one is so favored, hundreds are compelled to subsist on much less than this sum ; among the plain-sewers and makers of common linen, half that price is frequently all that a week of severe toil will command ; and out of this the operative must support herself or starve. There are instances in abundance, where even *less* than *one dollar* per week is all that can be obtained, and constant employment can seldom be ensured at any of these prices.

So long as the reward of female labor was in any way adequate to a decent support, no complaint was rendered,

but within the last year, which has been one of commercial prosperity throughout the land; employers have been gradually reducing the prices of work, and the employed as gradually compelled to submit to deprivations which many of them can no longer endure, and live.

The evils which follow this condition fall upon them with terrible effect. They leave them without the strength, and without the time to cultivate the intellect which God has given them, without the power of gratifying any of those feminine tastes which form so much of a woman's happiness. They check the natural delicacy and pride of independence, without which the female character must ever be deficient, and more than all, they lead the young day by day, into temptations, the force of which, those who are surrounded by plenty and happiness, can never understand.

The present condition of female operatives cannot be entirely and permanently relieved by the employers, who come in direct contact with them, though much depends on them, and partial redress is at all times within their power. Let them band together, each class of manufacturers by itself, and regulate a tariff of prices by which the necessities of life can be secured in exchange for female labor. Let them advance the price of the manufactured article, to a percentage proportioned to the extra expense, and thus draw their own just profit from its legitimate channel, the abundance of the purchaser, and cease to wring it, as now, from the unpaid toil of the operative.

In order to render this action of the employers effective, we are well aware that it must be general, that the employers in all the large cities must combine in this reasonable and just demand of their suffering countrywomen. We know, also, that the public itself must come forward and sustain employers in this great act of justice; that society must resume the tax which has been levied on the bodies and souls of a class of women who are well nigh perishing beneath the burthen.

But let employers come forward first to their relief.

Among them, are men of feeling, humane and liberal as any on the face of the earth ; many of whom have never reduced the wages of their operatives to the oppressive extent which has been practised by others. The publishing house of Harper and Brothers, of which our former Mayor is the head, has always given the females in its employ the means of obtaining an honorable and independent support. Many of these females have occupied the same situations during fifteen years ; some of them have been able to lay aside an humble competence for the necessities of old age or sickness ; others support widowed mothers, and all are in the enjoyment of that prosperity which their less fortunate sisters have struggled for in vain. This house has never felt the necessity of reducing the price of female labor below its equitable value, yet it has stood the shock of every commercial crisis for a quarter of a century, in a business which has known more revolutions than any other, and this house is now among the most extensive, prosperous and wealthy establishments in the world. In all branches of trade, we doubt not, there are employers equally generous and liberal to the females in their employ ; but we select this firm as an example of liberality and justice, sustained by permanent and undoubted prosperity, which has been the growth of years. We select it because it is one of the very few where female operatives are treated with the care and respect due to American women ; where the employer is the guardian of the employed, where the working women are supposed to be capable of refined and sensitive feelings, and know those feelings to be respected by all who come in business contact with them.

Let such men as these, take up the cause of our oppressed countrywomen against those who still wish to increase the fortunes which have been wrung from their bitter toil.

Let public opinion and public patronage sustain the righteous act of these men, and the first great step is taken towards their permanent relief.

(To be continued.)



(Original.)

ON THE RE-MODELING OF

## THE CHURCH IN MY NATIVE PLACE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Gone!—dome, and arch, and column, all  
 From their old trust displac'd?  
 What! even the fair, time-honor'd wall,  
 Dismantled, and defac'd?

I deem'd yon fane, in earliest years,  
 Most wonderful and grand:—  
 Like some cathedral's honor'd pile,—  
 Or boast of fairy-land.

That gallery gone!—whence first I heard  
 Accordant anthems glide;—  
 And dar'd at length my voice to blend  
 With trembling awe, and pride;

That pulpit too!—where year by year,  
 The white-hair'd pastor went,  
 The father of his trusting flock,—  
 By fourscore years unbent,—

The message of his Lord to bear,—  
 The bread of life to break,—  
 Ah! could ye not that pulpit spare  
 E'en for his precious sake?

Those pews, where sat the good and wise  
 Who loved the Sacred Law;  
 To whom our thoughtless childhood raised  
 The glance of reverent awe.

Those pews,—yet if they were not gone,  
And I again was there ;  
How many would be missed and mourned,  
The stately and the fair !

The sharers in my youthful glee,  
Their locks are flecked with grey,  
The Chiefs,—who for their country stood,  
The Fathers,—where are they ?

And those, the dearest to my soul,  
Their names I will not speak,—  
The lone heart hides a bitterer tear  
Than that which floods the cheek.

I fain had hoped, remembered dome !  
Once more to be thy guest,—  
And tread the old, familiar aisles  
My infant footsteps pressed.

But what avails, since all are fled,  
Who loved my dawning prime ;  
And I am like a withered leaf,  
Borne down the stream of time.

Yet, is it well in selfish grief,  
Thy heightened charms to lose ?  
Or for the dead and dreamy past,  
The present good refuse ?

No ! for their sake, whose ransomed souls  
Imbided thy heavenly lore,—  
And upward winged a glorious flight,  
When earth's short dream was o'er.

And for their sake—the race unborn,  
Who to thy courts shall come,—  
And learn a lowly Saviour's word,—  
I bless thee,—sacred dome.

*Hartford, May 28th, 1846.*

## THE SPINNING WHEEL.

BY THE EDITRESS.

IN this age of sonatas, cavatinas and operas—of pianos, harps and guitars; of bad French and worse Italian, in short, of tiresome “externities,” as a friend of ours who should have been a lexicographer, would say, it is really refreshing to go back a few years, and visit even in imagination, one of those quiet, secluded farm houses which abound in New England, the humble but happy homestead of generation after generation, to whom every tree and shrub about the old place is dear and sacred. We have one now in the mind’s eye, where so many delightful hours were spent in early youth, that we cannot resist the temptation of describing it, for the benefit of such of our readers as know little of “real country” life. The house was an old-fashioned, unpainted, steep-roofed building, standing far back from the road, surrounded by fruit trees of various kinds, and looking, as you approached it, almost like a bird’s nest concealed among the branches. The large yard in front, at the earnest entreaty of the “girls,” had been sown with timothy and clover, instead of corn and potatoes, which the father insisted would have been much the better crop, and two small beds under the front windows were given up to them for flowers. They had never even heard of camellias or dahlias, or even of heliotropes or verbenas, but they had abundance of bright marigolds, sweet-williams, chinasters, pinks, and lady’s delights, and to our childish imagination nothing could be more beautiful than those flower-beds, or more delightful than the task of assisting to weed, and water, and keep them in such nice order, that Titania herself might have taken her mid-summer night’s dream there, undisturbed. Even the flaunting sun-flowers, ranged along the garden wall, came in for a share of our admiration. At the kitchen entrance, stood long benches, on which were ranged rows of bright tin pans, ready

for the use of the "neat handed Phillis," who managed the dairy. About the kitchen walls, were festooned strings of dried apples and pumpkin, while here and there, long crook-necked squashes were suspended, their rich golden rind forming an agreeable contrast with the dark beams and rafters of the apartment. But the capacious "fire-place"—how can we properly describe that centre of attraction in an old-fashioned farm house? The "chimney corner" would almost have contained one of our modern apologies for a kitchen, and when the winter evening fire was made, the immense log properly placed, and a quantity of wood which might last a citizen for a month, heaped up in front of it, how snugly were the juveniles of the family ensconced within it, as we listened to the fireside chat of our elders, and waited for the nuts and apples which were sure to make their appearance before our departure for the night. We see them now—those kind and pleasant faces, some of which have long since settled into the stillness of death, while others are so changed by time and sorrow, that hardly a vestige of the former self remains. The prudent wife and mother, busy with her needle, "making auld claithes look amaist as weel's the new;" the husband and father conning the weekly paper, ever and anon laying aside his spectacles, to join in the household chat, while the industrious and active, but really pretty daughters, their daily task accomplished, were preparing some article of feminine adornment for the coming Sabbath, or the next quilting or sleigh-ride. Nor were we without our musician and our music. In a sheltered corner, seated in a high-backed arm chair, sat the beloved and venerated grandmother, on whose placid countenance not a trace of human passions was visible, and before her stood an instrument of music, which, even yet, is sweeter to our rebellious ears than one of Erard's finest harps. Its measured and monotonous cadence made an appropriate accompaniment to the conversation of the domestic circle, of which the dear musician was the very life and soul, with her wise and cheerful com-

ments on passing events, and her varied reminiscences of the past. Do our youthful readers wish to know the name of the musical instrument to which we listened? Start not, gentle reader, it was not a harpsichord or lute, but a simple, unpretending, linen SPINNING WHEEL. "Dear Granny," as the children all called her, had been in her day a famous spinner, and even now, her aged fingers plied their busy task with a dexterity that we could never sufficiently admire. How we loved to watch the mysterious process by which the flax was pulled from the distaff, caught by the flyers, and wound on the spindle, a smooth and even thread, with so little apparent exertion.

It seemed the easiest thing in the world to manage that little spinning wheel, and we were in danger of undervaluing the skill of the performer, until repeated trials had convinced us that it was not a thing to be learned by intuition.

The snows of a hundred winters had settled on the head of that ancient dame, yet still she was stately and erect in person, courteous and dignified in manner, and in temper, buoyant and hopeful as a child. When urged by her affectionate children to lay aside her spinning wheel, and rest the remainder of her life, she would reply, "No, no—you must not ask me to do that. Since I was a little child, I have for six days in the week, been constantly employed in doing something for myself or others, and now, idleness would kill me. I love to work, and the low buzzing of my little wheel seems just to suit the pleasant thoughts that fill my mind about the scenes of the past, and that happy world to which I am hastening." There was nothing more to be said on the subject, so "dear Granny" continued the employment she loved so well, until the last week of her long and useful life. Her spinning wheel is treasured as a sacred relic by her descendants, who value it not only as a memento of one so beloved, but as a silent teacher of important and often neglected truths. Lessons of practical wisdom are associated with it, to which we would fain give

voice, that they might reach the ear of every youthful female in the land.

Our venerable grandmother loved to talk of the "good old times," and it was to us a never failing source of enjoyment to sit at her feet, and listen to stories of the past, which, though often repeated, were never wearisome. "When I was young," she used to say, "girls were not brought up to be good for nothing in the wide world, as too many are now-a-days. No matter whether they were rich or poor, all were taught to work, and to feel that home was the place where they must find their happiness, whether as maids, wives, or mothers. As soon as we were tall enough to reach the large wheel, we learned to spin wool, and never dreamed of any amusement for ourselves, till our daily task was completed. We assisted too, in household matters, knew how to make butter and cheese, and should have scorned the idea of getting married until we had a pillow case full of stockings of our own knitting, and a press filled with linen spun and woven by our own hands."

"Dear Granny—what spiritless mopes you must have been, and how little pleasure you must have had! Only think of having to work all the time, without any recreation!"

"Poor child!" was the reply, "you know nothing at all about it. We were as busy as bees, to be sure, but then we were as blithe as a lark, and as merry as a cricket all the day long. We never even heard of the thousand ailments common now among young folks, and as to recreation, why we had more *heart-gaiety* and frolic at a quilting bee, a sleigh-ride, or a paring match, than one of your fashionable belles enjoys in a whole year. But, dear children," she would add, while her placid features assumed an unwonted seriousness, "we were taught in those days, that we must not live only or mainly to enjoy ourselves that our first earthly duties were to make ourselves useful in our father's family, and to prepare to manage properly one of our own. We did not think or talk more about marriage than you do

now, but we talked about it very differently. We knew it was a contract for better or worse, to last through life, and that it was a serious matter. We thought less of a splendid wedding and fine furniture, and more of the substantial comforts of a family, than young people seem to now. This little wheel was given me by my father on my marriage day, and I prized it more, and trust I have made a better use of it in my long life, than if it had been the most splendid piano that ever graced a fashionable parlor. Not that I have any objection to music—I love it, for all nature is full of it, not always written, to be sure, but it is all the sweeter for that to my old ears. But life is something else besides a holyday, and fine clothes and fine music, though very well in their proper place, will not always make a husband happy, nor his home comfortable. Let the foundation be well laid, by a knowledge of every thing a woman ought to know as the mistress of a family, and then no matter how full of ornament the superstructure may be. But it is the misery of society, that a showy edifice is so often built on sand and rubbish, and then when the cold wind of adversity blows, and the storms of life beat upon it—when strength and shelter are most needed, then the gilded but hollow structure falls to the ground, and worldly credit, hope and happiness are buried beneath its ruins.”

Frequently, in passing through the world, are we reminded of this apt comparison, and as we mark the shoals and quicksands on which so many bright hopes and brilliant prospects are wrecked, we thank God for the early lessons of industry, and relative duty imbibed at the side of the SPINNING WHEEL.

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#### FORGIVENESS.

• • • • • “How sweetly falls  
From lips divine the blessed word *forgive!*  
Forgiveness! 'Tis the attribute of God,  
The sound that opens Heaven, renews again  
On earth, lost Eden's faded bloom, and flings  
Hope's halcyon halo o'er the waste of life.”

## THE PILGRIM MOTHERS.

BY THE EDITRESS.

WE have been accustomed almost from the cradle, to associate with the old world every idea of historic interest, and to look on our own country rather with hope and expectation for the future than with pride in the remembrances of the past. All this may be very proper, and yet there is one subject on which every American boy and girl, ought even in infancy to be taught to think with reverence, and to speak with grateful exultation. If to possess an illustrious ancestry, be a thing of which one may justly boast, then may the sons of New England point to the graves of the *pilgrim fathers* as the proudest and most enduring monuments of national glory. In a state of society so different, and in full possession of the blessings they purchased for us at such an expense, we can hardly appreciate or understand all the elements of the noble puritan character. The band who left the deck of the May Flower for the bleak shores of Plymouth Bay, on the 22d of December, 1620, were no ordinary men. Their courage had been proved in battle—their wisdom and patriotism in council, and their adherence to principle at any sacrifice, in the midst of privations such as we can never know. But the voyagers of the May Flower, on their holy errand of freedom came not alone. Standing by their side on the trackless ocean, or in the howling wilderness, were lovely and delicate women, who had freely given up all the elegancies and comforts of home, and all the endearments of kindred, to share their perils, their privations and their sufferings. The *Pilgrim Mothers*—"sainted name!" surrounded in the eyes of their descendants, with a halo which eclipses the splendor of coronets or crowns, while yet we know not half their heroism, half their devotion, or half their worth.

We have stood by the rock on which the Pilgrims landed, on the day so appropriately known as "Forefather's



Day," and tried to imagine the feelings of that little company of females, who, more than two hundred years before, knelt there in grateful acknowledgment of the mercy which had preserved them from an ocean grave, and brought them to this home in the wilderness. The face of nature was still the same—

“The waves of the bay still threw their spray”—

as they did when the *May Flower* moored in the offing. The sea was still black with storms, and the shore white with snow—but how changed was every other thing on which we gazed. Instead of the thriving town with its tasteful dwellings, its splendid churches and crowded streets, the pilgrim mothers saw before them as they turned away from the foaming waters, a trackless forest, filled with beasts of prey, and savages still more fierce and treacherous. No comfortable home was prepared for them; no cheerful circle awaited their arrival with words of welcome, and ministries of kind hospitality. Some among them had been reared in courtly halls, and so tenderly cherished that the breath of heaven was not allowed to visit the fair cheek too roughly; they were now wearied and ill, but what could love itself do to obviate the hardships and discomforts of their lot? Well might the stoutest hearts have quailed under a sense of present suffering and of impending danger, but if in that small company, one desponding tone was heard, the voice assuredly was not that of woman. The pilgrim *wife* spoke of hope and comfort to her husband, while her own heart was slowly but surely sinking under its load; she bade him remember the glorious cause for which he had borne so much, and the high destinies that awaited them, if the founders of the infant colony were but true to themselves and their God. The pilgrim *mother* impressed on her children while yet in lisping infancy, lessons of civil and religious liberty, which in after years formed the character of a Bradford, a Winthrop, a Warren, a Hancock, and an Adams.

But the present, with its stirring events, its duties and

responsibilities, is not the time for us to sit as idle worshippers—

“Of a legendary virtue carved on ancestral graves.”

“The tracks” that “made Plymouth Rock sublime,” were toward the Future, not the Past, and it is only as lofty models of excellence, intended for their imitation, that we present the Pilgrim mothers to our youthful readers. They may not, like these tender but heroic women, have occasion to give up all the comforts and enjoyments of life in their adherence to the truth—but the unselfish affection—the strong faith and generous devotion which made the heart’s perpetual summer amid the snows of the wilderness, are all needed in the every day duties of life, and their exercise will render the humblest home an earthly paradise. There is too much in the prevailing modes of educating girls, and in the social habits of our sex, which has a tendency to make them feel that idleness is a feminine accomplishment, and that to be essentially helpless is in itself a patent of nobility. A practical, energetic, useful woman, who thinks and acts for herself, and pleads guilty to a thorough knowledge of domestic affairs, is looked upon by these fine ladies with suspicion and almost disgust, and unless from circumstances she occupy an assured station in society, her title to the common courtesies of life is considered questionable. Would that all who take this false view of life and its duties, could look back through the vista of time into the lowly dwellings of those Pilgrim fathers, of whose deathless fame they are justly proud. There they might see a graceful and delicate woman, the daughter of a belted Earl, whose pathway, ere she left her father’s princely halls, had been strewn only with roses, cheerfully performing the most menial offices for her husband and children, and lighting up that humble but happy home with the cloudless sunshine of conjugal and maternal affection. They might see her, in the midst of privations and dangers, the recital of which blanches the cheek, and sends a thrill

of horror through every nerve, performing her daily duties calmly and fearlessly as though she bore a charmed life, and while the frail body was wasting beneath the pressure of the heroic spirit, still loving, hoping and trusting to the last. Such was the pilgrim wife—such the pilgrim mother whose instructions and bright example formed the character of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—the framers of our Constitution, and the heroes of the Revolutionary war. Shall we look upon their like again? Never—until the first lesson impressed on the minds of our daughters shall be, forgetfulness of self, and the love and practise of living to do good to others. Never—until woman shall cease to be the butterfly of fashion, the votary of pleasure, and rise to the high dignity of her nature and destiny, as the guardian of the domestic circle, the depository of the hallowed influences that are to bless and regenerate the world.

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(Original.)

TO E..... C. S.....

AIR.—“ *Go, Forget Me.*”

While from forms beloved thou rovest,  
Which thou ne'er again may'st see,  
And art leaving scenes thou lovest,  
Leave, still leave one tho't with *me*!  
E'en when others hover round thee,  
Think of ties that *here* have bound thee,  
Think of hours when thou wert here,  
Past.—yet still to mem'ry dear.

And if e'er to mind thou bringest,  
Songs that *I* have form'd for *thee*,  
Breathe my name—and as thou singest,  
Leave, still leave one thought with *me*  
Think how oft our voices blended,  
While some anthem lov'd ascended,  
Think 'tis *sweet* that *we* have met,  
Think—*thou never wilt forget!*

## THE GARDEN ENCLOSED.

## TO A YOUNG WOMAN ON HER INTENDED MARRIAGE.

I HAVE heard, my friend, that thou art about to enter a garden enclosed, and knowing that thou art at present a stranger to it, beg permission to give thee an account of some of its productions. I have traveled through all its paths, and am acquainted with them perfectly, and my advice can do thee no harm, but may on the contrary, be of some service to thee.

Thou knowest there is but one way of entrance into this enclosure. This way, I need hardly tell thee, is commonly flowery and inviting, strewed with sweets, and adorned with all that imagination can suggest, or art invent. Thou wilt fondly imagine that this scene of delight will never change, and certainly thou wilt not see the end of this path when thou enterest it. To some it proves a very short one, and even to thee it will appear greatly changed in the retrospect.

Then let me caution thee, my friend, not to dream of perfect and perpetual bliss ; if thou dost, experience will teach thee that it never exists on earth. Thou wilt find many of the productions of this garden, charming to the eye, and pleasant to the taste, but they are not all so. Let me just remind thee that thou must carry with thee into it, one of the most delicate and fragrant flowers in nature,—I mean GOOD HUMOR. Do not drop or forget it as too many do, soon after they enter, and seldom or never find it again. It is a treasure, the loss of which can never be made up to thee. When thou hast reached the end of the first walk, which extends about thirty steps, usually called *honey moon path*, thou wilt find the garden opening into a great variety of views. Beware here of some productions that are noxious and even fatal in their tendency.

There is a small low plant to be seen in almost every direction, called INDIFFERENCE. It does not often grow near the entrance, but thou wilt always know it by a certain chill-

ness in the air which surrounds it. Contrary to other plants, this thrives by cold, and dies from warmth ; whenever thou perceivest this coolness in the air, change thy situation as soon as possible.

Near this plant is often found that vile yellow flower, called JEALOUSY, on which thou must never even *look*, but turn from it instantly, for it possesses the property of imparting a tinge to the eye which gazes upon it, that can never be removed.

As thou passest along, thou wilt find many little crooked paths, into which I advise thee never to enter, for though at the entrance is written in large letters—"RIGHT"—yet when thou art at the end, thou wilt find the true name of nine out of ten, to be PERVERSENESS—and that thou hast been wrong in going into them. Thou wilt not care to acknowledge this, and so, many disputes will arise, producing much suffering and sometimes final separation.

Near this spot, thou wilt meet with a sturdy, knotty plant called OBSTINACY, which bears a hard, bitter fruit, wholly indigestible, and which becomes, when taken in large quantities, fatal to the constitution. Avoid it as thou wouldst the plague. Just opposite to this plant, grows the lowly but fragrant shrub, COMPLIANCE, which, though not always pleasant to the taste, is salutary and sweet when digested, and produces the most beneficial effects. Always carry about thee a large stock of this ; thou wilt often find occasion for its use as thou passest along, and wilt surely repent the want of it.

All over the garden may be found an humble but useful plant, called ECONOMY. Gather it as soon as thou dost enter ; it is of a thriving nature, and amply repays all the culture bestowed upon it. Many overlook, and some despise it—others think they shall have no use for it, and indeed it is generally forgotten in the hurry and gaiety with which people enter the garden, but the want of it often occasions bitter suffering and repentance. Provide for thyself and thy husband a sufficient quantity as speedily as thou canst.

Thou wilt observe in passing along, two or three paths that run into each other, and which, though smoothly gravelled, and very straight, may not seem to merit the attention they really deserve. They are, REGULARITY, ORDER, and NEATNESS, and are always to be found in this enclosure. Do not think as many do, that because thou art a dweller in the garden thou mayest neglect these paths, for remember, thy companion will see some who are walking in them, and the difference will strike his eye if it does not offend it. Enter those paths at once, for be assured if thou dost not find them soon, thou never wilt.

In the immediate vicinity of these paths you will find that precious and rare exotic, HUMILITY. Cultivate it with the utmost care, for it is easily blighted, and when once it droops thou wilt with difficulty restore it. This sweet flower is universally admired, and is the only antidote for that poisonous weed, PRIDE, which springs up every where, and would soon overrun and destroy every valuable plant in the garden.

Shouldst thou, my dear friend, be entrusted with the rearing of a flower, remember that though frail in its nature, and liable to fade at every blast, yet it is a sacred charge committed to thee, for which thou wilt be held accountable by the great Owner of the garden, to whom it belongs. It will demand thy tenderest care, and constant attention, and shouldst thou witness a blight on its dawning beauties, oh, how thy fond heart would bleed! The young shoot will twine about every fibre of thy heart—water it, prune it, train it diligently; it will need all thy care. Without this, many baneful weeds will check its growth, and wither its opening charms.

That thou mayest be blessed with these sweet flowers of the garden—that they may be the delight of thine eyes, and the joy of thine heart—that they may be ornaments in life, and comforts in death, and that thou and they, when the summer of life is over, may be transplanted into a happier soil hereafter, there to flourish in immortal bloom, in perfect and perpetual felicity, is, and ever will be my ardent prayer.

## ALICE,—A STORY OF OUR VILLAGE.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN, N. Y.

(Continued from page 49.)

FOR some months after the departure of Alice, though Mrs. Carlton wrote regularly, and in every letter bore the most gratifying testimony to the progress of her pupil, I received not one line from the dear girl herself. At length a letter arrived, which more than made amends for the delay. If I had been gratified with the commendations bestowed on her by her truly maternal friend, I was enchanted with the development of heart and mind, visible in every line of this precious communication. From that time our correspondence was uninterrupted, and it was to me a source of ever fresh enjoyment. A new world had opened on Alice, and in the excitement of awakened and kindling intellect, she seemed hardly to recognize her own identity. The originality and beauty of her thoughts surprised and charmed me, yet I sometimes trembled for the happiness of my young protegee, as the depth and intensity of her emotions were unconsciously displayed in these sparkling effusions. How I longed for her return, which, in compliance with the wishes of Mr. Forrester, who had just returned from a long visit to Europe, had been delayed from month to month, until nearly three years and a half had elapsed since our separation.

The day came at last, when I was to welcome home, the long expected Alice, who had accompanied Mrs. Carlton to New York, and there had been placed under the care of a gentleman coming directly to our village. My impatience could hardly be restrained, and after looking in for the twentieth time, to see if every thing was in its place in the little room appropriated to Alice, I seated myself at a window commanding a distant view of the road, to watch for her arrival. The sound of wheels was heard at length—it came nearer—ceased—the carriage had stopped at my gate, and I ran to meet the traveler. But could it be that

the beautiful and graceful girl, who in her eagerness to alight, could hardly wait the movements of the driver, was the little hoyden from whom I parted on that spot three years before? So entire was the transformation, that I gazed on her with actual incredulity, even while her warm tears were falling on my cheek. She was indeed most beautiful, yet it was the impress of mind so stamped on every eloquent feature, that constituted her chief attraction. The statue had been touched with fire from heaven, and the soul that shone out through the dark depths of those eyes, so brilliant and yet so tender, was one of no ordinary cast. I found her highly educated, and accomplished beyond what I had even dared to hope, for the motive that urged her forward was sufficiently powerful to task every energy of mind and body. Before leaving Mrs. Carlton, she had been offered a situation as governess in a family of the highest respectability in one of the Middle States, and only waited for my consent, to give her answer in the affirmative.

But where was Mr. Forrester all this time? Had he no desire to witness the effects of that mental cultivation, on the necessity of which he so earnestly insisted? That he came to the cottage very soon after the arrival of Alice, is certain, but his manner, though kind and polite, was stately and reserved, and I was unable to decide whether or not, he shared my admiration of our sweet Alice. Of her pecuniary obligations to him she knew nothing, for he had insisted on having the matter so arranged, that my protegee should suppose the expenses of her education to be defrayed by myself. In vain I remonstrated against the deception, and refused to sustain the part allotted me. I found I must either yield to his terms, at least so far as to be silent on the subject, or forego the advantages thus offered to Alice, and I was well aware that she would accept the obligation much more readily from me than from Mr. Forrester. In his presence, therefore, though she looked up to him, as to a superior being, and felt for him an almost filial reverence,



she was free from the embarrassment which a knowledge of the truth would have occasioned.

For months after the return of Alice, we were almost constantly in the society of our friends at the Hall. We read, and walked, and rode together, and though neither word nor action of Mr. Forrester, betrayed more than a brother's interest in the fair being who was the life and soul of our re-unions, I knew he was studying her character closely, even when he seemed scarcely conscious of her presence. He was continually forming new plans of interest, instruction or amusement, which were warmly seconded by Mrs. Lawton, whose attachment to Alice was ardent and openly expressed. The bird-like voice which had charmed me in Capt. Dudley's cottage, years before, had been cultivated with great care by Mrs. Carlton, and she had likewise become a proficient in instrumental music, of which she was passionately fond. How often have we listened by moonlight to those notes of thrilling sweetness that came gushing up from the very heart of the performer, until pleasure became pain from its very excess. Surely, thought I, "if music be the food of love," no one who has a heart, can listen to such strains unmoved.

I had ardently hoped, as some new charm was every day developed in Alice, that her loveliness and her virtues might win the heart of my friend at the Hall, for well I knew him to be just fitted to mould and direct a temperament like hers, ardent, disinterested and enthusiastic. True, he might choose, both from his personal character and his standing in society, among the fairest and noblest of the land, yet the fact was undoubted, that he was still "fancy free," and I could not persuade myself that one so alive to the good and the beautiful, could associate with my protegee; could witness the outpourings of her guileless heart, her unselfish nature, and her fine intellect, without confessing her powers. But Mr. Forrester exercised at all times perfect control over his looks, words and actions, and in the strict impartiality of his attentions to our little circle, I gradually

gave up all hope of a denouement which would have been so gratifying.

Winter passed away, and with the early spring a letter came from Mrs. Bingley, the lady to whom I have referred previously, urging Alice to come on immediately, and offering *carte-blanche* as to terms. She decided at once to accept the offer, which was in every respect a most eligible one, and I was reluctantly compelled to assent to her wishes, since in a state of dependence she could no longer have been happy. While we were still conversing over the letter, and laying plans for the future, Mr. Forrester entered by the garden-gate. Alice, who had been weeping, made her escape, while I communicated to him the contents of the letter, and the decision we had formed, as an apology for the emotions he had witnessed. Proud and impassive as he had always seemed, I was not prepared for the agitation visible in every feature, as he instantly and strongly objected to the plan. Alice was too young, too lovely, too every way admirable, to bury herself in such a situation; in short, he seemed indignant that I should entertain for a moment the idea of her return to the south in this capacity. I was astonished, for I had supposed him to be far above the petty pride which scorns any useful employment, and expected him to appreciate the motives which had actuated the high-minded girl in her determination.

"And what reasons am I to give to Alice," I asked rather pettishly, "for your opposition to her plan, for though it is the first wish of my heart to keep her with me, I am sure under present circumstances she will refuse to remain."

"I will myself give her my reasons," he answered, with an expression of countenance I had never before seen, "and if they are satisfactory to Miss Tracy, the happiness of my life is secured." So saying, with a smile and bow he hastened after Alice, who was in the garden, leaving me in a state of bewildered surprise that absorbed all my faculties. Could it be possible, that this man, so fastidious, so reserved, so difficult to please, as I had always considered

him, loved the young and artless orphan, well enough to lay aside all his prejudices about birth and family, and to offer her the hand and heart eagerly coveted by some of the proudest of the land? How could I have been so blind to this attachment so long, when by it, the dearest wish of my heart was likely to be accomplished?

I was still engrossed in delightful day dreams of the future, unconscious of the lapse of time, when Alice, pale and agitated, entered the room, and throwing herself on a low seat at my side, hid her face in my lap, and gave full vent to her tears.

"Alice," I exclaimed, "what has disturbed you thus? Surely there can be nothing so very terrible in what Mr. Forrester has been saying to you."

It was sometime before she could command her voice sufficiently to reply, but at length she said—

"I am very unhappy, my dear friend, for I have been obliged to appear ungrateful, and I fear, to alienate one of the most valuable of my friends, but I am sure if Mr. Forrester could see my heart, he would believe that I had not been actuated by vanity or caprice."

"How is this, Alice," I enquired, "you cannot have been so unwise, so infatuated, as to refuse an offer like this from such a man, so admirable, so unexceptionable. What can you mean?"

She answered sadly, "I know I am a strange and wayward being, and am astonished that one so much above me in every respect should stoop to think of me for a moment, but grateful as I am for the preference, I should sin against God, if I accepted the heart thus offered, when I cannot give him one in return. I respect, esteem, and admire the character and talents of Mr. Forrester, but I do not love him."

"How is this," I exclaimed, "are your affections then engaged? Why have I not known this sooner?"

"No, indeed," said she eagerly, "I have no other attachment, and do not wish to change my situation, at present,

unless," she added, with a faint smile, "some Adonis as poor as myself, steals my heart before I am aware of danger. Mr. Forrester is too high, too noble, too fastidious to be long satisfied with me. I should fear continually lest some inadvertence might give him pain, and cause him to regret the choice he had made."

I endeavored, but in vain, to convince Alice how much she had mistaken the character of my friend, who with all his reserve and hauteur of manner, was in reality one of the most generous and forbearing of human beings. Her mind was fully made up, though in rejecting his suit, she had evinced so much delicacy and consideration for his feelings, that he left her, as I afterwards learned, more than ever impressed with her admirable qualities of heart and mind. Her departure was of course hastened by this circumstance, and as business of importance required my presence in a distant State, we left M. together, for our different places of destination. Severe family affliction, detained me for many months from my village home, during which time I heard frequently from Alice. She was well, and devoted to the duties of her station, though I could perceive that many things in it were trying to one of her proud and sensitive nature. She was about to leave home for a season, to travel with the eldest of her pupils, whose health was declining, and whose attachment to Alice was so strong, that she refused to be separated from her.

(To be concluded.)

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"Greatness and goodness are not *means* but *ends*!"  
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,  
The good great man? Three treasures LOVE and LIGHT,  
And CALM THOUGHTS regular as infant's breath;  
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,  
HIMSELF, his MAKER, and the angel DEATH."

—Coleridge.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

**LIFE IN PRAIRIE LAND.** By *Eliza W. Farnham*. New York: Harper and Brothers, Publishers, 82 Cliff St.

This is one of the most readable books of the season. It is so rich in graphic descriptions of character and scenery,—in well told anecdotes, and lively pictures of domestic life, that the reader who takes it up for a few moments' amusement, will hardly be able to lay it down until the book is finished. There is a clearness, a distinctness, a "coming to the point," in all the writings of Mrs. Farnham, which we greatly admire. Her conceptions, both of abstract truths, and of things visible and tangible, seem always to be distinct and vivid, hence the pictures she draws have all the life-like coloring and freshness of reality. There is much likewise, in the subject of this work to recommend it, particularly to city readers. It is surely worth something for "stay at home travelers" to have such a companion and guide through the prairies and forests of the Far West, as the writer of this volume has proved herself to be. Many of them doubtless, after reading it, will prefer the comforts of their present lot, to actual experience of Prairie Life, though for ourselves, we confess, the perusal of this book has only strengthened our desire for emigration.

"Dear nature is the kindest mother still;"

and though in that region of romance, she is clothed with majesty and grandeur as a mantle, yet those who commune with her daily in her own solitudes, know that the heart of a mother beats under it still, for all her faithful children.

We predict for this book what we most certainly wish it, a very wide circulation among the reading community. It has all the exciting interest of fiction, combined with the charm of truth—and we rejoice in the evidence it furnishes, that the philanthropic labors which press so heavily on the gifted writer, have not tamed her buoyant spirits, or diminished her intellectual acumen and power.

**OBSERVATIONS IN THE EAST—CHIEFLY IN EGYPT, PALESTINE, SYRIA, AND ASIA MINOR.** By *John P. Durbin, D. D.* New York: Harper and Brothers, 82 Cliff St.

The literary market has been so overstocked with "Travels," "Sketches," "Journals" and "Adventures" abroad, that when we took up this book, we had little expectation of being greatly interested, notwithstanding the deserved celebrity of the author both as a scholar, and a clergyman. But we had read only a few pages, when we found that though Dr. Durbin had gone over scenes that of late have been frequently explored and minutely described, he had seen them from a point of view peculiarly his own, and presented them with so much interest and originality, as to fascinate every intelligent reader. Localities and events which have become to us familiar as "household words," when touched by his magic pen, assume new interest and beauty, and stand out before the mind's eye in such strong relief, that they seem *daguertyped* indelibly upon it. The author of this work identifies himself so completely with his subject, and infuses so much *soul* into his descriptions, that a portion of his enthusiasm is necessarily imparted to the reader. We surrender ourselves involuntarily to his guidance—we wander with him among the mysterious ruins of Petra, visit the silent and deserted Acropolis of Sardis, or look on the crumbling walls and prostrate battlements of Jerusalem with an intensity of interest inspired by no other spot on earth, forgetful the while, that we are not ourselves actual witnesses of what so vividly impresses the imagination.

Though it is now some months since these volumes were given to the public, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of recommending them to such of our readers as have not yet seen them. To those who love the Bible, they possess a value far beyond even their literary merit. Scenes and localities associated with our dearest interests for time and eternity, are described in these pages, by one who feels the sacredness of the ground on which he treads, and earnestly seeks to illustrate by his researches, the Book of Inspiration, on which our hopes depend. We trust these "Observations" of one who is truly a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian, will find a place in every family library throughout the land.

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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

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ORIGINAL.

## "THE BEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD."

BY THE EDITRESS

So all her dear five hundred friends united in calling Miss Serena Mildway. Did she merit the distinction? Let us see. I will begin, as in duty bound, by recounting some of the various excellencies of her character, and then just hint at one shadow that obscures its brightness, one spot in this sun of female perfection.

Miss Serena has safely passed the debateable ground lying between youth and middle age, in which so many spinsters take up their permanent residence, and is the most delightful specimen of the genus, "old maid," that it has been my fortune to discover. She has all the vivacity and hopefulness of youth, with the mature wisdom of old age; all the trusting tenderness of woman's nature, with the energy and firmness usually attributed to man. Her fine intellect has been carefully and thoroughly cultivated, and though the extent and variety of her acquirements are betrayed by the sparkling richness of her conversational powers, she is the farthest possible from a *femme savant*, or even an ordinary blue stocking. It was a singular, but heartfelt compliment once paid her by an aged servant in a family where she was for a time domesticated. Charmed with the affability and kindness of the distinguished stranger, she exclaimed to her mistress, "I do love Miss Serena, she isn't the least bit of a *lady* at all."

Possessing ample resources, and presiding over her widowed father's elegant establishment, Miss Serena has the means of gratifying to the utmost her benevolence of disposition, and is

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in fact, the Lady Bountiful of the whole parish. Her clear head and warm heart are in constant requisition to forward new plans of doing good ; and she presides over some half dozen associations, juvenile and adult, among her own sex, as the penalty of her universal popularity. Let it not, however, be supposed that in her care for others, those household duties which belong so peculiarly to "woman's sphere," are neglected by her. No devotee of housewifery, whose whole soul lies in her pickles and preserves, can boast a menagé more admirably arranged, or perfectly kept. She is an affectionate daughter, a kind and considerate mistress, and a truly generous and hospitable woman.

And now must I reverse the picture, and introduce that unwelcome "*but yet*"—which

"Is always as a jailor to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor?"

Were I to omit this, my sketch would not only be incomplete, but its moral would be lost, for the single defect in Miss Serena's character, is a very serious one in its effect on all around her. It is the *want* of *punctuality*. With all her excellencies, she is habitually and notoriously *tardy*, and she seems so unconscious of the failing, that there is very little hope of its amendment. To the young, this may appear a trivial fault, when weighed in the balance against the virtues I have described ; but those who know how to value time, will regard far otherwise a habit which fritters away so large a portion of this precious treasure. Two or three facts will illustrate my meaning.

A few days since, the Dorcas Society of Centreville held its monthly meeting, and by special invitation I was present on the occasion. There was a goodly gathering of maids and matrons, young and old, all armed and equipped with the usual implements of female industry, and divided into small groups according to some law of affinity with which I have not yet been made acquainted. An abundance of work was scattered over the centre table, but in a state of confusion which seemed to my inexperienced eyes absolutely hopeless. Our kind and courteous hostess made a few faint attempts to select from the chaos of silks, ribbons, chintzes,

and all the etceteras of "society work," some employment for the waiting members, but in vain. Miss Serena was the Directress, and preferred taking charge of the work herself, so there was nothing to be done but to wait patiently or impatiently for her arrival. One or two of the juveniles, as the hours rolled on without bringing the lady, ventured an exclamation of surprise and vexation; but they were speedily checked by their elders, who seemed well trained to the waiting process. At last, just ten minutes past four, Miss Serena arrived, with the calm and self-possessed air always worn by the "best women in the world," and after a slight apology for her late appearance, proceeded to arrange and distribute the work. Her magic touch soon brought order out of confusion, and as she glided through the circle of industry, with a bright smile and kind word for each, the charm of her manner dispelled all remembrance of the tardiness which had robbed them of one half the time allotted to their pleasant employment. I could not forbear, however, making a mental calculation, which almost excited my indignation against this unconscious pilferer of time. "Here," thought I, "are twenty ladies who have actually wasted two hours each in waiting for one individual, since they could do nothing to advantage without her superintendence. Forty hours have thus been thrown away, and for what? Simply from the want of feeling that punctuality was of the slightest importance, for there is nothing in the reason assigned by the lady Directress which should have prevented her for a moment from keeping a previous engagement." This species of robbery is the more inexcusable, since no restitution can be made by the offender, and no equivalent rendered for the loss sustained by those who waited for her coming.

Not long since, a poor woman called on me early in the morning, with a message from Miss Serena, stating that she would meet her there at nine o'clock, to make some arrangements for the benefit of her protegee, who had once been in comfortable circumstances, but was now reduced to actual want. Every moment of my time was fully occupied, for I was to leave home at midday for a week, and had various engagements to fulfil before my departure.

Had the intruder been a friend, or even a familiar acquaintance, I should have excused myself at once ; but I feared lest my motive might be misconstrued, and hoping that for once Miss Serena *might* be true to her word, I made the agreeable to my guest, who, to do her justice, was quite as uneasy as myself. "She will certainly be here," she remarked, "for she promised it, and she knows how difficult it is for me to be long away from my children." "Poor woman!" I mentally exclaimed—"you are happy in your ignorance. The victims of *tardiness* know nothing of the sacredness of a promise, and literally "take no note of time," not even "by its loss." Nine, ten, eleven o'clock struck, and still Miss Serena came not. I had been compelled to excuse myself, and make my hurried preparations for departure, but my morning was gone, and half my work undone. When at last, more than three hours after her appointment, the lady was ushered in, all smiles and sweetness, I am afraid my face presented a sad contrast with hers, for my patience had vanished some time previous, and I was fully inclined to denounce the want of punctuality as a vice which ought neither to be excused nor tolerated in society. But I was not in this instance the principal sufferer. There was no time for consultation in reference to the poor woman ; and her dejected countenance, as she left, was a practical comment on the inspired direction, "Trust not in man, neither put your confidence in princes." When I expressed my regret at her disappointment, Miss Serena answered with perfect self-complacency—"Oh, never mind, another time will do as well for her ; and you really ought not to be troubled with it to-day." She did not recollect that I had already been cheated (that is *not* too harsh a word) out of double the amount of time requisite to have sent away a fellow creature satisfied and happy.

Miss Serena is one of the most hospitable of women, but woe to the guest whose leave-taking for the cars or the boat, must depend on her domestic arrangements. She "welcomes the coming," but truth obliges me to say, she does not "speed the parting guest." It is impossible to make her realize that there are but sixty minutes in an hour, or that when thirty of these

are gone, only a half hour remains. She is certain there is time enough for every thing, and wonders people will fret themselves for no possible reason only to make others unhappy.

I once heard a friend of her father, a gentleman whose ideas of punctuality were acquired in the school of Franklin and Washington, exclaim after a visit to Miss Serena—"amiable, and talented, and excellent as that woman undoubtedly is, I would sooner follow a daughter to the grave in her infancy, than to see her grow up with such habits of procrastination and want of punctuality."

I have done. Should any of my readers detect in this slight sketch a resemblance to themselves, I shall consider it a compliment to my powers as a limner, while at the same time I must regret that there should be more than one original of such a portrait.

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Original.

## HOME PHILANTHROPY.\*

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

WE are well aware, that if there were sufficient employment for female operatives, the miseries of their condition would be alleviated. If any new methods of employment can be found for them hitherto unoccupied by woman, there are hundreds ready to adopt them. But if they are to enter upon any of the trades now pursued by men, let it not be to reduce the wages of mechanics, which are already sufficiently low. If they can in any case perform the duties which are now rendered by men, let their wages be in proportion to the work they accomplish, and not reduced, in order to drive mechanics from their means of support, and enrich the capitalist. We are told that in the cities of the west there exists a state of things exactly opposite to that which falls so heavily on our sex here; that there the demand for fe-

\* Continued from page 73

male labor exceeds the supply—thus opening a market for the surplus labor of the Atlantic cities ; many of our young females would gladly embrace this prospect of an alleviation of their condition ; but few among them can find the means of transportation when all that they can earn is consumed in the purchase of daily bread. There are colonization societies for the blacks ; but where is there any society, benevolent or social, from which a free-born American sewing woman can claim the means of transportation to the place where industry will command the comforts of life ? Where is there any body of men or women who have taken an active interest in her behalf ?

Hundreds there are who stand ready to devote wealth and energy to the emancipation of southern slaves, who seem to have forgotten the multitudes of educated, sensitive, and suffering women of their own class, to whom incessant toil scarcely brings the comforts enjoyed by the slave ; who never appear to think that hundreds and hundreds of their own sisters, are fettered to their cold hearth-stones by a bond of eternal toil more oppressive and quite as unjust as that which binds the slave, but which no popular impulse gives them a hope of throwing off.

True, they are not slaves—they are free to work for a scanty subsistence to pay the tax of luxuries enjoyed by society at large ; or free to refuse and perish. How many are there exporting missionaries and money for the conversion of distant heathen, who overlook the souls that are led into temptation every day before their own door, through the neglect which is every day exhibited towards their just and honest claims.

Heaven forbid that we should speak lightly of the benevolent spirit of the age ; but if *justice* should go before *charity*, ought not the class for whom we plead, to be considered in this general overflow of kindly feeling ; have they no right to expect that their claims as wives and sisters of American citizens, as human beings entitled to human treatment, should make some impression on the public mind ? Their appeal may be answered with the same discouraging reply, which has met such complaints at all times in other countries. The means of redressing their sufferings is a difficult problem, we are told, and one which no po-

litical economist can solve. And are the women of America to be answered thus? Are they to be left to starvation, under the assurance that it is the natural consequence of trade; and while political economists are solving this difficult problem, society may go on taxing them for its luxuries; capitalists may double their gains from their overwrought strength; and as they sit starving on their hearth-stones, surrounded by children whose misery wrings their hearts, they are told to be patient, "it is but the natural course of trade." They are compelled to keep their children from school for want of decent clothing, or to accept that which they should earn independently as an act of charity, and for their consolation are told, that it is "the natural course of trade;" therefore it is in vain for them to seek redress. Must they be pacified into starvation, and reasoned into the grave by such arguments as these? are their lives to be yielded up, that the mathematical calculations of political economists may be demonstrated?

The working classes of Great Britain may be pointed out as an example. Their fruitless efforts to fling off the wrongs that are crushing them to the dust, may be used as an argument why our own industrious poor should be patient and almost thankful under a secondary degree of misery. For more than half a century the social evils of the old world have been no precedent for American men, and should they be used as a discouragement to American women? It is no reason why a few thousand females in the new world should sit down with clasped hands, and perish philosophically, because the entire working classes of England suffer deeper wrongs than theirs.

It is no reason why they should despair because others more wretched still, are struggling in vain to heave off the mountain of wrongs heaped upon them during the growth of institutions which Americans renounced the moment they began to press heavily on this side the Atlantic. In Great Britain the suffering is general to both sexes. The chain of social wrong girds in alike the helpless infant, the delicate woman, and the strong man. It starts in many a slender thread from the golden net-work which hedges in a proud nobility, and has rusted in coils of iron around



the people. Is the same fearful woof to be woven in this country? And are the cold links to be tangled first and irrevocably around the women of the land; those who are most sensitive and helpless? When they feel the chilling touch upon them, is the voice of their complaint to be silenced by a plea of deeper suffering beyond the ocean for which no mode of redress has been found?

Will the "upper ten thousand" point to the nobility of England as a precedent, when we protest against purchasing luxuries for them with the broken strength and tortured minds of their own countrywomen? Let them pause before the appeal is thus haughtily disposed of. In this country, wealth is the only ground-work on which the "upper ten thousand" can rest their claims to the title. Under our laws, wealth is but an embankment of glittering sand, which every generation sweeps level with the common earth; no line of kings has hedged in the upper class from the million by titles of nobility or feudal grants. They are removed but a single step above the operatives who address them. Every commercial crisis sweeps across the frail barriers which separate them from the multitude, and forces hundreds from their eminence, to toil and suffer as others now toil and suffer.

Let the "upper ten thousand" then pause and give their hearts time to feel, before they turn carelessly away from a consideration of the claims we urge. A single turn in the wheel of fortune, like that which lately prostrated a national bank, and dashed hundreds of highly bred and helpless women from the pinnacles of fashion into poverty, may hurl them also from the position they enjoy, and with the japonicas withering on their temples, they may be compelled, like their sisters, to join the ranks of the oppressed operatives, and learn by experience all the bitterness of their lot.

The class for whom we plead, have no harsh or envious feelings against the rich, they know that in their wealth lies much of the prosperity of the land. But they help to create that wealth. They who produce property, which thousands of their sex only live to consume, should be allowed the necessities of life, while others revel in its luxuries.

Our hope for our suffering sisters, lies principally in the wealth

of the land, and in the kind feelings of the intelligent. They are females, little skilled in the studies of political economy—working girls, whose minds and hands are forever employed in efforts to procure daily bread ; they cannot therefore be expected to point out all the means by which their prosperity is to be secured.—Let man, our natural counsellor, to whom we willingly award that superior strength and intellect necessary to the accomplishment of all our wishes, come forward in their behalf ; the learned and the wise are invoked to find some plan for their relief. In this wealthy country, there must be capital enough to carry out any project which may receive the public sanction, with benevolence and energy sufficient to ensure success. All that we ask in their behalf, is, such wages for their labour as will give them an honorable and independent support.

To be continued.

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LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A DECEASED DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MOTHER'S TRIBUTE."

MY child !

Art thou still mine ? As thou dost wing thy way  
 "High in salvation and the realms of bliss,"  
 Amidst archangel choirs and seraphim,  
 Prophets, apostles and the martyr band,  
 And holy men whose names were dear to thee  
 On earth : DODDRIDGE, whose crown of glory thou  
 Didst seek to gain ; and he, thy patriarch sire,  
 Upon whose feet thou didst select thy grave  
 That ye might rise together ; they on whose  
 Maternal breast reposed thy parents' head ;  
 And other names beloved on earth, more dear  
 By far in heaven. Say, from that height of joy,  
 Dost thou look down and call me mother still ?  
 Thou who wast wont at twilight or at eve  
 To sit beside me, to review the day,  
 Or trace th' instructive and poetic page,  
 Or sweep the chords of thy sweet instrument,  
 With which the richer strains of that loved voice  
 Bore happy concert. Say, dost thou still come  
 At twilight or at eve ; or when the stars

On which thou didst so love to gaze shine forth,  
And she, the silvery queen, whose placid smile  
Is sweet as though she shone not on thy grave?

Is it my angel child  
Who bears commission from that world of love  
To soothe my spirit, and to pour the oil  
Into my bleeding heart, and turn my eye  
From earth, the grave, to immortality  
And heaven? Does thine eye beam on me still,  
As when it moistened at thy mother's griefs?  
Or smilest thou on me from that brilliant star,  
Which seems to speak of thee? Yes, cherished child,  
Thy love, unchanging, is still, still mine own.  
I will not say farewell! since thou dost come  
To visit me, and we may yet enjoy  
Communion sweet together, and with Him  
Who ransomed both. I on the footstool, thou  
Before the throne.

That which thou didst request  
Is done; though when a piece original  
I pledged, to fill thine Album page, we thought  
Not that, when tracing it, I should be here  
Mourning thy loss, and thou, my child, in heaven.  
Well, be it so! I would not call thee back  
To earth's imperfect service. He with whom  
Thou art, received thee at my hands, a gift,  
On that blessed day that bound my willing heart  
In solemn covenant. And shall I now  
Take back the vows so early made, so oft  
Repeated, when in after years I kneeled  
On thy behalf, and asked that thou might'st serve  
Him wholly? Shall I wish the robe that now  
Is stainless, washed by a Redeemer's blood,  
To be again with touch of sin defiled?  
Or that freed spirit, 'scaped from every snare,  
Forever safe within those sacred walls  
Stamped with SALVATION and whose gates are PRAISE,  
Call back to earth again? Stay there, blessed child.  
Thy mother bids thee stay. Dear as thou wast,  
And ever wilt be, to this bleeding heart,  
My love rebukes the wish that thou wert here,  
Though I am left alone.

NEWARK, N. J.

F. L. S.

## ALICE.—A STORY OF OUR VILLAGE.\*

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN, N. Y.

I FOUND on my return to M. that Mrs. Lawton had been attacked during my absence with a pulmonary disease, and had been ordered by her physicians to take a long voyage as the only probable means of prolonging life. She was accompanied by her brother, and the Hall was unoccupied, except by the domestics in whose care it had been left. Several months had passed since I last heard from Alice, who was still travelling with her young charge ; and in the absence and silence of those I loved best, sadness seemed written on every object around me. I had been one day at the Hall, gathering the last roses of summer from among the wilderness of sweets in which they were dying unheeded, when on my way home, I took from the office a letter in the well known hand of Mr. Forrester, and from its black seal, my heart too truly foreboded its contents. It was written from Havana, and contained intelligence of the death of Mrs. Lawton, which had occurred there some weeks previous. She slept among strangers, far from the graves of her family and friends, but angels watched that hallowed dust, which was laid to rest in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection at the last day. The writer spoke with grateful emotion of the attentions of a young American lady, who had visited the island with a sick friend, and whose care and kindness to the beloved invalid, had beguiled the weary hours of sickness and smoothed her passage to the grave. Another letter soon followed, from Mr. Forrester, in which he announced his intention of returning immediately to M. with a young bride, for whose reception he requested me to prepare the servants at the Hall.

Here then was an end of all the air-castles, which, in spite of the rejection of his suit by Alice, I had still persisted in building. I knew that woman had, ere this changed her mind on such subjects, and Mr. Forrester was not of a nature lightly to transfer his affections, where, as in this, instance, they were strongly and

\* Concluded from p. 95.

worthily placed. On this slight foundation I had erected a romantic superstructure, and never walked through the grounds at the Hall without seeing in imagination the slight form of Alice flitting through the shrubbery. Now this was all over, and with a feeling almost of dislike toward the innocent cause of my disappointment, I prepared to comply with the request of my friend, who was daily expected at the Hall. There was affection and deep sorrow for the loss of Mrs. Lawton, whose truly christian kindness to her inferiors had endeared her to them all, mingled with a natural shrinking from a new administration among the domestics there ; but love for Mr. Forrester made every one desirous to meet his wishes, and to render his beloved home as attractive as possible. And attractive indeed it was, in its quiet and unpretending beauty. As I stood at sunset on the steps of the noble portico, fronting the west, and looked around me on the river, whose waters sparkled with the last rays of the setting sun ; on the blue hills that stood in the back ground, like sentinels about the happy valley, whose green fields and neat farm-houses were smiling at my feet, my heart swelled with gratitude to that God who had made earth so beautiful.

While I was still gazing on the loveliness of nature, I saw a travelling carriage approaching rapidly, on the river road, which I knew at once must be that of Mr. Forrester. I was not mistaken ; the great gate was thrown open, and the carriage came up more slowly through the magnificent avenue of elms, until it stopped at the foot of the lower terrace.

Mr. Forrester hastily alighted, and after assisting a lady who was closely veiled, to do the same, gave her his arm as they ascended the steps of the terrace. There was something in the form and manner of the stranger that made my heart beat quickly, but I had little time to make observations, for as they reached the portico, the lady withdrew her arm from that of Mr. Forrester, and springing up the steps, threw aside her veil and disclosed to my astonished sight the features of my own dear Alice. Was it not all a dream ? Could it be that this dreaded Mrs. Forrester, who was now formally presented to me amidst smiles and blushes, by her happy husband, was the beloved one from whom I ha

been so long separated? I was faint and dizzy with excitement, and for some minutes could do nothing but gaze through blinding tears of joy, on the radiant face that was pressed closely to mine in the warmth of childlike affection.

"And now for an explanation of this strange mystery," I exclaimed, when after the first agitation of our meeting had subsided, and Alice had been presented to the delighted servants as their new mistress, we were quietly seated in the drawing room; "how comes my Alice here, and under such circumstances? I have no clue to guide me through this labyrinth of conjecture."

"Permit me to answer that question," said Mr. Forrester, whose manner in the happiness of the moment had lost all its hauteur and reserve, "as I fear our Alice will hardly do justice to the story. Briefly then, during the illness of Mrs. Lawton, and while she was pining for home and friends and familiar faces, an angel of mercy was sent to her bedside, in the person of one whom, next to her brother, she loved best on earth. From that time, there was happiness and sunshine in the sick-room of the sufferer. My beloved sister well knew the state of my affections, and though from the moment of my rejection I had abandoned all hope, she plead my cause with all the eloquence of a sister's love. I was of course silent, for worlds would not have tempted me to give one moment's pain to one so tenderly, so truly beloved. Together, and as brother and sister might have done, we shared the sad duties of that sick and dying bed, together we closed the eyes of the dear departed, and followed her to her resting place in a strange land. But the task of Alice was not yet accomplished. Her youthful charge had been wasting ever since their arrival at Havana, and it soon became evident that she too must meet the dread summons away from the home of her birth, and the companions of her childhood. Her father had indeed accompanied them to the island, but he was a man of the world, wholly unskilled in the delicate attentions which her situation rendered necessary. It was my happiness to be of some service to our Alice in that trying scene, and richly has she rewarded me, by giving me what I most coveted of all earthly blessings, her hand and heart."

"And so, Alice," I said a few days afterward, as with her soul in her eyes, she was looking after the retreating form of her husband, "you have learned that it is quite possible to love Mr. Forrester?"

I was answered by the quick blush and the starting tear, before her emotion found utterance in words. "Oh, my dear friend," she exclaimed, "how foolish, how unjust I have been! But in deed I never knew Mr. Forrester till I saw him, with all the humility and gentleness of a child, accommodate himself to the caprices of a suffering invalid, and ministering so tenderly to her comfort. Many times every day I asked myself the question, can this be the man I thought so imperious, so exacting, and so cold? But you may be sure," she added with an arch smile, "that in the re-action of my feelings I have done him ample justice."

That Mr. and Mrs. Forrester are very happy in each other, no one who looks upon the face of either need be told, and that they are blessings to society, the united voices of all the villagers will assure you. But, gentle reader, I fear I have wearied your patience with my long story about "nothing," and will take my leave, by assuring you that if you will condescend to visit us in propria persona, you shall confess that there is not in the wide world a sweeter valley than that, in which "our village" is embosomed, nor a more attractive and admirable wife and mother, than our own dear Alice.

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#### THE WORDS OF WISDOM.

"Few and precious are the words which the lips of wisdom utter.  
To what shall their rarity be likened? What price shall count their worth?  
They be chance pearls, flung among the rocks by the sullen waters of Oblivion,

Which Diligence loveth to gather, and hang round the neck of Memory;  
They be white-winged seeds of happiness, wafted from the islands of the blessed,

Which Thought carefully tendeth, in the kindly garden of the heart;  
They be drops of the crystal dew, which the wings of seraphs scatter  
When on some brighter Sabbath, their plumes quiver most with delight,  
Such, and so precious are the words which the lips of wisdom utter."

[*Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy."*]

Original.

## WOMAN'S MINISTRATION.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM.

## THE WIFE.

“Seek a good wife of thy God, for she is the best gift of his providence.”

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

NEXT to her duties as the Mother of her race, the most important and responsible relation sustained by woman, is that of Wife. As a help-meet to her husband, she is to share, not his labors and pursuits, for in these she would be but an inferior assistant, of less value than one of his own sex; but his affections, his destinies, his joys and his sorrows. She is to be to him what no other can be. Her feelings and pursuits contrast widely with his own, and this contrast it is which gives the relation of the sexes its brightest charm. One of the most delightful emotions of joy which ever thrills the heart of man, when he is toiling in the harvest field, or crowding along the blistering pavement, is awakened at the thought of the cool, neat home which is prepared to make his hours of repose comfortable—the curtains drawn to exclude the sun, the little vase of flowers selected by loving hands, and sparkling with bright water gems in some shady corner; the cleanly-swept floor, or carpet; the neatly arranged furniture and the savory meal prepared or superintended by the hand of love; or in winter, the bright fire and the social room which wait his coming when the storm beats, or the piercing blast makes his frame shiver. The thought of these pleasures rising before his mind will hush the voice of ambition, rob his coveted gold of half its glitter, and make the applause for which he has lingered away from them, fall harshly on his ear.

These are a part of the true duties of the wife—but poorly indeed would they be performed if she were continually at man's side, sharing his rough pursuits, and his intense passions. If she only retired from them with him, and carried to their home a per-



son soiled and wearied in the very steps himself had trodden, and a mind sated with the same emotions and passions that had dwelt in his bosom during the day, what charm could the society of each have for the other? Where would be *the home* that now dwells in his memory, through all the turbulence and tumult of his busy hours, as the polar star in the mind of the mariner, though storm and tempest obscure it for a season? Under such an order of things there would be no home, as in many parts of Europe, where this sacred word signifies merely a place to which the husband, wife, and children resort twice or thrice a day, to eat what they may chance to find, and sleep away a few hours of the night. The names of wife and home, are inseparable and equally sacred. Home is not home, in its richest sense, without the former, and woman is not wife, if she be not the presiding Deity of the latter.

The wife is the guardian of her husband's affection and moral worth, if she have ever possessed the one, and he the other. If he have ever loved her, (and if not, the true relation has never subsisted between them,) she is the depository of a priceless gift. Wo to her if she squander or suffer it to be wrested from her. She is to minister to his happiness by the faithfulness of her affection, and strengthen his integrity by the purity of her own. For this she is well prepared by the character of her mind. She has no engrossing love of wealth or fame. She cares little to overawe the world, or leave her name upon the records of the future. Her schemes of ambition, if she have any, are small, and home is the center around which they revolve. While man is trembling with eagerness for the applause of the outer world, her wishes are mainly narrowed to the little circle at her fireside. Though she may, and should desire the respect of others, she feels, if she be a true woman, that the only legitimate way to secure it, is to make herself the beloved deity of home. This is the proper theatre for the display of all that she has to charm or give happiness; and, being so limited, the emotions which she expends within it, are proportionably concentrated.

As a wife, the unselfishness of her love is proverbial. When once kindled into being, how entirely it colors her whole exist-

ence! How gladly she sacrifices personal independence and interest, when they are opposed to those of him she loves! Years of vice, neglect, and cruelty, of secret suffering, and heart-breaking sorrow will she endure, and yet the lamp of her affection will continue to cast its holy light upon the darkened path of life, and pour its brightest rays over the death-bed and tomb. Firm, generous, devoted, confiding,—denied to a great extent those sterner and grosser qualities by which man inscribes the record of his existence on creation, happy to leave hers only in the hearts of those she loves,—trusting every thing to him, and nothing to herself, woman's love is the most perfect example of human faith, and hope, which the world furnishes.

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Original.

## THE MISSIONARY OF TRUTH

BY CORINNE MONTGOMERY.

THE press is the great missionary of genuine reform, and without the aid of its cheering voice, the pioneers of truth would move slowly through the dark and miry places of wrong-doing. Of all its servants, those who minister to our daily intellectual wants, almost without price, are, after the teachings of Divine love, the most precious to humanity. Books make ripe scholars, but the cheap periodical press makes large-hearted and ready-handed citizens. It teaches them the need of mutual forbearance—the wisdom of mutual help—the beauty of mutual love, and compels even worldliness itself, from the fear of censure, or the love of praise, to emulate the benevolence it is unable to appreciate. The loftiest despot learns from its voice that a mightier and more enduring judge than himself occupies the judgment seat—that a power superior to his own, will pronounce sentence on his character and his acts. The condemnation of the world is a terrible seal which the most hardened villain

trembles to have branded on his forehead, yet while the press scatters its leaves by thousands through the community—the evil-doer, whatever his station may be, must abide the verdict of his fellow men, and the echo of his infamy will be commensurate with his pride of place.

The press is the great preventive police of iniquity in high places, for it overawes and rebukes the most arrogant, and can no more be silenced or controlled than its deep, far-reaching symbol—the Ocean. Its immense aggregate is as boundless, as powerful, as purifying, as unceasing as the restless waters of the deep sea. Dead bodies and foul things are cast in, but they disappear in the vast health-giving abyss; and its immortal voice—its undying energy—knows no pause or change.

Not one of the myriad streams that swell its heaving omnipotence, but has some touch or taste of imperfection; but all is unfelt—lost in the united cadence. All that is good and durable it preserves in its depths; but the vile and worthless break in its restless waves, and are gone. Thus by its own attrition does a gracious Providence compel this latter miracle of his goodness to finally reject so much of its own work as is injurious, and by this continual purification, prove that it is indeed a worthy and chosen missionary of truth.

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#### WRITING.

“Thou hast not lost an hour whereof there is a record;  
A written thought at midnight, shall redeem the live long day;  
Idea is a shadow that departeth—speech is fleeting as the wind;  
Reading is an unremembered pastime; but a writing is eternal;  
For therein the dead heart liveth, and the clay-cold tongue is eloquent,  
As a fossil in the rock, and a coin in the mortar of a ruin,  
So the symbolled thoughts tell of a departed soul.  
The plastic hand hath its witness in a statue, and exactness of vision  
in a picture!  
And so the mind that was among us, in its writings is embalmed.

Original.

## COUSIN SYBIL,—OR, WHO IS THE LADY?

BY THE EDITRESS.

"WHEN will that tiresome cab make its appearance?" exclaimed Laura Danforth, as for the twentieth time she turned away from the window, "it is growing dark, and I am sure I have watched long enough to have them come, if they are ever coming. Now, Evelina, own the truth, don't you very much wish to see what sort of a person this Cousin Sybil will prove to be?"

The young lady thus addressed, looked up from the book which lay before her, and languidly answered: "I beg of you, Laura, to be less rude and noisy, and to attend to your own business. You know I care nothing at all about Cousin Sybil or her looks—she is not likely to be a suitable companion for me, brought up as she has been in a retired country place on a farm."

"Oh, ho! Lina is on her stilts again," exclaimed her brother Arthur, a bright boy of twelve, who was studying his Latin lesson; "for my part I think country girls are quite as good as town ones. I am sure I ought to know, for I have seen Cousin Sybil at her own house, and she is a thousand times prettier and more graceful than any one here that I ever saw."

"Upon my word, Arthur, you are complimentary! But it is hardly probable others will agree with you in your admiration of rustic simplicity, so it is not worth while to waste words about it."

"We shall see, my wise sister," was the reply, and Arthur returned to his occupation, with a smile which annoyed the young lady even more than his previous remarks had done. Was it then possible that this country cousin, whom in imagination she had already installed as the Cinderella of the household, might be a dangerous rival, instead of a useful dependent? The

idea was too ridiculous to be indulged, nevertheless it would not depart at her bidding, and she was unconsciously prepared by it, to treat the young orphan with chilling hauteur and reserve. But before Cousin Sybil makes her appearance, we will introduce the reader to the family circle of which she was henceforth to be a member.

Mr. Danforth, the father, had been for many years a merchant in the city of B. He was an honorable and upright man, devoted to his profession and family, and believed that the day book and ledger were the only volumes (the Bible excepted) worth the perusal of a man of business. What he read there was undoubtedly gratifying to the enterprising merchant, for his gains had steadily increased from year to year, until public fame pronounced him one of the richest men on Exchange. The discovery had been made some time before, by his wife and daughter, and Mr. Danforth was compelled to give up the pleasant and commodious house in which he had lived for fifteen years, for a new and splendid residence in the "court end" of the town, where alone "a genteel family could be expected to live." This was fitted up in a style of elegance befitting the station. Mrs. Danforth supposed herself to occupy, and between the French furniture, bijouterie, and statuary with which the stately mansion was filled, her husband protested there was not one room which did not resemble a Chinese museum far more than an apartment in a comfortable dwelling. Mrs. Danforth was a walking automaton, animated but by one single idea—that of entire subservience to the customs, habits, and opinions of the world. "What will the world say?" was the question which constantly occupied her vapid intellect, and the answer formed her only standard of right in all things. Utterly heartless herself, she regarded all appearance of feeling on the part of others as affectation or absurdity, and often boasted that no one ever saw her sensibilities get the better of her judgment.

Evelina, the eldest daughter of the family, was precisely the character such a mother might be expected to form. Possessing a large share of personal beauty, an ordinary amount of intellect, and a disposition naturally amiable, she might under other

circumstances, and with judicious training, have made a valuable character. But from her very cradle, she had been tutored and lectured, and guided into the belief that there was but one thing worth the ambition of a lady—and that was *gentility*. With Mrs. Danforth, to be genteel was to be right on all occasions—to be *common* (as she rather indefinitely expressed it) always wrong—so that the ideas of Miss Evelina on the subject of moral obligation were very naturally confused and contradictory. She had always attended the best schools, but there is unfortunately no royal road to learning, and the drudgery of study was not at all to her taste; she devoted her attention to a few showy accomplishments, and left school almost as ignorant of every kind of useful knowledge as when she entered it. Alas for the daughter, whose vain and worldly mother, dead to all the high and holy impulses of maternal affection, regards her only as a marketable commodity, to be disposed of at the earliest moment, to the highest bidder. Mrs. Danforth, in all her plans for the education of her eldest daughter, had never once thought of making her useful either in her own family, or in society—her only aim had been to make her a fashionable, admired belle, who should as soon as possible secure a splendid establishment in life. Verily she had her reward. Evelina Danforth regarded her parents with the most perfect indifference, except as they might minister to her gratification—her younger sister and brother were voted “bores whom she could not tolerate”—and when not engaged in reading the last French novel, going out, or dressing for company, she was languid, dissatisfied, and out of humor with herself and every one about her. The favored few among her admirers on whom she thought it worth while to bestow her smiles, would never have recognized the listless ennuyée of a morning, her hair *en pûpilote*, and her whole person in dishabille, in the bright, animated, elegantly attired being who shone upon them abroad, and formed the principal attraction of her mother’s brilliant soirees at home. Poor Evelina! Though still almost a child, her heart had lost its warm sensibilities—all the joyous freshness and simplicity of youth was gone, and nothing left but the soulless and hackneyed conventional forms which alone marked her identity. It

was as if the beautiful spring-time, with its showers and sunshine, its graceful coquetry with January and July, its buds, and blossoms and perfume, were blotted from the year. What has the world to offer in return for so costly a sacrifice? Mr. Danforth had a widowed sister who had recently died, leaving an only daughter to his care. He left home, for the residence of his niece, immediately on hearing of her bereavement, and was, at the commencement of our story, expected every moment to arrive with his youthful companion.

Sybil Fleming was six months younger than Evelina Danforth, and in early childhood the cousins had been thought greatly to resemble each other in personal appearance. As they grew older, the likeness became less visible, and the elder was pronounced decidedly the most beautiful by almost every observer. The father of Sybil Fleming was a farmer, and cultivated his own land, but he was a high-minded, intelligent, upright man, universally respected by the community in which he resided. Of his wife it might, perhaps, be too much to say "she adorned every virtue with every grace;" but we can say with truth, that she possessed in rare perfection those domestic virtues which make the happiness of home. Her only daughter was early taught to feel herself an immortal, accountable being, whose existence, if it were not a blessing to others, could never be so to herself. She saw her beloved mother living for the comfort and happiness of those around her, and she loved to share the duties and employments which were so skilfully varied, and so imbued with the spirit of cheerfulness, that they never became irksome or monotonous.

The young Sybil lived in an atmosphere of love and kindness, and her character took a deeper coloring, and her whole nature expanded into freshness and beauty in the genial sunshine. Her pleasures were all simple, and so linked with her duties, that the idea of the one was never separated from that of the other. Though "brought up on a farm," and accustomed to early habits of industry, she had every advantage of books and instructors which it was in the power of her indulgent parents to procure. Six months "finish" at a boarding school was considered

essential to the education of a young lady by all her friends, so Sybil was sent to N. H., greatly against her own wishes, for she persisted in believing that she could learn every thing she needed at her own dear home. She found, however, so many sources of exquisite enjoyment in the delightful scenery of N. the literary and scientific lectures, which, in common with her fellow students she attended; and, above all, in cultivating her really fine taste for drawing, that the months fled even more rapidly than she could have expected or desired. Some natural tears were shed on parting with her instructors and associates, but when she reached the dear, familiar home of her childhood—when she saw the care-worn but placid features of her beloved mother brighten into rapture at the presence of her child, and listened to the deep thanksgiving of her father, that the Giver of all good had brought back again the absent one to the fold, she felt in her inmost heart, that her voluntary exile had only drawn more closely the ties that bound her to a spot so sacred and endeared. From that moment it was the study of Sybil's life to make her parents happy. And when the decree went forth—when the crushing blow fell upon them which deprived them of a husband and father so justly beloved and venerated, she stifled the anguish with which her own heart was bursting, to support and comfort her widowed mother. Mrs. Fleming strove, for Sybil's sake, to resist the sorrow which was slowly but surely wasting the energies of life, but in vain. For one short year, the mother and daughter wept together over the grave of the departed, and then Sybil Fleming was left in the home of her father—desolate. At first, she seemed almost ready to follow those she had loved so well, and the kind neighbors feared for her life or her reason; but youth is naturally buoyant, and when Mr. Danforth arrived at the farm, she was calm, and prepared to listen to his plans for the future.

"You must become one of my family, Sybil," said the kind-hearted man; "we have room enough in our house and hearts for you, and you shall be to me as a daughter, and to my children as a sister. So dry your tears, and remember that grief will never restore the lost to us again." Sybil smiled mournfully in



her uncle's face, but when alone, wept again at the thought that his trite aphorism was to her a sad reality.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sybil Fleming was received by Mrs. Danforth with a formal politeness which chilled the sensitive orphan to the heart, and unbidden tears were in her eyes as she turned from her aunt to meet the cold welcome of her unknown cousin. From Laura, and Arthur, she met a warm and affectionate reception, for they had not forgotten her unwearied endeavors to amuse and interest them during a visit to the farm a year previous, and were determined to love Cousin Sybil dearly, if it were only to tease the sister who had never made any attempt to win their affection. Evelina watched her cousin with unwonted interest, during the process of uncloaking — and when at last the numerous envelopes were removed, and the young lady herself fairly visible, she drew a deep breath as though relieved of a heavy burden. There could be no rivalry in the case, that was certain, for nobody but silly Arthur would ever dream of calling Cousin Sybil even pretty. True, her figure was exquisitely graceful and commanding, but then many would think it too full for one so young. Her mouth too was a world too wide, even though it disclosed two “rows of orient pearls” when she spoke or smiled, and there was too much character “for a lady,” in the full, firm lips which poor Sybil’s admirers had so often compared to rosebuds, twin cherries, rubies, and other beautiful things in nature. Evelina was a blonde, and Cousin Sybil was a brunette decidedly—there was no denying that fact, and though to other observers—

———“all that’s best of dark and bright”  
Met “in her aspect and her eyes,”

so brilliant and yet so tender, half veiled by the long lashes, Miss Danforth “never yet saw any beauty in a brunette.” The unconscious subject of this scrutiny was patiently answering the thousand questions of her young relatives, but though grateful for their well-meant attempts to entertain her, she could not help mentally contrasting the scene around her with the fondly remembered past; and longed for the kind voices, the cheerful un-

reserve, and the intelligent intercourse of her own beloved home. Repelled by the manner of those in whom she had confidently expected to find a mother and sister—wearied and oppressed by the pomp and glitter of every thing she saw, and her heart filled to overflowing with bright memories of other days—she would gladly have escaped to the solitude of her own apartment, that she might enjoy the uninterrupted luxury of tears. But Sybil Fleming was not one to yield herself up to the selfish indulgence of sorrow. She possessed a nature essentially hopeful and joyous; and full of warm affections and kindly impulses herself, was slow to suspect unkindness or treachery in others. She saw at a glance, that the household gods of her uncle's family were wealth and fashion, and the beautiful girl who fancied herself so immeasurably superior to her country cousin, was the object of her sympathy and commiseration.

"Poor Evelina!" thought Sybil, when she left the drawing room for the night; "she has never had any one to think of or care for but herself, and I do not wonder she looks listless and unhappy. I am afraid my country habits will not please her, she is so reserved and fastidious; but there is an avenue to every heart they say, and I shall certainly try to find the way to hers, it is so dreadful to live without being beloved." She sank to sleep with the shadow of the last thought thrown across her fair young brow, but it was soon dispelled by the rosy dreams of health and innocence.

"Poor Sybil!" said Evelina to herself—"what a fright she makes of herself, with those short curls clustering about her face and neck. I am sure I shall never like her, and I wish papa had never brought her here, to be paraded about everywhere as "Miss Danforth's country cousin." I wonder what Frank Meredith will say to her—only think of a young lady not playing the harp, or guitar, or even the piano! But she will perhaps serve as a convenient foil for me, when I must bring her forward in company." Did good angels visit and bless the pillow on which Evelina Danforth laid her head that night?

"Pray tell me, dear Coz.," said Laura Danforth, as they were all quietly seated in the breakfast room a few days after the arri-

val of Miss Fleming, "how you contrived to spend your time in such a lonesome place as that in which you lived? what did you do to amuse yourself?"

"Should you really like to know, Laura? I am afraid the recital would seem to you insipid and fatiguing, for it would be a very simple story."

"Oh no, let us have it by all means," answered the young girl, "I want to hear about a farm life, if it is only to see how Evelina will curl her lip, and toss her head as though the very word offended her dignity. I used to think before I went to stay at the farm, that you must have a freckled skin, and coarse red hands, and look like Biddy the chambermaid, because you was my country cousin. But I am sure the sun has never spoiled your complexion, and your hands are as small and delicate as Evelina's; and as for this dear little slipper, I doubt whether even she could wear it."

"Really, Laura," said Sybil, with a bright blush and smile—"you are wandering sadly from the matter in hand. What has all this to do with the question you wished me to answer?"

"It was only the 'association of ideas,' about which Professor Allen talks so much; but now for the history of a day, by Miss Sybil Fleming. Would not that be a grand title for a book, Evelina?"

The young lady thus addressed, answered only by raising her large blue eyes from the embroidery frame over which she was bending, with a polite stare of astonishment, and then resumed her occupation. In the meantime, Laura had quietly seated herself on an ottoman at her cousin's feet, and Arthur too had laid aside his book, to hear Sybil's reply to her question.

"I see there is no escape," she said gayly, "from confessing in this august presence all my country tastes and habits. If you are too much shocked, however, remember it was not a voluntary infliction on my part. In the first place, then, I used to rise very early, for I had the sole charge of the poultry and the flower garden; and to feed my little family, and weed my beds, required all the time I could command before breakfast. During the forenoon, beside putting the sitting room in order, I assisted my dear mother in the dairy room, or in any other household duties where I

was most needed ; and as we always dined precisely at twelve, the morning hours never hung heavy on my hands, I assure you."

"Oh, what Goths and Vandals, to dine at twelve !" exclaimed Arthur ; "we should never be able to bring our appetites to that, should we, Evelina ? But go on dear coz, let us know the worst of your case."

"The worst is already told," replied Sybil, with a smile which lighted up every feature of her expressive face—"for when dinner was fairly over, I had all the long afternoon to myself, and might devote it to reading, or writing, or thinking, or any other employment I liked best. And then the winter evenings—you cannot even imagine here in a city, in your splendid drawing rooms, where every thing is so coldly polite and ceremonious, how delightful they are in the country—when all the members of the household, scattered at other times, come together round the cheerful fire, and the duties of the day all over, yield themselves without reserve to the enjoyment of social intercourse. Needlework, conversation, music, or an entertaining book, fill up the evening, and just at the hour when the city fashionables are leaving home for the opera, or assembly, we separate and retire to rest, and the sleep of industry is sweet."

Poor Sybil ! The picture she had drawn from memory contrasted too strongly with the present, and the tears that in spite of her efforts to crush them back, fell upon her work, showed how deeply she felt the contrast. Neither Mrs. Danforth nor Evelina could at all understand her feelings. They considered her the most favored of human beings in having been transplanted from her country home, to share the pleasures and advantages of a city life, and were indignant that she seemed so unconscious of her improved condition. Had Mrs. Danforth been, like some of her coterie, a "first-rate manager," she would probably have contrived to turn the industrious habits of her niece to a profitable account for her family—but though nothing was farther from her wishes than to introduce Sybil into society as the equal of her own daughter, there was a native dignity about the orphan which foiled every attempt to degrade her from her true position in the household of her uncle and guardian. Bitterly, however, was she

made to feel, in a thousand ways, her fancied dependence ; and but for her uncle, who had learned to look to her for those countless offices of love, which neither his wife nor daughter thought of rendering, she would have found her situation too painful to be endured. But—

“ Sweet are the uses of adversity,”

and she who had hitherto been so tenderly cherished, that she was in danger of becoming a mere sensitive plant, was learning in this school of trial, to think less of the regard and good opinions of others, if she might secure the approbation of her own conscience and that of her Father in heaven.

To be concluded.

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#### LOVE IN THE SPIRIT LAND.

“ WE do wrong to speak of affection as if its treasure-house were this world, and as if it expired here. The spirit land, wheresoever it be, is full of love. The millions of loving souls who have removed thither, with hearts bursting with tenderness for those they have left behind—have they changed their nature ? Do they not love us still ? How much richer, purer—more disinterested—than any this world contains, is the love of the departed ! They died loving, and their love is unchanged—unchanging—no passing cloud can dim it—no misapprehension can shade it—no coldness can deaden it. It ever looks on us with the same tender eyes, and ever waits for a re-union. The condition of the soul—its affections—its impulses—death hath fixed them all for eternity.”—MRS. DUNCAN.

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“ Well is the loveliness of wisdom mirrored in a cheerful countenance,  
 Justly the deepest pools are proved by dimpling eddies ;  
 There is no cosmetic like a holy conscience ;  
 The eye is bright with trust, the cheek bloomed over with affection,  
 The brow unwrinkled by a care, and the lip triumphant in its gladness

## Original.

The following Poem took the prize (a gold medal) in the First Department of the Rutgers Institute, at its late Commencement in this city. The young, but gifted authoress, took a similar prize two years since, for the best prose composition in the same Institution.

## STARS.

BY MISS JANE S. WOOLSEY.

Ye love the pure and silent moon  
 That treads the evening sky,  
 And pours her cloudless glory down  
 Where sleeping waters lie ;  
 Ye welcome in the evening hours  
 The murmuring summer breeze,  
 That shakes the dew from bending flowers.  
 And stir the leafy trees ;  
 And love ye not the time, when ne'er  
 A cloud the azure mars,  
 And with their gentle witchery  
 Come forth the silver stars ?  
 When over upland, glade and hill,  
 The night has fallen low,  
 And, softly stealing, fount and rill  
 In mystic murmurs flow ?  
 When hushed are all the ringing sounds  
 Of revelry and mirth,  
 They keep their quiet vigils then,  
 O'er all the sleeping earth ;  
 And as they silently flash out,  
 In soft and quivering light,  
 They seem like gentle smiles upon  
 The darkened face of night.  
 Ye know not what their crystal light,  
 And radiant forms may be ;  
 Nor how is linked their essence bright  
 With mortal destiny.  
 But yet ye cannot choose, but be  
 Awed by their gentle power,  
 For much of solemn mystery  
 Hangs 'round the evening hour.  
 And when some fair young friend has gone  
 To live in light above,  
 When sadness hangs on every brow,  
 Ye say—A star has fallen, now,  
 From out our heaven of love.  
 And when a high and noble heart,  
 No more to earth is given,  
 When chosen links of love must part,  
 And souls with grief are riven,  
 Ye falter in your earthly way,  
 And in your bitterness you say—  
 ' There fell a star from Heaven ! '\*  
 \* A part of this Poem is omitted for the want of room.

When sunset hues are melting to  
 A softened crimson dye,  
 And wreaths of rainbow-tinted clouds  
 Are fading from the sky,  
 The twilight gray steals slowly on,  
 And in the blue afar,  
 With a pale, trembling silver light,  
 Shines out the first bright star.  
 No sound is borne upon the breeze,  
 No murmur on the air,  
 And that pure star looks softly down,  
 Upon an infant's prayer;  
 The small fair hands are folded o'er  
 The heart that knows no sin,  
 As petals of some dewy flower,  
 Would fold its fragrance in;  
 And upward cast the soul-full eyes,  
 The cloudless eyes of blue,  
 That seem, with gazing on the skies,  
 To catch their heavenly hue.  
 And tenderly she lays her hand—  
 The mother young and fair—  
 Upon the pure and placid brow,  
 And 'mid the clustering hair;  
 And thinks—alas! how fearfully!—  
 Perhaps in future hours,  
 The hopes of that young heart may be  
 Like blighted, fading flowers;  
 And wonders—when in sorrow's storm  
 The weary heart is riven—  
 If it will calmly turn, as now,  
 So trustingly to Heaven;  
 And if those earnest, lustrous eyes,  
 Will keep, in after years,  
 Their stainless depths of innocence,  
 Of tenderness and tears—  
 Then from her parted lips there falls  
 A low and pleading tone,  
 'Oh Father! look upon the child,  
 And make him all Thine own?'  
 And that Blest One who calmly sits  
 In fadeless light above,  
 Will surely hear those mingled prayers  
 Of innocence—and love.  
 Mother!—would'st guard thy little one  
 From many a worldly snare?  
 Thus teach his lisping tongue to form  
 A simple, trustful prayer;  
 And when in weary hours shall come  
 Temptation's gloomy thrall,  
 And sin and sorrow cloud the path,  
 Where sunlight may not fall?  
 When shadow'd is the radiant brow,  
 And dimmed the cloudless eyes,  
 Then thoughts of such a prayer will come  
 Like stars in summer skies.

*Stars* are the angels' alphabet,  
 Who write in light above,  
 Full many a pure and gentle thought  
 Of holiness and love:  
 They tell that He who watches, that  
 Their bright lamps grow not dim,  
 Will guide and bless the feeblest ones  
 Who humbly trust in Him.  
 Mortal! when sorrow's cloud appears  
 To thine uplifted eye—  
 When night—and storm—and darkness' sweep  
 Across thy spirit's sky—  
 Then all thy gloomy fears resign,  
 Though drear thy path may be;  
 Some blessed hope shall still be thine,  
 Some star will shine for thee.

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## THE FALLS OF NIAGARA

SEE ENGRAVING.

Who can describe Niagara—solemn, glorious, majestic Niagara? Be assured, gentle reader, we are not rash enough to attempt a description, though to have looked upon it, is worth an ordinary life-time. We have always wondered that even poets—those privileged beings—could write in the presence of Niagara, and are confident that the first overpowering emotions of awe and reverence must pass away, before feeling can find utterance in words. Man seems so small and insignificant by the side of that mighty world of waters, calm yet terrible in its first majestic leap; all his joys and sorrows, his plans and pursuits seem so like footprints in the sand which the passing breeze obliterates, that pride keeps silence, and vanity itself stands rebuked in that awful presence.

The view of the Horse-shoe Fall in the engraving, is taken from Goat Island, on the American side; and to one who has visited the Falls, brings back the wonderful scene most vividly. The bridge, which is in reality as slight as it appears in the plate, is called the Terrapin Bridge, and extends 300 feet in length from Goat Island, projecting ten feet over the Falls. Near the termination of this bridge, in the water, and on the very verge of the precipice, a stone tower, 45 feet high, with winding steps to the top, was built in 1833, from which one of the finest views of the Falls may be obtained.



## NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY. *By Martin Farquhar Tupper, N. York; Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway.*

THIS remarkable book constitutes the 32d and 33d Nos. of Wiley & Putnam's "Library of Choice Reading," and never was the expressive motto of the Series, "Books which are Books," more justly imprinted on the title page of a work, than on this. We have not yet had time to glance at half its beauties—as to reading it, that is quite another affair. It is not a book to be devoured at one sitting, like most of the literary ephemera of the day. Every page contains enough valuable ideas to furnish out some half dozen volumes of ordinary reading, with the raw material so scantily used in their manufacture. The quaintness of the style—the originality of the thoughts, which yet commend themselves to the common sense of the reader—the exquisite beauty of the abundant imagery, and the pure morality every where inculcated, all combine to give this volume a power of fascination we have seldom experienced. Each chapter resembles a string of diamonds of the purest water, bright, sparkling, and valuable no less for their intrinsic worth, than for their rarity.

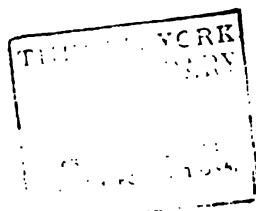
In the words of another—"the whipt syllabus on which so many readers are constantly fed, produces a mental dyspepsia, which renders them incapable of digesting more solid and nutritive aliment." To a great extent this is undoubtedly true; and, therefore, we rejoice in the publication, of a work, combining in an eminent degree, interest and instruction, and which forces the reader to THINK, by a process so pleasant, that the compulsion is almost unfelt. Were the art of conversation now as formerly, the subject of study, we should advise every one going into society, to read a chapter of this book as an admirable mental stimulant. But alas! in this "working day" age, literary men and women no longer meet to give utterance to "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn"—and the collision of fine intellects, more frequently elicits sparks of irritation and ill-will, than scintillations of wit and genius. Still we do not at all despair of society; or of the age which has produced a work like the *Proverbial Philosophy* of Tupper, and should any of our readers deem our praise extravagant, we can only advise them to procure it without delay, and examine it for themselves.

D'AUBIGNE'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION. Vol. IV. *Robert Carter, 58 Canal St., N. York.*

To those who have read the preceding volumes of this work (and who has not?) it is only necessary to say, a fourth is issued, to induce them at once to secure the prize. D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, while its author is still living to enjoy the fruits of his labor, has taken its place among those standard works, which in most other cases have waited for the verdict of succeeding generations. The subject of which it treats, is one of great and general interest—and the author has not only made himself completely master of its details before commencing his work, but, he has breathed into it a soul of deep and pure feeling, which cannot fail to wake an answering chord of sympathy in every intelligent reader. We have been, however, a little disappointed in the fourth volume. We think, notwithstanding the amiable reason given by the author, that he has dwelt too minutely on the details of the Reformation in Switzerland, while we have only a bird's-eye view of the general aspect of Europe in reference to it. In common with multitudes of others, we are looking anxiously for the fifth volume, which is to contain a history of the Reformation in England.

MISS BEECHER'S DOMESTIC RECEIPT BOOK." *Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff-St., N. York.*

THIS is a good book, embracing a great variety of rich as well as useful subjects, and we are proud of it, because it furnishes a complete refutation of the hoary slander, that a literary woman is ignorant of every thing but books, and good for nothing as a house-keeper. Miss Beecher has a high and well earned reputation as an original thinker and fine writer, yet, in the work before us, she has shown herself as much at home in the kitchen, as though she had never in her life entered a study, or looked into a library. This is just as it should be, and in the name of all those housewives who sometimes need assistance in their duties, we thank her for this book of excellent, and intelligible receipts. It is an AMERICAN book, suited to our habits of living, and our ideas of frugality, and ought to be in the hands of every woman who wishes to unite elegance and economy in the management of her household.





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Drawn for the Ladies' Wreath.



ORIGINAL

## MY FIRST AFFLICTION

BY M. G. M.

I WAS, at seventeen years of age, a gay, light-hearted girl, ignorant of sorrow, and looking forward to the world I was about to enter, with expectations of felicity which have proved as delusive as they were brilliant. Kind friends were about me, who loved to minister to my enjoyment, and whose attention to my lightest wish, contributed to the growth of that unhallowed self-will which was my characteristic and my bane. But the best and kindest of them all was my gentle mother : and how was she requited ? I see her now, with her dark hair still untouched by time, drawn away from the high calm brow, under a close cap, a kerchief of spotless lawn folded across the bosom in which a true woman's heart was beating, and her soft dark eyes fixed earnestly on me, when some ebullition of youthful temper or caprice awoke anxious solicitude for her wayward child. Her voice was soft and low, and it was ever more in sorrow than in anger that she chided me ; but though I dearly loved my mother, so great was the natural impetuosity and obstinacy of my disposition, that my will was never yielded, even to hers without a severe, and often, a protracted struggle. Oh, how bitter is the remembrance of that sad tone and pitying look, which spoke so eloquently of a mother's sorrow, and a mother's love ! Could tears of penitence recal the past, or restore those who have gone forever from the sight, I should not now be suffering the pangs of unavailing remorse.

I had a passion for books, which my fond mother loved to indulge, but she wished me likewise to cultivate a taste for those

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domestic pursuits which belong particularly to the sphere of woman. To a well-regulated mind, this variety of employment would have been productive only of pleasure, but I did not love the cares and duties of domestic life ; and as they were always irksome in the extreme to me, I either avoided them entirely, or when this was impossible, my allotted task was accompanied too frequently not only by sullen looks, but by selfish repinings and unjust reproaches. It seems now impossible that I could thus have wounded the ear that was ever open to all my complaints from infancy to maturity ; but the heart that has yielded itself up to the dominion of selfishness, becomes dead to every noble and generous emotion. There were, indeed, seasons when my better nature would assert its power, and then how earnestly I sought to atone for my filial ingratitude, by every fond attention I could bestow ! How I strove to efface from the heart of my mother, those records of wrong-doing which conscience told me were written there as with a pen of iron, or the point of a diamond ! But that indomitable pride which formed a marked feature of my character, prevented me from giving utterance to the confession that often trembled on my lips, and I turned away in seeming carelessness from the gentle reproof, which in reality made my heart thrill to its very centre.

But why do I dwell on such sad remembrances ? Alas, I would fain linger among these earlier records of the past, stained though they may be, ere I turn to that dark page in the history of my life, upon which I can never look without remorse and horror, even though blotted out from the archives of heaven by the tears of the recording angel. If at any time the question had been put to me, "are you prepared deliberately to disregard the commands or wishes of this tender mother ?" I should at once have indignantly answered, "No—I am not such a monster of ingratitude ;" and yet I allowed myself to question the propriety of her decisions, and to murmur at them openly, until I was prepared to fall before the first strong temptation that assailed me. It came only too soon.

My beloved mother was particularly guarded in the choice of my associates ; still, though there was among them one of whom

she strongly disapproved, circumstances rendered it impossible to prevent the intimacy which existed between us. She could therefore only warn me against the evil effects to be apprehended from our friendship, for Emma had been differently educated from myself, by a careless, worldly mother, who had entirely neglected the cultivation of her moral nature. Emma had never dreamed of yielding her own wishes to those of her mother, and in the frequent contests between them, the daughter always came off conqueror, until her will became the acknowledged law of the whole household. Such a companion would have been a dangerous one under any circumstances, but to me she was peculiarly so. My haughty and self-willed spirit chafed under the gentle restraint of maternal love, as though it had been a yoke of iron; and I gradually learned that it was possible to deceive, where I dared not openly to brave parental authority.

There was to be a masked ball given in the town near which we resided, on the evening preceding my seventeenth birth-day, and as Emma had determined on going, I was extremely anxious to accompany her. It was a species of amusement which my mother disapproved so strongly, that I knew it would be utterly in vain to seek her consent; and besides, the ball was given by a lady whom I never had been allowed to visit, for very sufficient reasons. Nevertheless, I urged my suit with tears and entreaties—to all which the mild but firm reply was still the same—“It is impossible, my daughter—you will yourself thank me for this decision when you know more of the world. I have a plan of amusement for your birth-day, which will make ample amends for this disappointment.” When I next met Emma, she described in such glowing colors the pleasure to be expected at the ball, and the splendid dresses prepared for us both by order of her indulgent mother, that I exclaimed—“oh, how happy should I be, if I were like you, and could do as I pleased in every thing! But it is in vain to expect to gain my mother’s consent.” “And could you not contrive to go without it?” was the almost whispered reply. I started and changed color, for the wickedness of such a step shocked me, but the idea had taken possession of my mind, and would not depart at my bidding. It is suffi-

cient to say, that before the close of the day, my scruples had vanished, my objections were all overruled, and a plan arranged by which my confiding parent was to be deceived, and my wishes accomplished. Under the pretence of a slight headache, I retired early to my own room, left the house secretly, and as the carriage of my friend was waiting for me, soon found myself at her side, preparing for my entrance on the gay world which fancy had painted in such brilliant colors. Guilty as I was, I was not yet hardened in crime, and I had many misgivings, as the sweet, pale countenance of my mother came up before me, and her tender "good night" thrilled on my ear. But when I entered the brilliantly lighted ball room, doubt, apprehension, and remorse, all were forgotten. The rooms were arranged to resemble the gardens of Armida, and had the enchantress herself been present, the spell cast over my senses could not have been more complete. I was dazzled, bewildered, intoxicated; the painful thoughts which had haunted me were lost amid the bustle and gayety of the scene, and it was not until the carriage drew up to the door, which was to convey me to the house of my friend, that reason resumed the throne. In laying our plans for the evening's amusement, we had forgotten to arrange the method of my return home, and I feared that whatever course I might adopt, discovery would be inevitable. How could I meet the searching glance of my mother, after such an act of filial disobedience? Alas! the roses I had plucked so heedlessly were armed with thorns, which remained to pierce me, long after the fragrance of the flowers had departed.

I had just alighted at the door of my companion, when a servant came up hastily, and without one word of preparation exclaimed—"Miss M., your mother is dead." It was indeed so,—she had died suddenly of a disease to which she had long been subject; but whether the discovery of my delinquency had any agency in the dreadful catastrophe, I shall in this world never know. But the fact was the same—she had died without the presence of her child, and with the agonizing conviction that I had wilfully and deliberately deceived and disobeyed her. She had died without granting me her forgiveness, or giving me her

blessing, and no repentance on my part could recal the irrevocable past. I shall not attempt to describe the intense suffering which prostrated me for weeks on a bed of sickness, lest I might seem to offer some palliation for my want of filial duty to the departed. It is enough to say, that the stroke which laid me low, tore from me the disguises in which I had been wrapping myself, and I saw my past character and conduct in their true light. As I looked for the last time on the lifeless face of her who was my earthly all, the deep fountains of feeling were unsealed, and my heart melted like wax within me. I knew that she who was lying there so cold and still, was now happy ; but I knew, too, that her last moments had been embittered by my sin, and it was too late to confess my fault, or seek to make amends. Dreadful thought ! Were centuries of existence mine, I could never forget the agony of that moment, nor the horror with which I turned from my tempter and partner in crime, to those true friends who had tried to save me from myself, and who now probed the deep wound of my heart, in order to effect a cure.

Many years have passed since that night of horror—the name of my mother is a sound forgotten by those who loved her best, and the home of my childhood has passed into the hands of strangers, but never, until my heart is still in death, shall I lose the memory of this, my first affliction ! Let the young remember, that the bonds which unite parent and child are golden links wrought by God himself, and they cannot be severed with impunity. When cast aside or torn asunder, they become a chain of iron, pressing upon the bleeding heart, and no hand but that of Omnipotence can remove the burden. But the consciousness of filial duty faithfully performed, will gild the evening of life with a mild radiance, while the shadows of the past rise before the soul, not as spectres to alarm the guilty conscience, but as approving angels smiling through the mists of time.

*O —e, Alabama, June 13th, 1846.*

ORIGINAL.

## WOMAN'S MINISTRATION.

BY MRS. E. W. FARNHAM.

## THE MOTHER, SISTER, AND DAUGHTER.

As the MOTHER of her race, woman has certain physical functions to discharge, in which she is necessarily exclusive. No other can be her agent, or act to the smallest extent in her stead. These functions engross most of her energies—they occupy a considerable portion of her life, and are of vital importance to the whole family of man. She is expressly designed for their discharge, and her adaptation to them in structure, is as perfect as Omnipotent power and wisdom could make it. Her maternal duties, too, are of a peculiar and very arduous character. They do not require the strength of man, but the quickness, tact, sensibility, tenderness, and patience, which exist only in the sacred relation of mother. These qualities, her physical structure prepares her to exhibit; and her strong maternal love, like a radiant atmosphere, surrounds them all, and gives life and beauty to each. Let the mind dwell for a moment on the love of a mother toward her child, and we shall see that such an one subsists between no other beings. Earth hath nothing more beautiful, nor can mortal imagination attribute to Heaven any thing more holy. It is kindled into being amid mortal agony and peril. Its object is the most feeble of animated beings, with no qualities to interest the mind, no capacity to appreciate and return the affection lavished upon it, and only a far-off prospect of arriving at such a state, with years of care, toil, and anxiety between. Yet how tenderly does the mother's heart yearn over this little being! How its first feeble wail thrills upon her weary ear! How earnestly she scans its fragile form, beautiful, only to her loving eyes!—How gladly she now renounces the liberty which has hitherto been her happiness, and sits down for many months at the side of the unconscious little being, while her heart

thrills with a strange joy during all these days and nights of vigil, mingled with pain only when suffering sits upon her infant's brow, or death hovers over its couch!

How gentle are all her movements with her nursling, how well her flexible muscles and abundance of adipose tissue adapt her to bear it about or change its position without giving pain or shock! Her light soft clothing is pleasant in contact with the tender surface, her motions are quick in obedience to its wants, her patience inexhaustible, her vigilance untiring. She will watch by night and day for weeks over its sick couch, and still bear fresh energies to the task. She will perform the most offensive duties and feel no annoyance or disgust at them. For such offices, her organization is infinitely superior to that of man, and her mind bears a corresponding adaptation in her greater patience, her keener perception, her superior capacity to apprehend and remember details, and in the infinitely stronger and more exalted character of her parental love. She knows no selfish interests which conflict with the happiness of her offspring.

A father schemes for his own aggrandizement. True, he looks to transmitting his wealth and honors to his children when he shall have enjoyed them. But with him this is a secondary object. With the true woman it is the Alpha and Omega. Through life, if need be, she will toil for her child, and spend her last farthing to promote its comfort, though famine sit upon her own lips. She will pray Heaven in his behalf, though she invoke only blasphemous curses on every other being. There is no crime she will not forgive in him, no disgrace she will not share. If all the world proclaim him a dishonored wretch, she remembers only that she bore him, and opens her arms to receive him. Her most ardent hopes and wishes follow him through life, and hover over his pathway like a smile from a better world. Death alone can quench a mother's love.

The SISTER is another of the beautiful offices which it is given to woman to fill. If her affection in this capacity is less ardent and exclusive than that of the mother, it is equally wide spread. She is the guardian spirit of her brothers, the teacher and friend of her sisters, second in both these relations to the mother alone.

She must be affectionate, obliging, persuasive. She must acquire knowledge, accomplish herself, refine her sentiments, discipline her feelings, and enrich the paternal home with every charm that may bind the wavering brother there, before his character is ripened, and his principles fixed so as to resist temptation. She is the companion of the brother abroad. Her youth enables her to sympathize with him, while her strong affection and purity should, in the absence of the mother, make the daughter her representative to strengthen his integrity, to exalt his sense of truth and honor, and by a lively but unostentatious care preserve him against temptation. She may aid the mother likewise, in cultivating a love of knowledge. By means of her own intelligence, she may do much during the early years of the boy, to prepare him for intercourse with the world. She may enrich his mind by her industry, and at the same time preserve him in his weakest hours from the evil to which the world invites him. What a noble being is a pure-minded, high-souled, generous and affectionate sister! Whose heart does not warm under her influence? What a beautiful opportunity does her station present, to plant with her own hand, flowers that shall bud and blossom on her tomb!

As the DAUGHTER, Woman's duty is unfailing kindness and reverence. It is not by great deeds of sacrifice or heroism, that she will best prove her filial love and fidelity, but by the thousand little attentions which in a daughter so much minister to the sober happiness of the meridian and evening of life. No voice so gentle as hers, in the sick chamber of the mother. No ear so keenly open to the wants of the aged father, no step so light in his service. She is the link between his bright morning and his fading twilight. While the son on whom his pride reposes, is abroad, breasting the surges of a selfish world, the daughter whom he loves, remains by his side, to bless and beautify his quiet home. She stays his tottering steps, she smooths his blanched and wasted locks, she adjusts his cushioned chair, and in her leisure hours amuses his wandering mind with books or papers, or her own version of some interesting topic.

She bears his little humors without parading her pity for his weakness, and is untiring in her thousand offices of love.

O what were age without woman—woman in her true sphere—the Home? Not woman abroad, engaged in labor or business—not woman engrossed in public affairs, canvassing elections, holding courts, making laws, or buying and selling goods on 'change or elsewhere; but woman, shut away from the clamor of the world, at the clean and social fireside—presiding over the well-ordered household—cherishing with pious care the chilled and aged frame with the solicitude of true affection, supplying the unuttered wants of her revered charge, and by her presence and gentle voice pouring light and melody into the dull sense of age and decrepitude! These are holy privileges, and their very necessity is one of the most exalted schools of virtue, well adapted and designed to prepare the daughter for her vocation and duties as mother. The ancient tale which the Poet Artist has embodied in the inimitable stanzas that describe the fair, fresh daughter, returning to her sire from her own breast, the life he gave, is one of the loveliest pictures on which the heart can dwell. Even if a fable, it illustrates with touching strength and beauty a daughter's love.

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### INFANCY.

"A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love;

A resting place for innocence on earth; a link between angels and men:

Yet is it a talent of trust, a loan to be rendered back with interest;

A delight, but redolent of care; honey sweet, but lacking not the bitter;

For character groweth day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding.

Disposition is builded up by the fashioning of first impressions:

Wherefore, though the voice of Instruction waiteth for the ear of Reason

Yet with his mother's milk, the young child drinketh Education."

[*Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy."*]



ORIGINAL.

## THE BLIGHTED ROSE-BUD.

BY THE EDITRESS.

And this is Death !

Yet not as when he comes in terror clad,  
 To tear the trembling soul from all it loves ;  
 But cloth'd in robes of light, one gentle touch  
 Has broke the chain, and set 'he captive free.  
 What more than mortal beauty decks thee now,  
 Thou lovely and beloved, but early lost !  
 One golden curl lies on thy marble brow,  
 In mimicry of life ; and on thy cheek  
 Of snow, thine eye's dark fringe reposing,  
 Seems but to veil the radiant orbs beneath  
 In quiet slumber. But thou wilt not wake :  
 The shadow of a deeper sleep is o'er thee  
 Than that in which thou oft hast sunk to rest  
 Within thy mother's arms. Her aching breast  
 Shall pillow thee no longer ; nor her ear  
 Delighted listen to thy whispered tones  
 Of fond endearment ; for henceforth, thy bed  
 Is in the quiet earth, and o'er thy grave  
 The earliest treasures of the balmy spring,  
 The snow-drop pure, and violet, shall bloom—  
 Fit emblems of the broken flower beneath.  
 Thou wert the sunbeam, lighting up our path,  
 When all beside was shadow ; in thy smiles,  
 The burden'd heart forgot its load of care  
 Awhile, and gaz'd upon thy beaming face,  
 As on a vision of a brighter world.

Gone to thy rest ;

In life's young dawn, before one threat'ning cloud  
 Had gather'd o'er thy way, or earth's dark stain  
 Had fall'n upon thy soul, a hand divine  
 Hath crown'd thee victor ; and an angel voice  
 Soft as the hymnings of the seraph choir,  
 Comes to us from above : " Weep not for her  
 Who early laid life's toi some burden down,

And sweetly slept. But not within the grave  
 Rests what ye fondly lov'd : 'twas but the robe  
 Which the freed spirit wore, that there awaits  
 The resurrection morn ; while near the throne  
 The ransom'd soul rejoices ; and, amid  
 The throng of worshippers, her choral song  
 Ascends to Him whose love hath fill'd those plains  
 With myriads of the blest. The lov'd and lost—  
 Those whom ye call, mistakingly, the *dead*—  
 Clothed in immortal youth, await ye here,  
 And when life's fitful dream is over, ye shall meet  
 To part no more."

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Original.

### A CHAPTER ON EQUESTRIANISM.

WE have recently received a letter from an unknown correspondent in Maryland, from which we shall take the liberty of making a few extracts, for the benefit of our youthful readers who are, or ought to be equestrians. The exercise of riding on horseback, is so healthful, so invigorating, and affords so admirable an opportunity for the exhibition of skill and grace, that we have always been surprised at the small number of fair equestrians, compared with the multitudes who prefer to it the luxurious but indolent motion of a carriage. One thing is certain—a young lady who sits well, and manages her horse skilfully, never looks better than on horseback ; even with the present style of dress, and if, as our correspondent avers, a great improvement can be made in this respect, the subject is undoubtedly worthy of attention. We are not prepared to give an opinion in reference to it, having never seen the style of habit here recommended, but we confess our first impressions of the gilt button are unfavorable, as being too showy, and therefore less genteel than the style at present worn. The situation is itself so conspicuous, that perfect plainness and simplicity of costume would seem most becoming, but we are very willing to suffer our correspondent to speak for herself, on the other side of the

question. Whatever may be the general decision of our fair countrywomen in respect to costume, we should rejoice to see the passion for equestrian exercise universal among them, as the best tonic and cosmetic in the world.

BALTIMORE COUNTY, MD. JULY 3d, 1846.

“As an humble individual, who is desirous of seeing an improvement in the physical as well as the mental condition of our countrywomen, I take the liberty of addressing you on a subject which in my opinion, hardly receives the attention it deserves. My observation has satisfied me that the superior health of the English women is owing among other causes, greatly to their custom of frequently riding on horseback; and I am confident that it would be a blessing to the young ladies of our country, if a general taste for equestrianism were prevalent among them. But I greatly fear that riding will never become a general recreation with the young and fashionable, until the riding dress is first made a gayer garment than it is now in our country. The riding habits in use among us, are generally solemn looking articles, and one can hardly suppose a young lady would take any special pleasure in wearing them. In England they are much gayer, and there is such a piquancy or smartness, in the appearance of the riding habit that young people are always anxious to adopt it. This feeling is natural, and it will always exist. If the English style of habit can be introduced fairly, I feel certain that it will induce thousands to ride who never think of it now. This is a habit of dark blue cloth or cashmere, the body tight, opening low down the bust, with a velvet collar, and the body ornamented with two or three rows of plain flat gilt buttons. There is a description of it in the Ladies National Magazine, for April. I have frequently been in England during the last fifteen years, and have always found that the English ladies ornamented their habits with gilt buttons. I would by no means advocate the use of such buttons on dresses generally, but on riding habits, I am certain they are appropriate. They do not make the habit military in its appearance, because the buttons are always plain, and serve for a finish without braiding the

corsage. The gilt buttons give the habit just a sufficient air of smartness to make it popular with those who require the benefit of riding; and after the novelty of seeing them on a lady's habit passes away, very few will think them too showy. Blue is worn in England, because it contrasts better than any other color with such buttons, and for the same reason it would probably be the most fashionable color here. I have one idea to suggest, in addition to what I have already said. It is a common practice with ladies who ride, to leave home after tea, and continue their exercise long after dark, to enjoy the delicious coolness of the evening. This practice, however pleasant, is pernicious to health. A ride ought not to continue beyond twilight, because the dew is prejudicial, and frequently occasions a cold which is the precursor of consumption. Morning is the best time for riding, but it would be folly to expect fashionable young ladies to rise early enough to take a morning ride in summer.

I would also suggest, that no covering for the head is so convenient as a cloth or velvet cap. The flats are very troublesome, and do not keep off the sun better than the veil which accompanies the cap. The calash conceals too much of the head to be recommended.

The habit ought to roll open in front as much as a gentleman's summer vest, to be comfortable; this admits of showing much taste in the chemisette, which ought to have a narrow collar turned down—over a small cravat in the manner of gentlemen.

Pardon me for troubling you with this long letter on a subject which some may regard as one of minor importance; though, I think, your intelligent readers will agree with me in thinking nothing a trifle which concerns the health of the youthful daughters of our land.

Yours, &c.

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Regular daily exercise in the open air is as indispensably necessary for the preservation of health as our daily food; and whether walking or riding, it is important to have some motive which will induce pleasurable and lively thoughts, as the mental and physical nature must both be aroused into life and activity thereby.

ORIGINAL.

## COUSIN SYBIL,—OR, WHO IS THE LADY?\*

BY THE EDITRESS.

AMONG the numerous male visitors at the house of Mr. Danforth, there were two, whose attentions had become so particular, that Miss Danforth was already balancing probabilities, and endeavoring to settle the claims of the rival candidates for her favor and—her fortune. One of them was rich, but a fool—the other a well educated, intelligent young lawyer, with very little on which to depend, but his intellect and his profession. He would have scorned the idea of “marrying for money,” had it been presented to him in the abstract; and yet when a very pretty and apparently amiable girl seemed inclined to look favorably upon him, it certainly did not lessen her attractions, when he learned that her father was considered one of the wealthiest men on ‘change. So, Frank Meredith continued to sun himself in the smiles of the fair Evelina, regardless alike of his wealthy rival, who looked daggers when they chanced to meet, and of Mrs. Danforth, whose tongue occasionally resembled the same sharp instrument. In her estimation, every young man who was destitute of wealth, whatever talents or worth he might possess, was a fortune-hunter; and her maternal sagacity was ever on the alert to discover symptoms of a flirtation when such an one was introduced to her daughter. But in the case of Frank Meredith, her sagacity was at fault. True, he came very frequently to her house, quite too much so, she thought; but it was difficult to prevent this, as her husband liked his society, and he had never yet spoken of love to Miss Danforth, though the wily mother had made several attempts to discover the state of his affections. She was obliged therefore to content herself with watching him so closely that not a movement could escape her, while, like a skil-

\* Continued from page 123.

ful angler, she was throwing out the line for the young millionaire, Fred Somers, who seemed in a fair way to be caught. "Mamma," said Evelina to her mother, when the gentlemen in question had just left them one evening, "why do you treat that odious Somers with such marked attention? If you flatter yourself that I shall ever think of him, with his cockney tones, red whiskers, and vulgar manners, you are greatly mistaken. I blush for him every time he opens his mouth, for I am sure something very silly or very impertinent is coming. If he did not sport such a perfect love of a carriage, and such splendid horses, I would never tolerate him for a moment."

"My dear, you have a great deal yet to learn," replied the selfish and worldly mother; "you do not seem to know that when one possesses immense wealth, very little else is required to give them popularity and friends. The wife of Mr. Somers will be at the head of a princely establishment—she will be the queen of fashion, and the leader of ton, and her equipage and diamonds will be the envy of all her acquaintance. What more could any reasonable woman desire?"

"You seem to forget the incumbrance, Mamma—all these things are very fine, but to be tied for life to such an insufferable bore, would be horrible. Why I could never get through an evening here at home with him, were it not for Frank Meredith. Oh, how delightful if Frank Meredith had his fortune, or he had Frank Meredith's person and manners. Then, indeed—"

"Evelina," interrupted Mrs. Danforth, "you are talking very foolishly, and improperly. Frank Meredith, as you choose to call him, can never be to you any thing more than a common acquaintance, whose society helps to pass away a pleasant hour so I warn you to beware how you think or talk of him. He is a very good young man, but he is poor, and even with the best prospects, must be content to live very plainly for many years yet to come. Imagine yourself, brought up as you have been, the mistress of a small house in —street, with one servant—obliged yourself to go to market, dust your one parlor, superintend the dinner, and perhaps lay the cloth; and then when your husband

came in, you might perhaps indulge in the relaxation of mending his stockings, while he was preparing his briefs by your side."

"But, dear aunt," Sybil Fleming ventured to say, "if my cousin loved her husband, would not these services be pleasant, when performed for his sake? I can see nothing degrading, nor even tiresome, in any of the employments you have mentioned, and surely affection would sweeten them all."

"You are quite a romantic young lady," replied Mrs. Danforth, but I beg you to remember that what might be very proper for you, educated as you have been, and accustomed to work of various kinds, would be humiliating and trying in the extreme to my daughter. Young persons of a certain rank in life, are entitled to make demands, and to form expectations in reference to marriage, which would be absurd in others differently situated; and though Mr. Meredith may be a very suitable companion for Miss Fleming, he is by no means on an equality with Miss Danforth." So saying, Mrs. Danforth bade the young ladies a formal good night, and sailed majestically out of the room, leaving Sybil Fleming more disposed to laugh at her absurd pride, than to be angry at the rude remarks addressed to herself.

Evelina rose as her mother retired, threw herself into a fauteuil near the fire, and drawing out the comb which confined her luxuriant hair, suffered it to fall about her until the silken tresses almost concealed her slender form. "Now, cousin Sybil," she said, as she carelessly wound one sunny ringlet round her fair hand, "tell me truly, do you think Fred Somers even tolerable? And is not Frank Meredith, with all his disadvantages, a prince compared to him?"

"You know, Evelina, I cannot pretend to judge for one so differently situated, my aunt says; but really I cannot understand what the disadvantages are of which you speak. Mr. Meredith has talents, education, moral worth, and a good profession: what does he want of wealth to make him more respectable or happy?"

"Excellent!" exclaimed Evelina with a scornful smile, "I could imagine it my good grandmother favoring me with one of

her homilies. Respectable—indeed! Why I can see him now in my mind's eye, your respectable man, seated by the fire in his morning gown and slippers, rocking the cradle as he reads the evening paper, while his equally respectable wife plies the needle, as though her life depended on finishing the garment in hand. This is not precisely the kind of establishment suited to my taste, I confess; and yet, though I must have splendor, I cannot quite fancy Fred Somers to share it with me."

The dark and lustrous eyes of Sybil Fleming were raised earnestly to her cousin's face as she answered, "Evelina, why are you so false to yourself, so false to all the generous impulses of woman's nature? You prefer the society of Frank Meredith, I am sure you do—you admire his talents, his fine person, his attractive manners, and you are proud of his exclusive attentions. If you are conscious of a stronger feeling, why not nobly determine to share with him the fortune which would indeed be valuable if it might confer additional happiness on a beloved one, or remove one obstacle from his path to fortune and to fame. My uncle, I am certain, would not refuse his consent—and as to Fred Somers, the intangible something which he calls *heart*, does not weigh enough to be taken into the account."

For a moment, the enthusiasm of the young girl communicated itself to her companion; but in that selfish and worldly heart, there was no answering chord of sympathy to vibrate permanently—so after a moment's pause she exclaimed: "All this is very ridiculous, when the poor man has never yet uttered the fatal words of committal, though to be sure, his eyes have spoken plainly enough. But I think, on the whole, you are better suited to him than myself, so I will turn him over to my country coz." And, lightly humming an air from the last opera, she retired to dream of new conquests—while poor Sybil, as she sought her chamber, felt more keenly than ever the wide gulf which separated her in feeling, opinion, and affection, from her fashionable relations. She had heard of the heartlessness of the world, but she had never before seen a young female who could coolly talk of bartering herself for wealth and a splendid equipage, to a man for whom she professed neither love nor esteem, and the spectacle



pained and disgusted her. "I can do nothing, I fear, for my poor cousin," she said mentally; "but how fervent should be my thanksgiving to God, for the different lessons taught me by my own precious mother!" That name was ever a talisman to shield her from care and sorrow, and with it upon her lips, the affectionate daughter resigned herself to the quiet slumber of youth and innocence.

"Do you play, Miss Fleming?" inquired Mr. Meredith a few evenings after the conversation we have been repeating, "I think I have not yet had the pleasure of hearing you."

"Probably not," was the quiet reply, "as I do not perform on any instrument, and am always contented to be a listener when music is in question."

"Well, it is delightful," said Mr. Meredith, "to find one young lady who dares to confess that she is ignorant of instrumental music. From my soul I pity the pianos I meet, thumped and belabored as they are, from morning to night, by fingers as guiltless of melody as they are of useful industry. If the doctrine of transmigration of souls be true, I am certain that some heinous transgressor must be expiating the sins of a long life, among the shrieking and agonized strings of the instrument."

"Very flattering, upon my word," lisped Fred Somers to Evelina Danforth, who had just been executing a brilliant bravura, "you owe Mr. Meredith many thanks, Miss Danforth."

"Mr. Meredith's opinion is a matter of perfect indifference to me," she haughtily replied. "Probably he would be better able to appreciate Miss Fleming's performance on the spinning wheel, than mine on the harp or piano. I wish him joy of his refined tastes."

There was something in the tone of voice with which this was uttered that caused Frank Meredith to turn round and look at the fair speaker, and as he did so, he saw in her eye an expression he had never before witnessed there. It was the work of a moment, that revelation of character, but the impression it made was one not easily to be effaced, for in the glance thrown by Evelina at her unoffending cousin, anger, hatred, and jealousy, were distinctly visible. Bowing very gravely to Miss Danforth, Mr. Meredith exclaimed-

"I do indeed admire Miss Fleming's choice of an instrument of music, and am flattered that you think me capable of appreciating her performance upon it. I can only regret that such is the delicacy of the fair musician, it would be difficult to give expression to my feelings without offending her ear."

Evelina saw from his altered manner, that she had gone too far, and bit her lip until the blood came, in the vain attempt to repress her angry emotions—while Fred Somers, who never saw beneath the surface of things, smoothed his whiskers complacently as he replied—

"Well, really you have a most extraordinary taste. I suppose spinning and all that sort of thing is very well in its place, though I never saw any of it done—but the idea of seeing a young lady engaged in such vulgar employments is too absurd. What could put it into your head, my dear Meredith? For my part, I think ladies never ought to do any kind of work, for it spoils their white hands, and there are plenty of servants in the world to do all the work. Industrious people are always stupid."

"Do you hear that, cousin Sybil," said Laura Danforth; "you are always employed about something from morning to night, how very stupid you must be!"

Cousin Sybil was busied just then with a difficult stitch in her worsted work, so she did not immediately reply. But Frank Meredith thought that the lovely face which was raised for a moment at this sally of Laura's, expressed any thing but stupidity. "Will you not defend yourself, Miss Fleming," he said with a smile, "or must I couch a lance in your behalf? No champion could do battle in a fairer cause."

"I fear I am hardly worth defending," she answered gaily; "for I am not only guilty of the sin of industry in the parlor, but have actually entered a kitchen, and shared in its appropriate employments. After such a confession, what hope is there for me?"

How very tiresome all this is!" interrupted Evelina, "I only hope I shall never be obliged to darn a stocking, or make a pudding, or wash the china, for I can find much more agreeable

employments—is it not so, Fan?” she asked, caressing at the same time the French poodle which lay nestled on the sofa at her side.

“How is it that I have been blind so long?” thought Frank Meredith as he left the house that night; “this girl has no heart, and worse still, she is something of a vixen too. She will never do for me, that is certain; but is there any one else who will? Ah, that is another question.” We shall not betray the young gentleman’s secrets, as we have only obtained possession of them in our capacity of listener, but leave our readers to imagine the rest of the soliloquy.

It was now summer, and at her uncle’s beautiful country seat on the Hudson, to which the family had removed for the season, Sybil found a thousand new sources of interest and amusement. An ardent lover of Nature in all her forms, she was never weary of admiring the enchanting scenery of this noble river, or of exploring the wildwood paths which had been opened by the hand of taste in every direction. With her pencil and sketch book, she spent many delightful hours among the hills, accompanied only by Arthur, who carried her camp stool, while Evelina, who was far too fine a lady to encourage such rambles, was still in bed, or lounging on a sofa looking over the last French novel.

“Well really, Sybil, you are quite a wood nymph,” said her uncle one day, as she entered the breakfast parlor with her cheeks glowing, and her hair dressed with roses on whose delicate petals the morning dew was still glistening; “I wish you could entice this indolent young lady to join your walks. At present, the lily predominates quite too much over the rose in her complexion. But by the way, young ladies, I have some important news to communicate. Who do you think has purchased Locust Grove, and is about to fit it up again in more splendid style than ever?”

“Indeed, papa, it is impossible to guess, unless it is Fred Somers,” answered Evelina; “he has so often heard me admire the place, that he may have taken it.”

“Fred Somers, indeed! He seems to be always in your silly head, judging from appearances—no, no—the man of whom I speak, is worth a thousand Fred Somers’ in his best estate. It

is young Atherton, the heir of the English nabob, whom we once met at Saratoga, while the son was at a German university. He has now succeeded to his father's estate, and if report speaks truth, is not only immensely rich, but possessed of every possible perfection."

"And when does he come, papa?" eagerly inquired Evelina, whose languor had vanished at this announcement.

"Very soon, I am told—accompanied by a college friend who is studying for the law, and who is to spend some weeks at the Grove, before he returns to the venerable shades of Harvard. And now for a trial of skill—which will secure the prize?" he added laughing, as he glanced archly at Sybil, who was making tea very quietly, taking no part in the conversation.

"That is a question easily answered," said Evelina haughtily; "there will be little competition in the case, I fancy. A gentleman of Mr. Atherton's rank and pretensions, would hardly look for a wife out of his own station in society."

Mr. Danforth had left the room at the commencement of this rude speech, or his daughter would have received a merited rebuke; and to her aunt, Sybil had long ceased to look for sympathy or kindness; so she only answered, "Mr. Atherton is certainly safe, so far as I am concerned," and left the young lady to her own reflections.

The estate of Mr. Danforth joined that of Mr. Atherton, which was one of the most romantic and beautiful on the river. It had been for some years untenanted, owing to a vexatious lawsuit in which the property was involved, and Sybil had dearly loved to wander about the romantic grounds, to visit the fairy lake, on whose verdant shore a gaily painted pleasure boat was lying in ruins—or to stand on the portico of the deserted mansion, to watch the last rays of the setting sun, gilding the light clouds with those radiant hues which make a sunset on the water so indescribably glorious, and lovely. Now this was all over, and she sighed at the thought that her walks must henceforth be restricted to the domain of her uncle. Evelina, on the contrary, was all animation, and for the first time in her life, professed an extravagant fondness for rural walks, excursions on the water, riding

on horseback, and all the charming varieties of country amusement and exercise.

‘Evelina almost lives in the woods now,’ said Arthur to his cousin, as the young ladies were preparing to go out, one day; ‘I wonder what it can be that interests her so much. Have you met with any new varieties of the genus *homo* in your walks, my dear coz?’

‘Arthur, you are very tiresome,’ was the pettish remark of his sister; ‘I wish you would attend to your books, and not trouble yourself about my concerns.’

‘Oh, ho—I have touched you, it seems, in asking a simple question of cousin Sybil. Well, if I was a young man instead of a boy, I know which of these damsels I should choose: cousin Sybil looks so simple, and sweet, and lady-like in her white dress and straw bonnet, just like one of those snow drops or wax-berries I admire in the garden; while you Lina, are nothing but a city artificial, quite out of your element here among the green trees and fields.’

‘Really, Arthur, you are learning the art of flattery at my expense,’ said his cousin, smiling, for she saw that Evelina was greatly incensed at her brother’s thoughtless badinage, and wished to change the subject; ‘your comparison is a bad one, for though I am indeed “brown as a berry,” it is not exactly a wax-berry which my complexion can be said to resemble. But if we stay here talking with you, we shall be too late for old Enos and his trout fishing.’ As the young ladies left the house together, the contrast spoken of by Arthur, was indeed visible to any observer. Sybil Fleming was the child of nature, and her movements had the careless grace of infancy, restrained only by the truly feminine dignity which formed her striking characteristic. Her sweet and ingenuous countenance was the soul’s mirror, and when lighted up by the enthusiasm of her nature, or flushed with some passing emotion—

“So eloquent in her cheeks the pure blood wrought,”

“That one would almost say, her body thought.”

But it was not the beauty of form or features that constituted Sybil Fleming’s greatest charm. It was the inward harmony

diffusing over her whole being an air of repose better felt than described—that, together with the mind, the music breathing through every expressive lineament, caused those capable of appreciating her character to feel with one of her early admirers: “if Sybil Fleming is not the most beautiful, she is the most *loveable* woman in the world.” The very reverse was true of Evelina Danforth. She was strikingly beautiful, if perfect regularity of form and feature—a dazzling complexion—eyes the color of the violet steeped in dew—sunny ringlets, and lips like twin rosebuds—constitute beauty. But poor Evelina had early learned to believe, that, possessed of so rich a dowry as wealth and beauty, she might dispense with many other agreeable qualities. She was haughty, self-willed, and indolent; and though, like the cat in the fable, she could on occasion play the amiable, disinterested woman to perfection, like her, too, she sometimes exhibited the claws, when it was most for her interest to conceal them. She had been much vexed with the remarks of Arthur, and a cloud of displeasure had settled on her brow, which not all the efforts of her cousin could dissipate. They had proceeded half way up the deep ravine, at the head of which they expected to find old Enos at his accustomed haunt, when a magnificent specimen of the orchis, attracted Sybil’s attention and arrested her steps. “I must have those lovely flowers,” she exclaimed, “but they are so provokingly high—how shall I reach them?”

“Suffer me to procure them for you,” said a deep rich voice at her side, and turning hastily round, she saw a young man, in the garb of a sportsman, who had laid aside his rifle, and was already climbing the rock to obtain possession of the flowers. He soon returned with his prize, which he presented to the ladies with a bow and smile, at the same time expressing his admiration of the beauty of the flowers. Evelina was certain, from the distinguished air of the stranger, that Mr. Atherton stood before her, and, hesitating and embarrassed, was endeavoring to collect her thoughts, when Sybil, with her usual self-possession, accepted the flowers with a polite expression of regret at the trouble she had occasioned, and taking the arm of her cousin, rapidly pursued her walk.

To be concluded.

Original.

## THE TRIALS OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

BY THE EDITRESS

"Thou art wise, if thou beat off petty troubles, nor suffer their stinging to fret thee ;

Thou art wise, and shalt find comfort, if thou study thy pleasure in trifles,  
For slender joys, often repeated, fall like sunshine on the heart."

"THE trials of a housekeeper!" Where is the mother, or mistress of a family, who does not understand full well, the meaning of these emphatic words? As they meet her eye, a dim and shadowy array of recollections come before the mental vision, each of which still awakens something of the uneasiness which their presence originally occasioned. The terms are in every one's mouth, and dull indeed must the ear be that does not hear them daily in the social intercourse of life. But what are these trials which thus particularly beset one portion of the human family? Not, surely, the loss of wealth, or reputation, or friends; not sickness, or death; for these are incidental to every rank and situation, while the vexations to which we refer seem to be confined to one particular condition. What, then, are those influences which too frequently transform the cheerful, good humored bride, into the peevish, fretful, and discontented wife and mother? That they are usually trifling in themselves, may readily be conceded; but that they are therefore unworthy of regard and sympathy, does not by any means follow.

"The deepest wretchedness of life, is continuance of petty pains;"

and none but the uninitiated can doubt that the mistress of a family is constantly exposed to trifling annoyances, which are in reality more difficult to bear than serious afflictions. How often, in cases where we see overwhelming reverses borne with fortitude and equanimity, does the temper give way before those petty inconveniences which are involved in the very existence of

the social relations! How often do we see the woman who can stand by the dying bed of a parent, a companion or a child, with the calmness of Christian submission; who can bear the unwonted privations and humiliations of poverty without a murmur; yet suffer herself and all around her to be made thoroughly uncomfortable, by any one of those trivial accidents to which she is liable in the management of her domestic affairs! To such an extent is this true, that those great events which form eras in the existence of woman, cannot be regarded as a proper criterion by which to judge of the strength of her character, or the equability of her temper. Never, until she has been tried as a housekeeper, is the worth of her character, or its deficiencies fairly tested.

It is because we have not learned to seek strength from above, for the ordinary purposes of life, that these formidable "trials" obtain so much power over our happiness and usefulness; we feel that grace alone can enable us to bear severe afflictions, but do not expect it on those small occasions which are constantly occurring, and which, more than any other, go to make up the sum total of domestic happiness or misery. We have called them small occasions: they are so in their nature, but not in their consequences. Whatever mars the happiness of a family, whatever affects injuriously the temper and moral character of children or domestics, possesses an importance which we cannot adequately estimate. And what more likely to do this, than frequent ebullitions of anger, frequent paroxysms of fretfulness and impatience in her to whom they look for guidance and instruction? Long after she has forgotten the feeling, and the circumstances which called it forth, the fatal influence is operating on these ductile minds, and preparing them for a repetition of the same scenes in future years.

We talk of commencing and finishing the education of our children—as if this education were not commenced with the very first dawning of infant intellect, and progressing ever since, without one moment's intermission. The mother is herself the first book read by her child; and what he sees there, will certainly be copied into his heart and life. Her character and deportment,



more than any or all other influences, is educating her children, and happy is it for society when the lessons daily learned of her, are such as may safely influence their conduct and conversation. But let it never be forgotten, that example, rather than precept, is to form the character of those committed to our charge. It is worse than idle to expect that the formal inculcation of sweetness and patience will make our children amiable and forbearing, when they see us irritated by trifles, and thrown off our guard by the unavoidable evils of life. Woman, as the centre of the domestic circle, should diffuse sunshine and warmth through the whole atmosphere of home. Strong in her physical weakness, and powerful in her gentleness, it is the enviable province of the wife, to soothe and cheer her husband, when he comes with seared brow and ruffled spirit, from his daily avocations, to enjoy, for a few short hours, the delights of home. But if she, who should be the guardian genius of that hallowed spot, meet him with complaints, repinings, and it may be reproaches, instead of cheerful words, and a kind welcome—if her face wear habitually a wintry frown instead of the bright smile which won his heart—what hope of happiness remains for him on earth? A fearful responsibility rests on the wife under such circumstances; and should the husband of her love, make shipwreck of hope, and honor, and happiness—should he fly for solace to the intoxicating cup, the gaming table, or the society of the living lost—would not conscience whisper, “thou art the cause of his undoing?” How many good and noble qualities have we seen obscured by the indulgence of habitual fretfulness, while the unconscious victim of this miserable propensity, imagined herself the most blameless and unfortunate of human beings! Beauty, wit, genius, learning—what are they all, when combined with this unlovely and uncomfortable trait of character?

Young ladies, who are toiling after accomplishments, and striving to become elegant, well-bred, and well-educated women, we entreat you to endeavor to earn the appellation of amiable, *good tempered* women—not by the display of that hollow courtesy which is reserved for public occasions, to advance your own selfish ends, but by the constant practice of kindness and forbearance in the domestic circle. Cultivate, at all times, a spirit of

self-denial and accommodation, in your intercourse with others ; for depend upon it, if as young ladies you do not learn to subdue your own will, and consult the happiness of those around you, you will be miserable as wives and mothers. There is no magic influence in these relations, to convert the selfish daughter into the patient, devoted mother—or the careless, exacting young girl, into the affectionate, disinterested woman. Nothing but the power of the Holy Spirit can enable you to overcome the natural selfishness of the human heart, and without this, every effort will be, to a great extent, unavailing. There must be a new principle implanted within us, ere we can bear with patience the trials of life, or cheerfully yield our own will to that of another.

Every thing in the education of women, should tend to develop a spirit of self-devotion and self-renunciation. This spirit can never be too much cultivated by our sex, because by it, our “highest triumphs are to be achieved,” and it bears with it, “as it is vanquished or victorious, the destinies of the world.” It is the true mission of woman, to exhibit to mankind the moral beauty and power of that love which seeketh not her own,” but the good of others, and finds its own highest honor and happiness in so doing. In this limited, but important sphere, she will be “one of the most active and efficient agents in her heavenly Father’s work of man’s renovation, and generations yet unborn shall rise up and call her blessed.”

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## KNOWLEDGE AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “REJECTED ADDRESSES.

“A woman of accomplishments may entertain those who have the pleasure of knowing her, for half an hour with great brilliancy ; but a mind full of ideas, and with that elastic spring which the love of knowledge only can convey, is a perpetual source of exhilaration and amusement to all that come within its reach : not collecting its force into single and insulated achievements, like the efforts made in the fine arts ; but diffusing equally, over the whole of existence, a calm pleasure, better loved as

it is longer felt ; and suitable to every variety and period of life . . . . . Therefore, instead of hanging the understanding of woman upon walls, or hearing it vibrate upon strings, instead of seeing it in clouds, or hearing it in the winds, we make it the first spring and ornament in society ; by enriching it with attainments upon which alone such power depends.

. . . . . One of the greatest pleasures of life is *conversation*, and the pleasures of conversation are, of course, enhanced by every increase of knowledge. Not that we should meet to talk of *alkalies* and *angles*, or to add to our stock of history and philosophy ; though a little of all these things is no bad ingredient in conversation ; but let the subject be what it may, there is always a prodigious difference between the conversation of those who have been well educated and of those who have not enjoyed this advantage.

Education gives fecundity of thought ; copiousness of illustration ; quickness, vigor, fancy ; words and images : it decorates every thing common, and gives the power of trifling, without being undignified and absurd.

“ The pursuit of knowledge is the most innocent and interesting occupation which can be given to the fair sex ; nor can there be a better method of checking a spirit of dissipation than by diffusing a taste for literature.

“ The instruction of women improves the stock of national talents ; and employs more minds for the instruction and improvement of the world. It increases the pleasures of society, by multiplying the topics upon which the two sexes take common interest ; and makes marriage an intercourse of understanding, as well as affection, by giving dignity and importance to the female character.

“ The education of woman favors public morals : it provides for every season of life. It leaves woman, when she is stricken by the hand of time, with the full power and the splendid attractions of knowledge ; diffusing the elegant pleasures of polite literature ; and receiving the just homage of learned and accomplished men.”

Original.

## THE YOUNG NAVIGATORS.

See Engraving.

WE give our readers, this month, an elegant original mezzotint engraving, from a spirited design by Mulready. Two sturdy youngsters in the foreground, are busily engaged in sailing their miniature vessels, one of which is already under way; and the elder of the boys is blowing through a paper tube, to fill the sails of the other; while, in the background, a third urchin is seen, almost bending under the weight of a huge pair of bellows, which he has probably abstracted from the chimney corner of the kitchen. On the slight bridge, appears another group, who are interested observers of the scene. A schoolboy, book in hand, is watching the sport, and judging from his face, would prefer joining in it, to going forward, while his attendant is urging him on, and a noble dog stands by, looking very demure, and *non-committal*, ready to attend his young master, either in his sport, or to his school. A little curly-headed girl is leaning fondly on the back of her brothers, greatly amused with the tiny vessels which move so gracefully on the water. Amusements like the one here depicted, among the mountain streamlets, and on the shores of New England, have made a race of hardy and adventurous seamen, who are scattered in every quarter of the globe. Those boys who are playing so merrily now in that little nook, are receiving impressions which in future years may influence their destiny; and "a life on the ocean wave" will, in all probability, be the result of these hours of careless enjoyment.

We trust our readers will appreciate the efforts we have made to deserve their approbation, by giving them not only a superior original mezzotint engraving, but in addition, one of the finest songs in the English language—words by Rev. John Pierpoint

# THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

WORDS BY PIERPONT.

AIR.—*Minstrel Boy.*

The first system of musical notation consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, starting with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass line is written in the bass clef, starting with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line. It includes a vocal line with lyrics. The lyrics are: "Our Pil - grim Fa - thers— Still roll in the bay and". The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Our Pil - grim Fa - thers—  
Still roll in the bay and

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line. It includes a vocal line with lyrics. The lyrics are: "where are they? The waves that brought them o'er, } throw their spray, As they break a - long the shore; }". The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

where are they? The waves that brought them o'er, }  
throw their spray, As they break a - long the shore; }

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.—*Concluded.*

Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day, When the

May-flow'r moor'd be - low, - - When the sea . . . and was

black with storms, And white the shores with snow.

D. C.

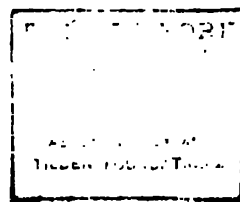
The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first system begins with the lyrics 'Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day, When the'. The second system begins with 'May-flow'r moor'd be - low, - - When the sea . . . and was'. The third system begins with 'black with storms, And white the shores with snow.' and ends with the instruction 'D. C.' (Da Capo). The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands, supporting the vocal melody.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep,  
Still brood upon the tide ;  
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,  
To stay its waves of pride.  
But the snow-white sail, that she gave to the gale  
When the heavens looked dark, is gone ;  
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,  
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile—sainted name !  
The hill, whose icy brow  
Rejoiced when he came in the morning's flame,  
In the morning's flame burns now,  
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night,  
On the hill-side and the sea,  
Still lies where he laid his houseless head ;  
But the Pilgrim—where is he ?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest ;  
When Summer's throned on high,  
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed  
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.  
The earliest ray of the golden day,  
On that hallowed spot is cast ;  
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,  
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled—  
It walks in noon's broad light ;  
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,  
With the holy stars, by night.  
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,  
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,  
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay  
Shall foam and freeze no more.







W. H. BARTLETT

CONSTANTINOPLE

1860. 1861. 1862. 1863. 1864. 1865. 1866. 1867. 1868. 1869. 1870.

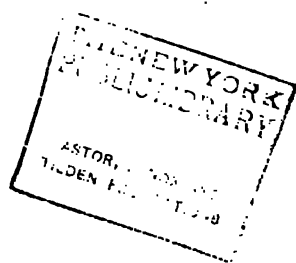
M. G. B. 1870







*Tulip*



ORIGINAL.

## SERAGLIO POINT.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

With a Steel Engraving.

*"Claudius :—*Look forth—what see you ?  
*"Benedict :—*Every thing, and nothing !  
Bright skies, clear waters, sunshine, snow, and flowers ;  
Islands, that seem as if in sport they laved  
Their bosoms in the tide ; and shores that smile  
At their own beauty, mirror'd in the glass  
Of a pure, waveless sea ; dwellings that rise  
Upon the eye like party-colored flowers ;  
While ever and anon, there flits a sail  
Over the surface of the waters, swift  
And graceful as the passage of a spirit  
Bound on some pure behest."

OLD PLAY.

WE have the pleasure of presenting to our readers this month, an original engraving of a part of the "City of the Sultan," the magnificent and picturesque capital of Turkey. Independently of its historic associations, which render it an object of deep interest to the scholar and the Christian, Constantinople possesses peculiar and unrivalled natural advantages. Its position, at the junction of two seas ; its lofty mountains, extended forests, and thickly peopled hills ; its crowds of shipping, and groups of human beings varying in language, feature, and costume ; its tall and graceful minarets pointing towards heaven, and the cloudless azure of its sky ; these are some of the distinctive features which make the City of the Faithful a scene of enchantment to the traveller which can never be forgotten. Seraglio Point, constituting the obtuse angle of the triangle on which Constantinople is built, appears in the engraving with its long line of airy and

elegant mosques or pavilions, fronting the water ; its clustering domes, and groves of cypresses and palm trees ; the celebrated Mosque of St. Sophia towers above the surrounding minarets, while in the distance, Mount Olympus is seen white with eternal snows, " with one fantastic rock looming out of the blue waters beneath it, like a marine monster sleeping in the still sunshine." Stretching along the same line of coast, is a cluster of islets once known as the " Demon Islands," and said to have been haunted by a foul spirit ; but which are now known by the pleasanter name of the " Princess Islands," a favorite place of resort for the Greeks during the summer months. Scutari, " the place of thousand tombs," with its splendid barracks and mosque, over which the Guz Couli, or " Maiden's Tower," seems to stand sentinel, lies on the extreme left ; while the narrow point of land running out into the sea, is occupied by a miserable Greek village, built on the site of the ancient Chalcedon. The view of the harbor on the right, is partially obstructed by a portion of a quaintly fashioned house peculiar to that locality, occupying the fore ground of the engraving. Miss Pardoe, from whose illustrations of the " Views of the Bosphorus," we make several extracts, thus sums up her eloquent description of the various features of this scenery. " Add to these enduring features of the scene, the constant passage of hundreds of swift and arrow-like caiques, (or boats) ; of fleets of merchantmen of all lands ; of the high prowed and classical Arabian barks, and occasionally the stately ships of war, with the silver crescent glittering on their blood-red flag,—and the artist might readily be forgiven, though he had multiplied his memories of so glorious a spectacle."

The Serai Bournou, or palace of the ancient Caliphs, gives its name to Seraglio Point, and constitutes one of the most interesting features of a city where all is mysterious, strange, and exciting. This palace with its extensive grounds, occupies the site of the ancient city of Byzantium, and is in all respects truly and wholly oriental. " European innovations have crept with spirit step" across the land of the Moslem, and fixed their abode in the imperial residence of the Sultan. " But in the hidden recesses of

the palace of Amurath, all is unchanged, as though the genius of mutability had never waved his wand over the children of the Prophet." At the present time, the Serai Bournou has ceased to be a favorite residence of the Sultan, and its extensive harem is occupied generally, by some octogenarian wives of the late Sultan, whose age secured them from the fate of the younger part of his establishment. These unfortunate women were all barbarously murdered on the accession of the reigning Sultan, lest they might dishonor themselves by alliance with a subject, after having formed part of the household of the Sovereign. When Mahmoud is an inmate of the Serai, the harem is all animation, gaiety, and splendor. Then the "Garden of Delight," in which stand the gilded kiosques appropriated to the fair inmates of the Seraglio, is one gorgeous confusion of pomp and glittering elegance. "Parterres, only less beautiful than the buildings which rise among them, and pavilions besprent with paint and gilding, look as bright as the flowers which blossom on every side. Clusters of roses blooming in baskets of gilded wicker-work—fountains murmuring sweet music under the deep shadows of overhanging boughs, and portals of marble so richly overlaid with arabesques of burnished gold that it is hardly possible to look upon them in the midday sun, these form the external features of the carefully latticed and jealously guarded harem into which no infidel foot may intrude with impunity."

Within, all is bright and fairy-like in its magnificence, all is light and gay with painted glass, white marble, brocade and embroidery. Stars and crescents of painted glass are inlaid in the marble roof like clusters of jewels—draperies of silk richly embroidered, adorn the walls—mirrors set in a frame-work of gold and enamel, reflect the beauties of the proud Sultanas—the divan or raised seat, formed of gay-colored satin, is wrought in silks until it resembles a bed of living flowers, and the cushions scattered about, are of the same beautiful and costly description. The long halls paved with tessellated marble, and filled with fountains of every exquisite device, "give back a long and subdued echo at every footfall which disturbs the deep and dreamy silence."



In these luxurious apartments, the wives and favorites of the Sultan pass long hours in listless indolence, sipping sherbets made of the most delicate conserves, or the finest fruits, listening to the soft strains of the lute or guitar, or admiring the graceful evolutions of the dancing girls trained for the purpose, the monotony of their existence only varied by an occasional change of place, or a short visit from the lordly master on whose smile their happiness depends.

Are any of our youthful readers tempted by the description here given, to imagine the lot of the Turkish females a happy one? Let them pause ere such a judgment is formed, and while they examine the other side of the picture, thank God that their heritage has been given in a land where woman is the friend and companion, instead of the slave and toy of man. These poor birds whose splendid plumage flashes so gaily in the sunshine, are all prisoners in their gilded cage, with no hope of escape during life. They are mindless, soulless beings, and for their own comfort should be heartless also, since love with them, could only awake the keen pangs of jealousy and unavailing regret. The most highly favored among them, the best beloved of the Sovereign, holds the place only during the pleasure of a capricious and sated tyrant, and a newer face or finer form may at any moment hurl her from the envied height, and reduce her for the remainder of life to the condition of a discarded and forgotten plaything. But even when they have ceased to please the imperial Lord of the harem, the fair Sultanas are never permitted to look upon the world from which they are so carefully shut out. When the inmates of the harem are about to remove from the city to the country in the warm season, a military cordon is established along the whole range of the heights that overlook the "valley of sweet waters," a lovely glen in which the summer palace is situated. From that portion of the valley which surrounds the palace, the public are jealously excluded, and death is the penalty for intrusion within the limits of the harem. Yet notwithstanding all these precautions, if report speaks truly, love has sometimes found his way into these mysterious apartments, and could the bright waves of the Marmora disclose the secrets

committed to their keeping, they might tell us a tale of cruelty and revenge which would almost chill the life-blood at its fountain. Near the "Kiosque of Pearls," a favorite summer pavilion of the Sultan, is a low iron door level with the water's edge, through which the bodies of those executed within the Seraglio are said to have been cast at midnight, and committed to the current that sweeps rapidly round the Point. Here the unfortunate beings who chanced to offend, or weary, or disgust the reigning Sardanapalus, were given to the

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"rolling waves which hide  
Already, many a once love beaten breast,  
Deep in the caverns of the rolling tide."

Alas for the helpless victims who were thus sent by the bow-string or the scimeter from a gilded prison to the scarcely deeper gloom and silence of the grave. For them, no future offered its blessed hopes of immortality—no promise of happiness beyond the tomb, consoled them amid the wretchedness of their present lot. From the cradle to the grave, all was listless apathy, or dense gloom, illumined only by the fitful corruscations of a sensual flame which soon vanished, leaving the darkness more palpable than before.

What do we not owe, as women, to the "glorious Gospel of the blessed God," which has raised our sex from this abyss of degradation and servitude, and secured to us those individual and social rights, without which life were a burden and a blank! Nothing but the religion of Jesus, could have wrought a change so beneficial in its influence on private happiness and public morals—nothing else could have overcome the contemptuous stoicism, and the inordinate love of power in the stronger sex, which the whole genius of paganism was adapted to promote. The great principles of Christianity, while they humbled the proud, exalted the lowly, and thus produced an equilibrium in the social system, which secured its permanence and stability.

But the exalted position which, as Christian women, we are called to occupy, demands of our sex a corresponding elevation of character. The Moslem wife and mother, though she be an

unformed, uneducated, and unthinking being, can exert comparatively but little influence over her husband or her children. The strong pressure of circumstances which she cannot control if she would, forms their character, and the obligations arising from the sacred relations she sustains, are in a measure, nullified by her position in society. But the American matron, who is the acknowledged guardian of the domestic circle; to whom is committed the high trust of training for usefulness the sons and daughters of the land; who stamps her impress on the manners and morals of the community; shall she stoop from this elevation, to become the devotee of amusement, or the votary of fashion? Shall she, like her poor oriental sister, neglect the immortal mind, the deathless soul, in adorning the perishing body, so soon to become a tenant of the tomb? Then, indeed, might she deem an eastern harem, with its appliances of dreamy and luxurious indolence, its soulless glitter and parade, an enviable residence; for to the butterfly who knows no higher enjoyment than fluttering in the sunshine, the "Garden of Delight" would be an earthly paradise. But the true mission of woman, is a sterner and nobler one; and, though a heavenly hand has strewed flowers in the pathway of duty, she may not, even to inhale their fragrance, forget the sacred interests committed to her keeping. To soothe the sorrowful, to relieve the miserable, to teach the ignorant, to render home a "little kingdom of serene delight" to its happy inmates, and to reflect on earth the spirit and temper of heaven; these are the appropriate duties of woman, and in their fulfilment her purest sources of happiness will always be found.

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#### A GLIMPSE OF PARADISE.

"Not many rays of heaven's unfallen sun  
Reach the dull distance of this world of ours,  
But oh, if ever yet there wandered *one*,  
Like Peri from her amaranthine bowers,  
Or ministering angel sent to bless,  
'Twas to thy hearth, domestic happiness,  
Where in the sunshine of a peaceful home  
Love's choicest roses bud, and burst, and bloom."

Original.

## HOME PHILANTHROPY.

IT is cruel to assure the helpless slaves of the needle that there is no hope for them ; that they must submit to toil on for ever with the bare privilege of living. While men who have the power to relieve them reason thus, their case is hopeless indeed ! But there will yet be found a few able and ready to help them.

A hundred public-spirited men, willing to invest a thousand dollars each, or a thousand willing to advance one hundred each, toward the establishment of a manufactory for the employ of females, would go far towards relieving the local evils of which they now complain. If these capitalists would allow the girls reasonable wages, with the privilege of investing their little savings in the purchase of the stock of such manufactories, at its original cost, the benefit to the working women would be two-fold. A single manufactory of this kind, in almost any of the branches of trade, would be sensibly felt throughout the entire class of sewing females ; for one thousand females out of employ are sufficient to reduce the wages of six thousand others, by the competition for work, which is forced on by their necessities.

With the press, which has ever been earnest and generous in behalf of a suffering sisterhood, rests the power to check one great evil, which has been a perpetual cause of their suffering. It can check that restless spirit of enterprise which is constantly sending young females from the respectable comforts of a country home to swell the labor markets of our cities.

Through this friendly channel, then, let us entreat the father and mother who can find protection and employment for their daughters at home, to keep them beneath the holy shelter of a family roof-tree. Their own welfare, and the prosperity of those who have already experienced the evils of a city home, depend on it. Parents, brought up in the country, can have no idea of the peril to which their daughters are exposed when they enter the broad streets of a strange town, fresh from the purity of a





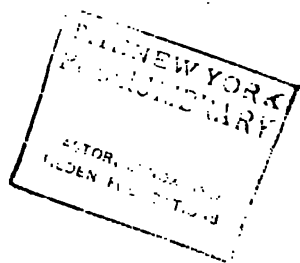
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instead of a curse, to society. One who is now before the throne of God, whose life and character were in every respect the opposite of hers, and who knew her in early life, bore testimony to the natural loveliness and worth of the forlorn being who drew so largely on her benevolent sympathies and efforts. She attributed all the destitution of Miss R. to the indolence and ignorance of useful employments, in which she had been reared.

Mothers, if you love your daughters, if their temporal and eternal welfare is an object of concern to you, can you expose them to a fate like this? Can you from indolence, or fear of the world, or misjudging tenderness, suffer them to grow up in ignorance of the important duties which belong to their own appropriate sphere? Why should they not be educated to feel that home and the domestic concerns of home, are in their proper place, desirable and agreeable? Why should an idea of meanness and degradation be attached to avocations on which the comfort and happiness of families so much depend. A well ordered household is an object of admiration to all; but how few seem to understand that a thorough course of preparation on the part of young women, for household duties, is necessary to secure it? There is no magical process by which the indolent, ignorant young girl is transformed at marriage into an industrious, skilful manager; one who understands her duties, and is ready to perform them. Should she ever become such, it will be by a course of discipline bitter and humiliating in proportion to the false views previously entertained. Why then should maternal love, so jealous and watchful in many respects, be so fatally behind on this point? Why should the mother, who feels that her own constant care and oversight, (to say no more) are essential to the comfort of her family, forget that the daughter who is growing up at her side, in utter ignorance of domestic duties, is to fill a station similar to her own, and must meet the same duties and responsibilities? Why should she so cruelly neglect the preparation in her case which is thought so necessary in that of the son, who is apprenticed for years to the merchant or mechanic? There is certainly a great error in judgment here, and when carried into practice it becomes a fatal one

Fatal to domestic enjoyment, to individual character, and to the well-being of society at large.

Mothers, let us take this subject home to our hearts and to our consciences. We owe it to our children, by every consideration that can affect a mother's heart, to promote their welfare by every proper means. It is not in our power to mark out their lot in life, or to secure them against the reverses to which all are liable; but we can do far better for them, by teaching them those habits of industry and self-dependence which will prove a never failing mine of wealth. By giving them a thorough knowledge of some useful employment, we shall make an investment of capital, which will be yielding rich returns to the objects of our care, long after our heads are low in the dust.

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#### MEXICAN WOMEN.

The streets of Mexico are always swarming with women of the middling and lower classes. The only article of dress worn by these are a chemise and a petticoat, satin slippers, but no stockings, and a reboza, a long shawl, improperly called by our ladies a mantilla. This they wear over the head and wrapped close around the chin, and thrown over their left shoulder. Whatever they may be in private, no people can be more observant of propriety in public; one may walk the streets of Mexico for a year, and he will not see a wanton gesture or look on the part of a female of any description, with the single exception, that if you meet a woman with a very fine bust, which they are apt to have, she finds some occasion to adjust her reboza, and throws it open for a second. This reboza answers all the purposes of shawl, bonnet, and frock body.

The women of Mexico, I think, generally smoke; it is getting to be regarded as not exactly *comme il faut*, and therefore they do it privately.—*Thompson's Mexico.*

ORIGINAL.

## THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

Down from the mountain,  
Sparkling and bright,  
See the clear streamlet,  
Wild with delight,  
Rushing along  
Amid the green bowers,  
Fringing its borders,  
With spring's early flowers

Nothing impedes it,  
Tho' oft turned aside,  
Still rolling onward,  
Its silvery tide  
Toward the blue sea,  
The Ocean's deep breast,  
Where, like an infant,  
It sinks into rest.

Beautiful emblem  
Of time's hasty flight,  
Passing away  
Like a dream of the night.  
Childhood, its gushings;  
Youth, its bold leap;  
Manhood, its rushings;  
Age, the vast deep.

Life, roll thy stream  
And bear me away,  
Veil every care  
With thy silvery spray;  
Soon will thy current,  
So restless and dark,  
Bear to the haven  
The voyager's bark.

When the last struggle  
 With sin shall be o'er,  
 Let me but find  
 On Eternity's shore,  
 One green quiet spot,  
 Where, with all whom I love,  
 My spirit may rest  
 In the Eden above.

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 Original.

## TASTE THE ALLY OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. R. FRASIER.

"Whatsoever things are lovely—think on these things."—ST. PAUL

THE connexion practically subsisting between the taste and morals of men, is delicately close and intimate. They exert a reciprocal control, and mutually contribute to perpetuate the possession and dominion of the heart—out of which are the issues of life. And this fact, as an element in the momentous business of tutelar education, or of self-culture, derives prodigious importance from the consideration that whatever aptitude there may be in mind for certain habits, neither that aptitude, nor these habits, do form and establish the formative influence of taste, without the co-operation of the judgment. And while the judgment is thus employed upon such a subject as *man*, its entire history must be regarded in a moral and religious point of view.

Thus it appears that taste, so far from being an unimportant, and quiescent quality, actually infuses its operative tincture through the whole current of life; and in virtue of a subtle and instinctive efficiency whereby it warps the will, it presents the mind with the noblest ends, and purest means, or beguiles to the most unworthy entertainments, and ruinous results.

Upon this subject a specious and pernicious error has obtained, and has extensively issued in this twofold evil; men of taste have



been more or less disgusted with the forms and practices of religion ; and men of piety have come to disregard, and repudiate with jealous illiberality, and indiscriminating aversion, the entire mention and matter of taste.

The error I mean, consists in mistaking the sensitive and pathetic sympathies of a certain taste, for the truthful action of conscience, and the sanative sentiments of religious principle.

The pleasures of taste are strongly temptative ; and, inveigled by the enchantments of the syren, the soul is often hoodwinked by its own fancy ; and yields itself, in effeminating passiveness, to its sickly indulgences, lapsing imperceptibly from acquiescence into softness ; from softness to imbecility, until it unwittingly whimpers at once its lamentation and its doom. “Je vois que mon temps de repos est fini !”—still provoking the pleasing pain, and soothing its prurient heart with the stimulating stuff of restless romance, and obsolete ballads. This sixpenny taste excites, by its foolish tears in public, and its flickering inefficiency in private, only disgust, or pity, in persons of an unjaded and healthy habit. These latter, on the other hand, whose robustness precludes the pallid cast of sentimentality, not distinguishing the uses and abuses of taste, unjustly charge upon it the monstered nothingness and foibles that really belong to the individual character. Launching forth their broad and sweeping denunciations against *all taste* as a dispiriting and perverting weakness, they rudely offend and disgust those whose fluttering faculties will not, or cannot stay to discriminate between the rugged religion of those who sternly trample the lily of the valley, or rudely slight the roses of Sharon,—and the amiable religion of those who meditate and cherish the things that are lovely. Thus extremes meet ; and the neglect, and the abuse, of taste, the faculty designed to respect and conform to, the lovely in fact, and the lovely in act,—occasions contumely and aversion which preclude the refined and beautiful amenities of religion, and render the “Divine Philosophy” seemingly “as harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose it.”

We observe that there is an infinite variety of beauty and loveliness for the eye, and for the mind : and He who “appointed one

thing over against the other, to the end that nothing might be found imperfect," hath endowed us with physical and spiritual faculties adapted to what He hath ordained in the physical and spiritual world, for our pleasure and improvement. And these excellent and charming exponents of the Almighty Spirit having been set forth before us, we are authoritatively instructed to address to them our earnest and studious regards. There is doubtless a grand moral purpose in all this.

We are venturing on *sensitive ground*. How few should we win, or flatter, by expatiating on the superlative advantages to be realized from a holy alliance of correct taste, and pure and fervent piety! And how many should we *offend* by insisting upon the disparagements which piety suffers when deprived of the auxiliaries of true taste: and the *utter* feebleness and futility of taste undirected and unsustained by piety. True, when employed upon the miserable ministries of pollution, and to polish the venomous shafts of mischief, it beautifies the perverted power of talent, and aids the malice of fallen genius, by bestowing its blandishments upon vice. But there can lie no exception against this primordial *sense of beauty in all its variety and aspects*, nor against its culture, upon the ground of its having been long familiarized with the fashionable vanities and vices of the world, and perverted to embellish the victims and offerings of sensuality; to vitiate the manners and corrupt the social heart. If it has not been always pure and virtuous, this is not from any inherent badness, or intrinsic worthlessness: but the deplorable and irreligious defectiveness of education has debased it; and the human soil in which it has been cultivated, is sadly uncongenial to the growth and development of the tender germins of a holy life. Our obligation, therefore, to meditate and cherish the "things that are lovely" is imperious and unimpaired.

We believe the Almighty everywhere inhabits His creation: preserving what He formed, and regulating what He preserves. We gaze upon the varied amplitude of beauty and grandeur, and consider the entire order of material forms, from the gems that sparkle at our feet, to that stupendous architecture that adorns the boundless abode of Deity, but as the various veil which at

once conceals and discovers Him who verily hideth Himself, yet *discoverably*, and within symbols that are inscrutable to none but such as, having eyes, see not. These forms He has garnished with the pencil of eternal beauty, in order to arrest our attention, and win us to seek after Him, the source and sole substance of all things. By these types, which He hath marked with His own finger, He humbleth Himself to instruct and elevate our souls, by addressing the sympathies of taste, and attaching us by the interest of admiration and the cords of love.

And can any doubt the paramount moral purpose and aim of so divine a faculty, whereby we reciprocate with our eternal Father the hallowing emotions of loveliness and greatness, until our fascinated and ravished spirits conform and dilate with the transcendent beauty and harmony of God's own instruments of order and goodness?

And possessing such a constitutional gift for good, can any doubt the teachings of analogical truth which is afforded? As the attributes of light are the natural and apposite objects of our visual organs; as speculative truth is the natural and apposite object of our reason; and as there is established a peculiar and permanent correspondence between our social faculties and the social objects that comprise our human condition, so are we clearly instructed in the nature and lofty purpose of the natural correspondence that subsists between our faculty and sense of loveliness, and the beautiful and sublime objects of the physical world of elegance and order, and the moral world of conduct and character that are developing around and within us.

The analogy of which we have spoken, not only forms a very considerable source of the most refined and edifying pleasure, but vastly enhances and multiplies the moral force of taste. He that by diligence and attention enlarges his mind to the solemn contemplation of nature in her causes, her operations, and her designs, forms his own understanding on the model of eternal reason; and he who happily improves himself to enter with a grateful zest, into the contemplation of her beauties and her sublimities, forms his taste on the actual conceptions of the Deity, and advances in the intellectual image of his Maker. By virtue

of the same analogy which holds throughout God's works, he that meditates and admires the tranquillizing grandeur of nature, will meditate and admire the peaceful grandeur of moral goodness and moral greatness; and he, also, who *loves* the sweet aspects and entertainments of the rich world of eye and ear, will, at the direction of religion, cultivate with pious care, and enjoy with grateful rapture, the tender harmonies of private life.

No healthy and candid mind can peruse the sacred deliverances of the Prophetic Scriptures, without feeling what a thrilling force is imparted to those sublime oracles, by the pure and exalted taste of the studious and seraphic Bards of Israel. "Every part of the Book of Job," says Pope, "is incomparably superior to any part of the great Iliad." And who that has yielded his unprejudiced mind to the magnificent imagery of the Apocalypse, but has been deeply moved by the simple and sublime strokes of a sanctified taste, that enrich the raptures of the inspired exile; and but feels the soft and delectable motions of the poet-wreaths that wave from the gates of the New Jerusalem; and mitigate the aspect of the ponderous and horrid jaws of hell, through which the overwhelming disclosures of future retribution blazed before the eye of him whose mortal hand was permitted to draw a portion of the dreadful screen that shrouds the wonders of the eternal world.

And are these pearls of heavenly beauty scattered before swine? Are these spangles and refractions of the Eternal Shekinah of Glory displayed to our spiritual vision without an excellent design and aim? Alas! how many that suffer their eyes to be darkened and destroyed by the glittering dust of earth, might, by early and constantly familiarizing their minds with the immortal beauty of honesty, justice and purity—with the exceeding loveliness of Heavenly Truth and Heavenly Virtue, feed and satisfy their limitless capacities from that celestial banquet, and worthily entertain the natural operation of the Spirit that transformeth into His own glorious likeness: sharing the intellectual dainties and refinements of angels, and promoting the purification of their sentiments, their passions, and their lives, from the defilements of temper, worldliness, and pride.

Let a pure and undefiled taste operate its perfect action upon the energies of the mind, and affections of the heart of man, and thus discharge her original functions of a bland and beautiful handmaid to Religion, and along with the sins, would pass away the acerbities of human temper; selfishness would yield to the amiable charities; and they in whose bosom, the happy union of these graces are consummated, would reflect the virtues they admired; and the natural chivalry of the heart, accomplished with the meekness of wisdom, and imbued with the true spirit of chaste and magnanimous manners, would shield manly honor from the touch and attainder of shame; and redeem from oppression, neglect, and want, the beautiful soul of woman, and the delicate capacities of childhood.

Here, then, is a garden of the Lord, and a vine of His own planting. Alas! how has it lain neglected, and how have the ungrafted grapes of bitterness encumbered and exhausted its stunted branches!

But let these suggestions suffice for the present, to vindicate this noble attribute of man; and direct the attention of the wise and prudent, especially among the youthful discipleship of Jesus, (whose perfect taste and gracious manners, as indicated by his discourses and deportment, rendered Him the Paragon of humanity,) to the sacred and sanctifying alliance which God hath founded, between the religion of taste and the religion of truth: one of the most considerable and efficient elements in the probationary culture, whereby all who exercise the responsible functions of humanity are, rightly or otherwise, qualifying for another condition of being, endless, unchangeable, sublime!



The territory of Upper California, is estimated to be equal to twelve such states as Ohio. The estimated population of the whole territory is as follows: 10,000 Mexicans, 20,000 Indians, and 1,500 Americans.

ORIGINAL.

## COUSIN SYBIL,—OR, WHO IS THE LADY?

BY S. T. MARTYN.

Concluded from p. 159.

"Why did you hurry me away?" at last exclaimed Evelina, "I am certain Mr. Atherton must have thought me very stupid, for I could not think of one word to say, before you forced me to leave him in that awkward manner. But what an elegant personage he is; I never saw a more noble-looking man."

"You are certain, then, that this stranger is Mr. Atherton," said Sybil; "why do you speak so confidently?"

"Oh, it can be no other person, I am sure; for this gentleman has precisely the air and appearance which one would imagine Mr. Atherton to have. Did you notice his manner—polite, yet perfectly easy and nonchalant, as if conscious of his own superiority? His superb dark eyes, too, and raven hair curling about that classic head—and what a tall, elegant figure!"

"Why you are quite beside yourself with admiration," said Sybil, smiling, "it would not do to meet such an Adonis in the wood every day, lest you might take leave of your senses altogether. For my part, I think the gentleman who was playing with that noble greyhound under the tree, has a much more intellectual countenance than your Mr. Atherton."

"Our tastes differ very widely," Evelina replied; "that was undoubtedly the friend of Mr. Atherton, a poor but very clever young lawyer who is staying at the Grove. A person of common discernment could see at once which was the plebeian, and which the patrician. Should we meet again, I shall certainly address Mr. Atherton, and introduce myself as his nearest neighbor."

Several days elapsed before Miss Danforth could carry her resolution into effect. Her father was away from home on business, or she might have heard from the Grove through him,

and she had no brother or male cousin to call and invite him to Woodlands, so she was obliged to content herself with looking towards the noble old mansion which was visible from one part of the grounds, and wondering what its inmate could be about. At last fortune seemed to favor her wishes. She had been taking a ride on horseback with her cousin, and was returning by a bridle path through the forest, when the girth of her saddle gave way, and she was precipitated to the ground. Sybil Fleming, who was a few yards in advance, heard her cry of terror, and turning instantly, seized the bridle of the horse and arrested his flight, but she could not assist the terrified girl, whose long riding habit rendered her almost helpless. At this moment two gentlemen who were riding leisurely the other way, caught sight of the fair equestrians, and instantly dismounting, came to their relief. Evelina was not seriously injured, and when she recognised in her deliverer the stranger of the ravine, she was eloquent in her expressions of gratitude. "I have the honor of speaking to Mr. Atherton, I presume," she said with one of her sweetest smiles; "may I, without a breach of etiquette, introduce the errant damsel you have assisted, as Miss Danforth of Woodlands—the next estate to Locust Grove?"

A look of peculiar meaning passed between the young men, as the one thus addressed was about to speak, but he answered only by expressing the hope that she had not sustained any material injury from her fall. Her assertion that she was perfectly well was quite unnecessary, for she was in brilliant spirits, and during the ride home, appropriated Mr. Atherton entirely to herself, leaving Sybil, whom she had not even introduced, to the care of his friend and companion Mr. Grey.

Sybil Fleming's first impression in favor of this gentleman, was confirmed during their homeward ride that evening. There was a charm about his conversation she had never experienced before—but whether it consisted in the liquid melody of his tones, or the sparkling vivacity and piquancy of his remarks, she was unable to determine. One thing she felt—there was a world of feeling in those deep-set, earnest eyes, which seemed to read her very soul as they were turned upon her, and intellect sat en

throned on that broad and lofty brow, which in her imagination might have furnished a study for a painter or a sculptor. When on their arrival at home, Evelina gave her companion an invitation to enter, Sybil hoped he might accept it, for Mr. Grey was in the midst of an animated description, which she was unwilling to lose. It was declined, however, with the promise of an early call, and the gentlemen departed very differently impressed in regard to their fair companions. One had been greatly amused with the evident design upon his person, entertained by the young lady with whom he had been riding—the other congratulated himself on having met what he had long since despaired of finding, a young and lovely female in whom art had not entirely triumphed over nature.

The call was made at Woodlands, and repeated again and again, for the gentleman we have called Mr. Grey, always found some good excuse for dragging thither Cecil Atherton, who to confess the truth, was much annoyed by the attentions of Miss Danforth, though he endured them with the patience of a martyr; taking long moonlight walks with her, in order to give his friend an opportunity of enjoying the society of Sybil Fleming. And delightful walks they were to Sybil and her companion, who was every day discovering some new beauty of heart and mind in the pure and lovely being at his side. He knew that her image was before him wherever he went—that when he opened a book, those dark spiritual eyes were gazing at him on every page—that he had taught the very echoes to repeat the musical name of Sybil—and that the world to him was divided into two parts—that where she was, and where she was not—but not until he was obliged to leave her, did he feel how necessary she had become to his happiness; in short, how truly and passionately he loved her. And Sybil—did she return his affection? If it were so, nothing in her manner had ever betrayed the secret, and he respected too much the maidenly delicacy of her character to seek for a manifestation of regard before his own had been declared.

The evening before the departure of the two friends, was spent by them at Mr. Danforth's, who had recently returned from a long journey, and was impatient to be introduced to the Mr Atherton, of whom he had heard so much. No sooner had that



gentleman made his appearance, than he was politely fastened upon by both mother and daughter, leaving Mr. Grey as usual quite at liberty to devote himself to Cousin Sybil, who, like himself, was a mere "nobody" in their estimation. The beauty of the evening tempted them out on the balcony which overhung the river, and where under cover of the storm of music with which Evelina was assailing Mr. Atherton, they could converse unheard. Never had Sybil looked more lovely. In a simple robe of white muslin, without any ornaments but the shining ringlets of dark hair which veiled, without concealing her fair brow and swan-like neck, she looked like a poet's embodied dream of purity and truth.

"This scene is beautiful, beyond description," said Mr. Grey, as they stood gazing on the river, which sparkled in the moonbeams as if studded with myriads of minute stars, "but to-morrow I must bid it farewell, and go back to the world, which for a few weeks past I had almost forgotten."

"Sybil started, and turned pale as she said in a low tone, "Do you indeed leave us so soon? I hoped—that is—I thought that Mr. Atherton remained until autumn in the country."

I have received letters," he replied, "which make it necessary for me to leave for B., and my friend has kindly offered to accompany me. But Miss Fleming," he added, drawing her to a seat, "need I say what it is which renders it so difficult for me to tear myself from this spot? Need I tell you what is the charm that makes it the sweetest spot I ever inhabited? You must long since have seen, what I have never before dared to tell you, how truly my heart was all your own. Sybil, dear Sybil, tell me by one word, one look, that I have not loved utterly in vain, and may hope, in time, to obtain what I most covet on earth—an interest in your affections. Will you not answer me?"

Sybil could not answer, for her heart was full even to bursting; but the timid glance she gave her lover was more eloquent than words—and she suffered him to press the small white hand which he had taken passionately, to his lips; then darting from him with the speed of a fawn, she sought her own room, and burying her glowing face in the pillows of the sofa, wept blissful tears of

gratitude and joy. Her bright hopes were all fulfilled—she was warmly, ardently beloved, by the only being she had ever seen who realized her youthful dreams of nobleness and excellence, oh, if her beloved mother could but know and approve her choice!

While this scene was passing on the balcony, Mr. Atherton was acting his part to admiration in the drawing room. He made many flattering speeches, sighed once or twice very ominously, but though every facility was generously afforded him, he did not say the important words which were to make Miss Danforth the mistress of Locust Grove. On the contrary, he proposed leaving, as soon as his friend returned to the parlor, and with a bland smile, kissed his hand to the fair Evelina, softly murmuring, “Adieu, au revoir,” and was gone, ere she could rally her thoughts sufficiently to return his parting salutation. Hope, however, was busy at her heart. “We shall meet in town,” she said mentally, “for I know he has a splendid establishment there, and then I will make one grand effort to secure the prize.” Of Mr. Grey, she never even thought, for he seemed to her so unworthy of notice by the side of Cecil Atherton, that she had scarcely wasted one word or look upon him.

Weeks passed away, and the family of Mr. Danforth had returned to town. Sybil had heard often from her lover, and every letter filled her young heart to overflowing with pride and tenderness; for in the noble nature thus laid open to her view, all she saw, tended to ennoble and exalt her own character. But they had never met since that well-remembered evening, and the family of her uncle were still ignorant of her attachment, for in truth, it was a matter in which they felt little interest. Mrs. Danforth and her daughter had but one absorbing idea—the desire to outstrip all competitors in the race of fashion, and to secure Cecil Atherton, who was in point of wealth a more eligible *parti* than Fred Somers.

The fashionable season had commenced, and Evelina Danforth was engaged in a constant succession of balls, assemblies, soirees, and all the et cetera of city life among the “upper ten thousand;” but Cecil Atherton, who had been suddenly called to the South, had not yet made his appearance. One morning,

while Evelina was still in the breakfast room, Laura came in, suddenly exclaiming, "Sister, you will be very sorry that you refused to go to Mrs. Wilmot's party last evening, for who do you think was there? Mr. Cecil Atherton—and he was the lion of the evening, for Helen Wilmot told me so this moment; but she says her mamma told all the young ladies that his affections are engaged. I wonder who is the happy lady, don't you, Cousin Sybil?"

Sybil had started and blushed, on hearing the name, for another and dearer one was associated with it in her mind; but she answered truly, and with perfect unconcern, "Indeed, Laura, I have no curiosity about it."

Not so with Evelina—she was in a flutter of delight, never once doubting that if Mr. Atherton's affections were engaged, it was to her own fair self. It was still early, but Sybil had hardly reached her own room after assisting Laura in her drawing lesson, when a servant came to inform her that a gentleman who had sent up his card, had inquired for Miss Fleming. The card bore the name of Cecil Atherton. "He brings me a message from Allan Grey," she said to herself, and the thought caused her cheek to glow, and her heart to throb wildly, as she descended to the drawing room. When she entered, a gentleman was standing with his back toward her, looking at a picture, but she could not be mistaken in the figure, and sprang eagerly forward, exclaiming—

"Allan Grey! Can it be possible?"

"Sybil, my own dear Sybil," he replied, "forgive the involuntary deception I have practised. Do not turn away from me, dearest—you will not, I trust, refuse to Cecil Atherton, the love that made Allan Grey so happy."

"But how is this?" she inquired, "I do not understand it all—why take the name of another?"

"I did not take it, dear Sybil," he said smiling, "you will remember it was given me by your cousin, who made the natural mistake of supposing that my handsome friend must be the favorite of fortune in every respect. When I discovered the error, I did not correct it, for I had long been anxious to know if I could hope to be loved for myself alone, and my first interview

with you, dearest, made me desirous to try the experiment in your case. It has been completely successful, restoring to me the confidence I had nearly lost in the excellence of your sex, and winning for me the truest, and noblest, and best of human hearts. And now, my own Sybil, will you pardon me, and believe that though the name is changed, my heart is still the same, loving you more fondly, more fervently than ever, and ready to atone, by a life's devotion, for the only deception of which I have ever been guilty?"

"But my aunt!" murmured Sybil, "my cousin! what will they say?"

"They are your relatives, Sybil, and therefore sacred in my eyes, but you are well aware of the nature of their attentions to the supposed Mr. Atherton, and must feel with me that no very deep wounds are to be apprehended in this case. But, dearest, I have a suit to urge, will you not promise me to listen patiently, and answer me favorably?"

We shall not repeat to our readers the arguments by which Cecil Atherton obtained the consent of Sybil Fleming to become his wife almost immediately, or describe the scene which took place when Evelina was informed by him of the mistake into which she had fallen, and of his engagement to the country cousin, whom she considered so greatly her inferior. Her rage and mortification were excessive, particularly as Fred Somers, whom she had cut decidedly on her return to town, was the accepted lover of a dashing belle, and Frank Meredith had never called since taking a walk with Sybil Fleming, from which both had returned silent and embarrassed. Poor Evelina! she was doomed to feel still keener pangs: for her father, who was proud of what he called the success of his niece, gave her a magnificent trousseau, and Sybil Fleming was universally pronounced the most beautiful bride of the season. Yet, lovely as she then was in the eyes of her devoted husband, he declares that the experience of every year only proves—

"How much the wife is dearer than the bride,"

and laughingly advises all the single gentlemen of his acquaintance to obtain, if possible, a Country Cousin, as a companion for life.

Original.

## A FRIEND IN THE HOUR OF AFFLICTION

BY CAROLINE LOVEGROVE.

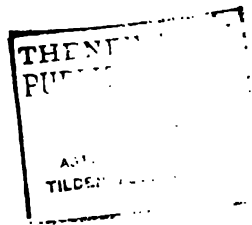
There is a Friend, more tender, true,  
Than brother e'er can be ;  
Who, when all others bid adieu,  
Remains—the last to flee ;  
Who, be their path-way light or dim,  
Deserts not those who turn to Him.

The heart by Him sustained, though deep  
Its anguish, still can bear ;  
The soul he condescends to keep  
Shall never know despair ;  
In nature's weakness, sorrow's night,  
God is its strength, its joy, its light.

He is the Friend who changeth not,  
In sickness, or in health ;  
Whether on earth our transient lot  
Be poverty or wealth ;  
In joy or grief, contempt or fame,  
To all who seek Him, still the same !

Of human hearts he holds the key ;  
Is friendship meet for ours ?  
Oh, be assured that none but he  
Unlocks its noblest powers !  
He can recall the lost, the dead,  
Or give us dearer in their stead.

Of earthly friends, who finds them true  
May boast a happy lot ;  
But happier still, life's journey through,  
And earthly joys forgot,  
To feel a heavenly Friend is nigh  
Whose love and care can never die !





*The Slave Girl*

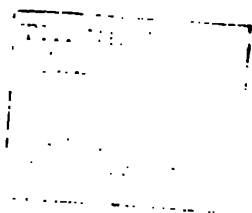








*Phoe.*



ORIGINAL.

## WOMAN AS SHE SHOULD BE.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

" **THERE** woman reigns—the mother, daughter, wife,  
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow path of life;  
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye  
An angel guard of loves and graces lie—  
Around her train, domestic virtues meet,  
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet."

*Campbell.*

" O name for comfort, refuge, hope, and peace,  
O spot by gratitude and memory blest!  
Where as in brighter worlds, " the wicked cease  
From troubling, and the weary are at rest;"  
Where sweet affections every heart entwine,  
And differing tastes and talents all unite,  
In charity to man, and love divine—  
Thou little kingdom of serene delight,  
Heaven's nursery and foretaste! O what bliss,  
When earth to wearied man can give a home like this."

*Martin Farquhar Tupper.*

If there is on earth one spot in which a remnant of the bliss of Paradise still lingers, in which some flowerets of Eden still bloom, unsullied by "the trail of the serpent," it is the happy home, where conjugal, parental, and filial love guard, hand in hand, the dearest interests of society and the world. Here, as in a sanctuary, all gentle hopes and fond affections seek a refuge, and peace, the wanderer, who since the fall has found on earth no resting place, flies to this ark, and folds her wearied wings in safety. Here, as in a sacred enclosure, plants of immortality are trained up for the garden of the Lord, by the watchful hand

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of parental affection, while the influences of Divine grace distil upon them, soft and reviving as the dews of Hermon.

It is of such a home as this, that woman is the warden, and in her hand is the key that unlocks its rich and varied treasures. As the centre of the domestic circle, it is hers to diffuse a genial sunshine all around her, and by the steady light of a pure and consistent example, and the warmth of her own benevolence, to promote the growth of every thing that is lovely, amiable and of good report. But if she is ignorant of her high duties, or unfaithful in the discharge of them—if amid the snares and temptations of life, she forgets the trust committed to her, and becomes the votary of pleasure, or the slave of folly—what misery and desolation must ensue! Let those answer, who have seen that abode of disunion and strife, an unhappy home—where “cold self-interest forms the strongest tie;” where “dull indifference takes the icy hand of constrained fellowship,” and what should be harmony, is all jarring discord and confusion. What hand has wrought this evil? What omitted good, or committed wrong, has thus laid waste earth’s fairest paradise? Alas—woman, the warden, has forsaken her post, and “dropped the key,” and no other can supply the place she has vacated. Improperly and superficially educated—the victim of false sensibility and morbid excitement, she is seeking among the broken cisterns of worldly pleasure, for the happiness which can only be found in the performance of her appropriate and holy duties.

But it is not simply by “magnifying” her “office,” that we can hope to succeed in impressing on the mind of woman her absolute need of a thorough preparation for her responsible vocation. Our sex must be made to feel the importance of an elevated standard of intellectual and moral cultivation, and to labor earnestly for their own advancement; for never, until the necessity for such a standard is deeply felt by ourselves, will the demand be fully met. The importance of woman’s appropriate sphere is certainly undervalued, both by those who would do away all distinction between the sexes, in order to prove their equality, and by the opposite class, who would limit her range of knowledge to the right understanding of household economy.

- Every one who understands the nature of the domestic constitution, and can trace effects back to their causes, must feel that the duties of the wife and mother are of paramount interest and value. The latter is treading, at every step, among the hidden and intricate springs of feeling and action ; she holds in her hand character in its forming stage, and stamps an impress on coming generations. Can there be a station of greater dignity and responsibility than this ? It is because we believe our own province so peculiarly important, and not because we wish to arrogate rights never bestowed upon us by God, that we would have women educated, aye, and highly educated, with a degree of care and attention equal to that bestowed on the other sex. Why the invidious distinction between the advantages possessed by boys and girls in acquiring an education ? Why should a few months of superficial instruction in the one case, be considered an equivalent for years of patient study, under the most favorable circumstances, in the other ? Our sons are systematically trained for the profession or the trade they are intended to pursue, while our daughters are too frequently thrust forth into the station they are designed by God to occupy, in utter ignorance of the elementary principles pertaining to their duty. Shame on the pseudo philosophers who, in the face of all the facts on this subject, gravely moralize on the natural inferiority of woman, and make the consequences of their own injustice, a reason for its longer continuance.

Do any fear that the high cultivation of female intellect, would lead us to overstep the boundaries assigned us by nature, and usurp the proud prerogatives of man ? Let such remember that education is the acquisition of knowledge, and knowledge consists in the right understanding of truth. Will truth, properly understood, lead to error in practice ? It is only a superficial patchwork of acquirements—a smattering of accomplishments, that is a dangerous thing. Those who drink deeply of the “Pierian spring,” have learned modesty and humility, from the vast disproportion that must ever exist between the amount of revealed knowledge, and man’s capacity to acquire it. Happily we are not left to blind theory on this subject. We might point to living

examples among our own sex, and in our own country, who, while they shine as "bright particular stars" in the various walks of literature, are even more beloved and prized for their admirable qualities as women, than admired for their intellectual superiority. Let our sex be thoroughly and systematically educated, and when we understand our own duties, and are qualified for their right discharge, we shall not be likely to wander into forbidden fields in search of employment. We are not to be understood then, as urging woman to leave her proper sphere, when we call upon her to seek earnestly her own moral and intellectual elevation. Those who belong to the class of "nature's worst anomalies," "masculine women," throw away their armor, instead of buckling it on for the conflict of life. They come down from the vantage ground on which God has placed them, to mingle in the gladiatorial strife on very unequal terms; for where "might makes right," the weaker will of course have the worst of the argument. But we do desire our sex to understand and pursue that course which will tend to the perfection of character—physical, mental and moral. Let woman be all she may, as an intelligent creature—all that God intended her to be when he mingled the elements of her character, and she would stand at an almost infinite remove from the contaminating touch of profligacy and crime. Nothing but purity could live for a moment in the atmosphere she should ever breathe—could even gaze upward to the height she is intended to occupy. It is only when her responsibilities are forgotten, when worldliness and vanity are leading her captive at their will, that she is exposed to the snares which have proved fatal in so many instances.

Our sex are peculiarly prone to the indulgence of a sickly sensibility, which, when cherished, forms a most dangerous element of character. Its possessor is taught to believe that woman is "strongest in her weakness," and most amiable when wholly governed by feeling. This is a fatal error, and cannot be too carefully guarded against by maternal vigilance. The truth is, the duties of women require as much concentration of purpose, promptitude of action, and firmness of principle, as those of the other sex. A morbid sentimentality, a vacillating weak-

ness of mind, is as fatal to the usefulness of the wife and mother, as to that of the husband and father. Life is a serious thing—and its various relations demand strength of intellect, and of character. The temptations by which we are surrounded—the difficulties that meet us at every step—the certainty that in an important sense, our destiny is in our own keeping, and the relations we sustain to others, all render it of imperative necessity that strength of character and firmness of principle should be sedulously inculcated on the youthful female. Rousseau and others of his class evinced their knowledge of human nature when they painted the charms of sensibility, falsely so called, in such glowing colors. They knew that this “amiable weakness” steals away, one by one, all the barriers that guard female excellence—and leaves it single-handed and defenceless to cope with its enemies.

But, it may be said that many women of strong minds have been among the most degraded of the sex, living in open violation of the most sacred laws. This has always been true, particularly in infidel France, but it does not affect the justice of our remarks. We are pleading for strength of character—of principle, not simply strength of intellect. The one is the gift of God, and may be fatally perverted. The other is at once the cause and consequence of right doing, and obedience to God’s commands. A woman of strong mind may make the worse appear the better reason, and say to evil, “be thou my good;” but the woman of strong principle will meet every emergency with the one inquiry, “What is right? what would my Father in heaven have me to do?” Strength of mind alone may become a powerful instrument of evil—strength of principle, founded on the word of God, will secure its possessor against temptation and transgression in all their forms.

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#### THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

“The Good’s the flower to earth already given  
The Beautiful, on earth sows flowers from heaven.”

*Schiller.*



THE following lines, written by Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY, were addressed to the Author of "A Mother's Tribute." They were elicited by the touching request of the youthful subject of that memoir, to be buried at the feet of her beloved and revered Grandfather.

"LAY ME AT HIS FEET."

"Oh lay me *at his* feet, that reverend man,  
Who as a prince had power, and in the cause  
Of his Redeemer wrought so faithfully.  
Yes, lay me at his feet; and though the shrubs  
And clustering flowers have ta'en a rooting there,  
Still find me room, for I have loved him well,  
And on his prayers he bore me, ere I learn'd  
To lisp his name. Sweet to lie down and sleep,  
A young disciple, at his blessed feet,  
And when the strong archangel rends the tomb,  
To rise with him."—

And so, they laid her there,  
That bird of song, who lingered here awhile,  
To teach us, what the pure in heart must be.—  
They laid *her* at his feet, whose warbled strain  
So oft had thrilled his aged breast with joy,  
While here a pilgrim in this vale of tears.  
For she had seen a beckoning in the skies,  
From the wing'd choir, and put her hand in theirs,  
And, with a childlike trust, went up to join  
Their everlasting hymn. L. H. S.

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CHILDHOOD.

"CHILDHOOD is the season of *true Royalty*. Children command us all: they bid us do this, and do that; come here, and go there, show the picture, or tell the story, or sing the song, and we do it all with delighted obedience. It is *innocence* we serve; nay, we feel them, in so much, beings of a higher order; we forget not that of 'such is the Kingdom of Heaven,' and that the *Angel* of every one of them does continually behold the face of the *Most High*."

## ON THE PROPER TREATMENT OF INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD.

BY DR. A. COMBE.

"It is, indeed, astonishing from what an early age a faculty will respond to its stimulus, whether that stimulus be direct, or only from sympathy.

Madame Necker gives an affecting example of this fact, which she witnessed in a child of nine months old. The child was gaily playing on its mother's knee, when a woman, whose physiognomy expressed deep but calm sadness, entered the room. From that moment the child's attention was wholly fixed on the person, whom it knew, but for whom it had no particular affection. By degrees its features became indisposed. Its playthings dropt from its hands, and at length it threw itself, sobbing violently, upon its mother's bosom. It felt neither fear nor pity; it knew not why it suffered, but it sought relief in tears. Facts like these, show how careful we ought to be in duly regulating the moral as well as physical influences by which infancy is surrounded.

It has often been affirmed, that bad temper, strong passions, and even intellectual peculiarities, are communicated to the infant through the medium of the mother's or nurse's milk, and that hence it is of great consequence, in choosing a nurse, to select one of a cheerful and amiable character. But while admitting that the quality of the milk may exert an influence, I am disposed to believe that the effect upon the child is caused more especially by the natural action of the evil passions stirring up, and, in a manner, educating the corresponding passions in the child. Many sensible people imagine that they may say or do anything in the presence of an infant, because it is too young to observe or be affected by it. This, however, is a great mistake; it is true that an infant may be unable to form an intellectual opinion on

any occurrence; but it is not the less true, that from a very early period, as shown by Madame Necker, its feelings respond to the calls made upon them, and thus give a bias to the mind long before the child can exercise any act of judgment.

It is a common and pernicious error in modern education, to imagine that the passions and moral emotions implanted in the human mind, are the results of intellectual cultivation, and that intellectual discipline will suffice to regulate them. Under this mistaken notion, parents are often disappointed and displeased with the child, when after a full explanation of the impropriety of the feeling or passion, it still, on the recurrence of the temptation, gives way to it as much as before. I have known a father, under this false impression, lecture, threaten, and punish his child, and take every way but the right one to correct it, and all in vain. Fortunately for mankind, however, morality and religion have a much more solid foundation than as mere deductions from an erring intellect. They are based on feelings implanted in the very nature of man, and which mere intellectual cultivation or neglect can neither generate nor destroy; and their real strength and authority will not be fully recognised till they are cherished and developed in strict accordance with the natural constitution. Like the external senses, they must be habitually exercised upon their appropriate objects—in worshipping the true God, and in doing justice and loving mercy—before they can attain their proper influence over the character, and their true authority in regulating human conduct.

From almost the first hour of existence, this principle should be systematically acted upon, and the utmost care be therefore taken to secure at all times, a *healthy, moral atmosphere, for the young*. To do perfect justice to the infant, there is required, on the part of the mother, a combination of cheerful activity, good sense, knowledge, readiness of resource, unfailing kindness, and impartiality, which is not often to be met with. But, by aiming at a high standard, we shall make a nearer approximation to what is required, than if we rest satisfied in indifference, with whatever occurs. It is lamentable to reflect how numerous are those mothers, who, from indolence or other causes, leave the entire con-

trol of their offspring to an unqualified attendant, and even themselves give way to expressions of anger or caprice, which cannot fail to act injuriously upon the infant mind.

*Let us, then, not deceive ourselves, but ever bear in mind, that what we desire our children to become, we must endeavor ourselves to be.* If we wish them to grow up kind, gentle, affectionate, upright, and true, we must habitually exhibit the same qualities as regulating principles in our conduct, because these qualities act as so many stimulants to the respective faculties in the child. If we cannot restrain our own passions, but at one time overwhelm the young with kindness, and at another, surprise and confound them by our caprice or anger, we may with as much reason expect to gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles, as to develop moral purity and simplicity of character in them. It is in vain to argue that, because the infant's intellect is feeble, it cannot detect the inconsistencies which we practise. The feelings and reasoning faculties, being perfectly distinct from each other, may, and sometimes do act independently, and the feelings at once condemn, although the judgment may be unable to assign a reason for doing so. Here is another of the many admirable proofs which we meet with in the animal economy, of the harmony and beauty which pervade all the works of God, and which render it impossible to pursue a right course without also doing collateral good, or to pursue a wrong course without producing collateral evil. If the mother, for example, controls her own temper for the sake of her child, and endeavors systematically to seek the guidance of her higher and purer feelings, in her general conduct, the good which results is not limited to the consequent improvement of the child. She herself becomes healthier and happier, and every day adds to the pleasures of success. If the mother, on the other hand, gives way to fits of passion, selfishness, caprice, and injustice, the evil is by no means limited to the suffering which she brings upon herself. Her child also suffers both in disposition and happiness; and while the mother secures, in the one case, the love and regard of all who come into communication with her, she rouses in the other, only their fear or disapprobation."

Original.

## THE LOST TALISMAN.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

"For lovers' eyes more sharply sighted be.  
Than other men's, and in deare love's delight  
See more than any other eyes can see,  
Through mutual receipt of beam's bright,  
Which carry privie message to the spright,  
And to their eyes that inmost faire display,  
As plain as light discovers dawning day."

*Spenser's Fairie Queene.*

*Orsino.* "Is this your goddess? By my halidome, now that mine eyes are opened, the divinity is all gone, and she seemeth to me but an every-day woman."—*Old Play.*

"BLESSED is the bride whom the sun shines on." Doubly blest, then, was young Annie Lee on her bright wedding day, for not only was the glad sunshine all about her, but nature herself seemed to wear a robe of richer green, and a coronal of lovelier flowers than usual, to grace the auspicious bridal. Warm and tried friends were at her side, whose whispered words of congratulation were mingled with tears that could not be repressed, for she, the beloved of every heart, the darling of the household group, was about to leave them for a new and distant home. But not one shade of sadness—not one doubt or misgiving—marred the perfect happiness of the youthful bride, as her fond husband folded her to his heart, murmuring, "Bless thee, dearest! now thou art indeed mine—mine only, and forever!" Annie Lee loved with all the fervor of a first affection, and she had been so often assured by her lover that in his eyes she was

an angel—that whatever she said or did, was “wisest, discreetest, best,” no wonder if she had learned half to believe it, and to feel that into her little paradise, no cares or sorrows could find an entrance. She had yet to learn from experience, the stern teacher whose lessons are engraven on the heart, that “love’s young dream” may fade away as the realities of life press upon the spirit, leaving only disappointment or indifference in its stead.

Among the numerous relatives of the happy pair, was a bachelor uncle of Annie, who, though in his own quiet way, something of a humorist, was, from his overflowing kindness, and his knowledge of the world, the oracle of the circle in which he moved. He loved the fair girl who had grown up from infancy to womanhood beneath his eye, almost with paternal affection, and rejoiced in the bright prospects opening before her; but he read her character accurately, and trembled lest the defects which in her own well-ordered home had been hardly visible, might under other circumstances seriously affect her happiness.

“My darling Annie,” he said to her the evening before her departure, as he drew her away from the gay circle by which she was surrounded, “I have reserved my gift until the last, because I have the vanity to think it the most valuable.” As he spoke, he clasped a bracelet about her wrist, containing a gem exquisitely set, whose changing light seemed to Annie more beautiful than any thing she had ever seen. “It is an opal,” he continued, “which I brought with me from the East, and which was long worn by a Persian princess as a charm to shield her from all evil influences. If you carefully observe my directions, it will prove to you a talisman by which you may perpetuate and even increase the affection of him to whom you have given your hand and heart.” The young wife threw back the clustering ringlets from her sunny brow, and looked in the face of her uncle with an arch smile of incredulity, at the bare thought of increasing the attachment of her husband—and as to its continuance—was she not quite certain of that, even without a talisman? “I see you do not believe in the virtues of my precious opal,” said her uncle gayly, “but I must nevertheless insist on its

being worn precisely in the manner I shall prescribe, on penalty of my displeasure, and what is far worse, of your own unhappiness." Annie was struck with the earnest manner of her revered relative, and gracefully apologizing for her levity, promised to obey in all things, the directions he might give. "They are very brief," he replied, "you have only to continue to be as a wife, what you have been as a young lady, and the lustre of the opal will be undimmed by a single shadow. This talisman will preserve its power while the wearer remains unchanged, but were you to lose the cheerfulness, the good humor, the attention to the wishes of others, and the desire to please, which have won the heart of him you love, its brilliancy would vanish, its virtues all be lost. Remember, dear Annie, that Edward Raymond, in choosing you, believes that he has secured a being almost faultless—do not rudely undeceive him, but descend so gradually from the pedestal on which love has placed you, that in the estimable qualities of the woman and the wife, he may never have cause to regret the loss of the fancied divinity. In a word, for I see you are weary of my homily, guard well your precious talisman, for if by carelessness or wrong on your part, its virtues are lost, they can never be wholly restored."

"You shall see," said the light-hearted girl, "how very, very careful I will be of my beautiful bracelet; but if you think Edward or I could ever love each other less than we do now, you are altogether mistaken. Love sees nothing but beauties—is it not so, Edward?"

The answer was a satisfactory one to Annie, and the wise uncle shook his head, smiled, and wisely said—nothing.

When Edward Raymond took his youthful bride to his own delightful home, in the valley of the Wyoming, he was still as fondly in love as in the happy days of courtship; and, if he had learned that his sweet wife was not yet quite an angel, there was nothing in the discovery that tended to chill the ardor of his affections. But he was a man of business, and in the habit of attending to every part of his extensive concerns himself; so that for many hours of each day, he was necessarily absent from home; and sometimes, too, when he returned, his brow was

clouded, and his manner thoughtful. But the sight of his own cheerful fireside, and smiling Annie, seldom failed to drive away all traces of care, and restore his wonted cheerfulness and good humor. Unfortunately, however, Annie Raymond expected from her husband the same daily and hourly attentions, which, as a lover, he had bestowed; and was childishly impatient, and even jealous of the time and thought he devoted to business. At first, she playfully expostulated when he was about to leave her for his duties abroad; then reproached him for what she termed unkindness to one whom he had separated from all her friends; and at last, wept, when reproaches and entreaties were unavailing. It was hard to withstand the tears of one so tenderly beloved, even though they were felt to be unreasonable; but Mr. Raymond was a man of sense and firmness, and when he found himself unable to convince by argument, or soothe by kindness, he left her to weep alone over her imaginary sorrows. These scenes were so frequent, that they began seriously to affect the happiness of Edward and Annie Raymond; and, though there were still seasons when, in the outpouring of mutual affection, all seemed forgotten, something of constraint mingled with, and clouded the enjoyment even of such moments. Alas! Annie had forgotten her talisman, and, before she had been six months a wife, the discovery that her husband had interests in life which claimed a share of his thoughts and attention apart from her, robbed her of all her enjoyment; while he had learned bitterly to feel that his heart's chosen was unreasonable, exacting, and, if it must be confessed, a little selfish. Edward Raymond was scrupulously neat in his personal habits, and he saw with pain amounting almost to indignation, that, when at home, or alone with him, his wife was generally in a most unbecoming dishabille. She had always before marriage been neatly and tastefully arrayed in his presence; but, now, at the breakfast table, and often, if no company was expected, at dinner too, her fine form was carelessly wrapped in a loose morning gown, and her hair in papers, from mere indolence, or, as he sometimes fancied, from indifference to his society. Let no one



say these were small things. Is not the heart's history made up of small things, and is it not a succession of trifles which composes the aggregate sum of human happiness or misery? The wedded pair who, in their daily intercourse with each other, disregard small things, will find that the soul of affection has fled long before any great event occurs to overthrow the worthless fabric which enclosed it.

Matrimony was once defined by a keen, but sarcastic observer of men and things, as "a disenchanting process, by which gods and goddesses are reduced to the level of ordinary men and women." In the case of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, this was certainly true. Surrounded by every earthly blessing that could conduce to their felicity—naturally amiable and affectionate, and without one gross fault on either side to destroy domestic peace—they had, from a succession of trifling errors, become gradually estranged, until each had learned to seek for sources of happiness independent of, and separate from the other. We are constrained to admit that, in this case, the wife was most in fault, though unconscious of her error, and, for a season at least, anxious to discharge aright her new and solemn duties. Had her husband only remembered, that, as the petted darling of a large circle, Annie was accustomed to the indulgence of every wish, and must be gradually and very gently inured to a different state of things; had he frankly opened his heart to her when pained by her negligence, instead of turning coldly away, while the arrow was rankling in his bosom—in short, had he fulfilled, in its spirit, the marriage vow, which bound him sacredly to watch over her interests, and to guard her happiness, all might yet have been well. But he did what too many, under similar circumstances, have done—he proudly crushed down his wounded affections, until they were hardened to stone, and consoled himself with the reflection—"It is the nature of woman to deceive, and the whole sex are undoubtedly alike. If, in the lottery of marriage, I have not drawn a prize so valuable as I supposed, I must bear the disappointment as I best may."

Marriage a lottery! we protest against the term, and the idea it is intended to convey, as dangerous and degrading to both

sexes. It is a lottery only to those who, having eyes, close them wilfully in the choice of a companion for life, and suffer fancy to take the lead in a matter which, more than any other, requires the exercise of reason and judgment. He who runs may read the fact, that the indolent, inexperienced, self-willed girl, whose every whim has been indulged until she is more capricious than the wind, and whose thoughts and affections are divided between the last French bonnet and the last French novel, though she may be an entertaining companion at a ball or party, will make at best, an indifferent wife and mistress of a family. Shall the man who marries such an one, because she is fair and graceful, complain, when he has transferred the pretty toy to his own dwelling, to find that it will neither cook his dinner, nor manage his house, nor interest his leisure hours? Shall he call marriage a lottery therefore? Shame on him for the ungenerous subterfuge.

In the choice of a husband, the case is very nearly similar. True it is, that as men are not often seen, previous to marriage, in the privacy of home, their real character is not so easily discovered. Still there are certain traits which may readily be seen by an accurate observer, and in all cases where a shade of suspicion rests on the moral character, she who is wise, will regard the warning. But how many there are, who have staked their all of earthly happiness on the false maxim, "a reformed rake makes the best husband," and who, when they find their mistake, take refuge in the hackneyed reflection that "marriage is a lottery," and, like thousands of others, they have but drawn a blank!

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Annie had been married nearly two years, when she was agreeably surprised by the arrival of her eldest sister, with the bachelor uncle of whom mention has already been made in our narrative. They had long feared, from the coldness and brevity of her letters, that all was not right; and during a visit she had made at home unaccompanied by her husband, that fear was converted into certainty. Something was evidently amiss, but could anything be done in a matter so difficult, so delicate? To

ascertain, if possible, the source and extent of the estrangement they plainly saw, Catherine Lee and her uncle had visited W., and on their arrival they were shocked to perceive the cold politeness with which the once devoted husband treated their beloved Annie; while on her part, his presence was hardly recognised. Both united in a cordial welcome to the travelers, but an air of restraint pervaded the party, and all felt, at the close of the first evening, that it was the most uncomfortable one they had ever spent together.

The next morning was passed by Annie and her sister in the dressing-room of the latter, in recollections of former days, and anecdotes of the home which both loved so well. No allusion was made to Annie's history since they parted, and she carefully shunned all mention of her own separate interests, though her heart thrilled with melancholy pleasure as the bright days of girlhood passed in review before her. The hours flew rapidly by, and the sisters were still in their morning dresses, when the ringing of the bell and the entrance of gentlemen announced the dinner hour. Catherine started up as a footstep approached the room, exclaiming, "How the moments have flown! I am really ashamed to be caught at this hour in my morning costume," while Annie coolly said, "Do'nt distress yourself, my dear, it is only my husband."

"Only your husband, Annie! who would have thought, two years ago, of hearing you make such a remark about Edward Raymond?" Catherine spoke lightly, but the observation jarred on the feelings of the wife, and she colored as she replied, "There is some difference, I imagine, between a lover and husband, at least I have found it so. It is hardly worth while to dress for one who does not look at me to see what I wear, and therefore I consult my own comfort, and appear as I please. I certainly should not dress for dinner, were it not for my particular uncle, for one's husband is next to nobody, you know." Catherine Lee made no reply, for she was too deeply grieved and wounded to collect her thoughts at once; but her sister's words had given her matter for deep and painful meditation. "Only my husband!" In the tone and manner of the speaker,

what a volume of bitter meaning had these simple words unfolded to her view. She read there, a story of alienation and coldness, which wrung her heart. Could this be the ardent and sensitive girl, who, two short years before, had loved with a fervor approaching idolatry, the man of whom she now spoke with such apparent indifference? What had wrought the change? What direful influence had been at work to destroy the happiness of these beloved beings? Might she not now, by careful investigation, ascertain the source of the evils she deplored, and apply a remedy before they became incurable?

The change in Edward and Annie Raymond, so visible to Catharine Lee, did not escape the observation of her uncle. He saw with sorrow and surprise, the coldness existing between the husband and wife; and he saw too, that though both affected cheerfulness, and even gayety, in his presence, neither was really happy. The clouded brow, and abstracted air, of the once frank and animated Edward, bespoke a mind ill at ease; while the forced vivacity of his darling Annie was evidently worn as a cloak to conceal her secret disquietude. The good old gentleman was at first sadly puzzled to account for this state of things. They had certainly married for love—every thing in their external circumstances seemed bright and prosperous, and yet they were evidently unhappy. A few days' observation enabled Mr. Elliston to see his way more clearly, and his resolution was soon taken. "I will not," he said to himself, "see this dear child throw away her own happiness, without making an effort to save her. God grant it may not yet be too late."

"Annie," said Mr. Elliston, as they stood together on the bank of a beautiful stream; "do you remember the evening before your departure from home; and the charge I gave you? Have you guarded well the precious gift then bestowed? I have not observed the bracelet on your arm since my arrival." The dreaded moment had arrived, when Annie must confess to her uncle that the valuable gem was indeed lost, though in what way, whether stolen, or dropped from her wrist, she could never discover. With tears and blushes, the story was told, and at its close, her auditor remained for a short time in silence. "I am

truly sorry," at last he gravely said, "to hear that the talisman is no longer in your possession, for I am well aware that the consequences I predicted, have followed its loss. You are ill at ease, my sweet child, and Edward shares in your unhappiness. What has come between you, thus to divide hearts which God himself hath joined together?" As he spoke, he seated himself on the moss-covered root of a decayed oak, and drew Annie gently to his side. "Come, and be once more a child, my darling, and open to me your whole heart, as you used to do in days of yore. If I cannot relieve, I can at least sympathise with you, and this to the burdened heart may be a source of consolation." Thus invited, Annie poured out her hoarded store of cares and grievances, into the ear of her uncle, eloquently expatiating on the disappointment and sorrow, which had stolen the bloom from her cheek, and the lustre from her eye. "Have I not cause for unhappiness," she said as she ended her narration, "when my husband has ceased to love me, or to find pleasure in my society?"

"You have indeed," was the almost stern reply; "but it is because you have so madly, so recklessly thrown away the domestic felicity you might have enjoyed. Pardon me, dear Annie, for dealing plainly with you, but the wish to serve you impels me to speak the truth. From your own confession, the first cause of disagreement must be traced to your unreasonable and improper disregard of your husband's interests. You foolishly expected him to sacrifice every thing else, that he might devote himself to you alone; and, because he very properly refused compliance with your wishes, you received him with coldness, or with frowns, when he returned from abroad to his own fireside. Here was your first error. But there is still another: You have not been careful, as a wife, to preserve, by scrupulous attention to the tastes and wishes of your husband, the heart you had gained; but, by negligence in this particular, have given him too much reason to imagine that you considered it a worthless prize. My sex have not the disinterested generosity and forbearance of yours, Annie. We require more to satisfy affection, and make less allowance for infirmity or inadvertence. But,

take courage," he added, as he saw the distress of the conscience-stricken wife, "you may yet regain all you have lost, and be even the happier for the lessons of experience."

Mrs. Raymond made no reply ; but the mournful and desponding expression of her countenance, spoke more loudly than words her self-accusation and wretchedness.

"Do not despair, my beloved Annie," said the kind old man ; "only be patient and hopeful, and these clouds will all pass away. Let your husband see, by your attention to his wishes, your scrupulous care of your own person, and your cheerfulness in his society, that his happiness is your first earthly consideration, and you will soon possess, in his tried and well-grounded affections, more than you have lost in the romantic devotion of the lover. But, even should it be otherwise, remember that no coldness on the part of another, can exonerate you from your duties as a wife. The obligations you have voluntarily assumed before high Heaven were not idle words, to be lightly spoken and soon forgotten. They were intended to guard interests whose sacredness and importance none can duly estimate until they can trace the destiny of the immortal spirit through the boundless ages of eternity. But 'love makes easy service;' and, to you, my Annie, who have so much reason to love and reverence your husband, the duty surely cannot be very irksome. Promise me," he continued, fondly parting the ringlets that shaded her fair brow, "that you will drive away the foul demons of discontent and ennui, and become once more my good and smiling Annie."

"I am too miserable to make that promise, my dear, kind uncle," she replied, "but you have to-day given me a new view of myself, and taught me some lessons I shall never forget. Would to heaven I had better understood my duty and my interest when I so thoughtlessly took upon myself these solemn obligations!"

A short time after this conversation, Mr. Elliston and his niece departed, and Annie was left alone in her solitary dwelling, as her husband had been for some days absent, on business of importance. But she had an occupation so absorbing, in examining her own heart, in reviewing the past, and laying plans for

the future, that she felt no sensation of loneliness; and, for the first time in many months, met her husband on his return, with the warm and sunny smile of other days. He felt the change in the manner of his wife; but the icy coldness that had settled round his heart was not to be melted by one ray of sunshine. Very often, as she saw his frigid reception of her efforts to please, Annie Raymond was tempted to despair; but she sought for strength to persevere, where none ever sought in vain, and the peace of God descended into her wounded heart.

Mr. Raymond had left his home one morning for an absence of a week, but was brought back in a few hours, bleeding and insensible. He had been violently thrown from his carriage, and the terrified Annie expected every moment to see him breathe his last. She hung in agony over his couch, and not until the physician had examined his wounds, and spoken favorably of his case, could she be forced from his side. For many weeks he continued in a situation of great danger, and during that time, the pale and anxious wife was his untiring attendant. When he opened his eyes after a short and unrefreshing slumber, that sweet face was the first thing on which they rested; and, weak and helpless as an infant, he soon learned to look for the constant smile that greeted his awaking, with almost childish delight. Edward Raymond rose at length from that sick bed, a chastened and humbled man, and even the sensitive heart of Annie was more than satisfied by the unbounded affection with which her faithful services were repaid. All coldness was past, all reserves forgotten, in the full tide of confidence and love, which poured from the grateful hearts so long dissevered, but now united never again to be torn asunder. Mr. Elliston, a short time since, received a letter, from which the following is an extract:

“Rejoice with me, dearest uncle, for my cup of happiness is full to overflowing. I have not regained the precious gem you gave me, but I have found what is far better, the noble heart I so wilfully and madly threw away. Edward sits by me while I write, and bids me say that he is the happiest man alive, and (ought I not to blush while I write it?) that he has the very

best wife in the world. But let no one try again, the experiment which had so nearly made shipwreck of all our earthly hopes. But for you, my true friend, we should have been still miserable, and every day I bless God upon my knees, for the wise counsels which hallowed the gift of the lost talisman "

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### SENTENCES OF CONFUCIUS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

#### "TIME."

"Three-fold the stride of Time, from first to last !  
Loitering slow, the FUTURE creepeth—  
Arrow-swift, the PRESENT sweepeth—  
And motionless forever stands the PAST.

Impatience, fret how e'er she may,  
Cannot speed the tardy goer ;  
Fear and doubt—that crave delay,  
Ne'er can make the Fleet one slower :  
Nor one spell Repentance knows,  
To stir the Still one from repose.

If thou wouldst, wise and happy, see  
Life's solemn journey close for thee,  
The Loiterer's counsel thou wilt heed,  
Though readier tools must shape the deed ;  
Still for thy friend, the Fleet one know,  
Nor make the Motionless thy foe !"

#### "SPACE."

"A threefold measure dwells in space—  
Restless, with never-pausing pace,  
LENGTH, ever stretching forth is found,  
And ever widening, BREADTH extends around,  
And ever DEPTH sinks bottomless below !"

In this, a type thou dost possess—  
On, ever restless, must thou press,  
No halt allow, no languor know,  
If to the Perfect thou wouldst go ;



Must broaden from thyself, until  
 Creation thy embrace can fill ;  
 Must down the depth forever fleeing,  
 Dive to the spirit and the being.  
 The distant goal at length to near  
 Still lengthening labor sweeps ;  
 The full mind is alone the clear,  
 And Truth dwells in the deeps ?

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 Original.

### CONSECRATED INTELLECT.

BY MRS. F. L. SMITH.

"How much owest thou?"

THE duty and privilege of entire self-consecration to the service of God and the good of man, is a theme which cannot too often be made to bear upon the heart of a Christian ; and no one worthy of the name will be unwilling to acknowledge its claims. But it may be questioned whether the distinct and inviolable dedication of the INTELLECT, is not a duty too often utterly overlooked. Present a claim on behalf of your fellow-man, to the purse, or the time, or the self-denying exertions, of the Christian philanthropist, and he will promptly meet the demand. But remind him that the duty of holding his intellect in constant and vigorous requisition, yea, of cultivating and enlarging its powers for this very purpose, is alike imperative, and be not surprised if he start as though you presented to his mind a new and strange thought. Indeed it seems to be a cherished idea with many, that a just appreciation of our mental powers is inseparable from a vain self-conceit. Who would hesitate to speak of the acuteness of his vision, or the strength of his arm, or the power of endurance with which his bodily frame is invested, through fear of being considered proud of these endowments ? But where is the man who ven-

tures to speak as if conscious that God had conferred upon him a clear and vigorous intellect, capable of becoming so enlarged by cultivation, as to be fitted instrumentally to act for good on other minds? Or where is there one who, venturing thus to speak, would not at once be either pitied or condemned as a weak-minded egotist. This false sentiment is admirably met by Mrs. Hale in an Essay entitled "Our Influence upon others," in which she says, "It is a vain thought that insignificance will screen us, and it is generally a false humility that prompts this plea. It is often, but not always sincerely asked, what good can I effect, what power can my obscure character possess? We should rather, surveying the high faculties with which we are endowed, the various furniture of our minds, the innumerable ways in which, by our relative situations, we touch the springs of action in all connected with us, inquire, what good can we *not* accomplish? Why are all these gifts and opportunities lavished upon us? Certainly to promote our happiness; but that is only to be enjoyed by promoting the welfare of others."\* Now what is the secret of this almost universal distinction in the manner of rating the physical and mental powers? Does not He who searches the heart find it here? We realize that vigor of body is God's gift; vigor of mind we are too prone to consider our own. To one it may have been an inheritance; to another, the growth of circumstance; with a third, the result of education. But however obtained, is there not a secret persuasion that it is *our own*, to be used or laid up just according to our choice? Where is the man who feels bounds to speak if he choose to be silent? or to use his pen if he prefer to lay it aside? There is no Christian who would venture to withhold his physical aid or the avails of his income, were he persuaded that the cause of philanthropy demanded them. But where is the *intellect* that is laid with all its powers upon this altar? Where is the man or the woman who distinctly, every day, consecrates the mind that God has given, to his service?

The world *has* seen such men, and around their memories is gathered a halo of glory that will not expire even when "the

\* From "Saturday Evenings," by Mrs C. V. R. M. Hale.

stars shall fall like leaves of autumn." What gave to WILBERFORCE—

"One of the few immortal names  
That was not born to die?"

Was it rank, or learning, or genius, or piety? These he shared with many whose names have already passed into oblivion? Was it not that mighty purpose, which for twenty years concentrated and absorbed the powers of his generous mind, and which yielded not, till it had freed Britain from the guilt, and her subjects from the chains of slavery?

How is HOWARD remembered? As one who traversed Europe to measure the altitude of her mountains or the dimensions of her palaces? No, but as he who went about, taking the gauge of human misery in her dark, damp dungeons, that he might there learn how to perfect his deep-laid plans of mercy.

And what shall cause the name of our own FREELINGHUYSEN to live in so many admiring hearts, long after the echoes of party strife shall have died away? Will he not be remembered as *the red man's friend*, who nobly dared to stand up in the hall of legislation, and plead with eloquent truth against the covenant-breaking policy of a nation's lawgivers?

"If unto marble statues he had spoken,  
Or icy hearts congealed by polar years,  
The strength of his pure eloquence had broken—  
Its generous heat had melted them to tears;  
Which pearly drops had been a rainbow token,  
Bidding the red man soothe his gloomy fears."

But it has been intimated by some, whose name and station demand respect, that WOMAN'S appropriate sphere is limited to her own family-circle; that she transcends her appointed bounds when she suffers her name to appear on the pages even of a magazine; and we have been reminded, in this connexion, that, among the judgments denounced against Israel of old, one was, that they should have women to be their teachers, or that "women should rule over them." With all due respect we would inquire, whether this denunciation brought into disrepute the names of Miriam, and Deborah, and Hannah, whose compositions the

Divine Spirit has seen fit to transmit for the benefit and admiration of Christians to the end of time ?

Who would wish to annihilate the influence of such women as Hannah More, and Mrs. Sigourney, and Catharine Beecher, and Miss Dix ? Who, that rises refreshed in spirit and stimulated to duty from the writings of Caroline Fry and Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna; or our own Miss Sedgwick, breathes a desire that they had never given publicity to their thoughts ? Who would be willing to subtract from our Sabbath School libraries all that has flowed from woman's pen and woman's heart ?

It has so often been asserted, that by many it is received as if capable of demonstration, that a cultivated mind and a ready pen unfit a woman, of necessity, for the every-day duties of domestic life. But, we have *yet to learn* the philosophy of this opinion. We appeal to the candid and intelligent reader, of either sex, whether there be an essential incongruity between the love of general knowledge, and the love of homebred duties. We appeal to the conscientious, whether the wife and mother who redeems time daily that she may cultivate and enlarge her intellectual powers, for the purpose of imparting what she may acquire to others, will be less likely on that account to bring those powers to bear upon the comfort and welfare of her own family. *Can it be* that He who made woman rational and immortal, decreed that she should be severed from the world of mind, and *buried up* under the pressure of mechanical labor ? *Who* will contribute most of zest to the fire-side communings ? or, as the circle gather around the evening table with books or work, whose mind will come most freshly to the aid of the child at his lesson ? who will select the book for the evening's pastime ? nay more, who will ply the needle most cheerfully—the woman whose mind has been weighed down through the day with care and trouble about many things, or she whose spirit has been refreshed and elevated by communion with the wise and good ? There may be, it is true,

“ Hands that will scribble, when they ought to bake,”

but it is not for such that we plead, neither is it from such that

we expect the wholesome sentiments of practical wisdom. Show us a woman who, when circumstances require it, will not wield a broom with as much willingness as a pen, and pride herself as truly in the excellence of a pudding as in the harmony of a couplet, and, depend upon it, you have selected one who, from some moral, physical or mental obliquity, would have exhibited but a *one-sided* character, even though she had never opened a book. But point us to a woman endowed with good sense, solid attainments, an enlightened conscience, and a desire for knowledge, and though she may and will redeem time from indolence and sleep, and useless visits and vain amusements to acquire what she so much covets, yet it is not too much to assert that she will be the last woman in the world to sit down contented in the midst of a neglected and disordered dwelling. A well arranged thought would be easily disconcerted by a disarranged room. Order within will be very apt to secure order around. The eye that discovers most readily the beauty of thought, will not on that account be less awake to the deformity of tattered or slovenly attire. The heart that contemplates most frequently its moral relations to the universe, will not be the last to respond to those ties by which the God of the universe has bound the family together as one. No, it is not such a housekeeper that is accustomed to complain of her duties as drudgery, nor its pleasures as unwelcome cares.

Upon the heart, then, of our Christian country women, as upon our own, we would press the inquiry, "How much owest thou?" Let us put it each to ourselves day by day, as we rise up and lie down—in the house and by the way, and rouse conscience up to give a just reply. Soon it will be put by other lips than our own when, one by one, we shall have put off this mortal coil, and gone alone to stand before the Judge. There it will be asked, not "What did your neighbor? What thought your fellow worm?" But the momentous inquiry in that hour will be—"Heir of immortality, what hast thou done with the talent that I entrusted to thy keeping?"

*Newark, N. J. Oct. 3d, 1846.*

Original.

## THE INFANT REFORMER.

See Engraving.

WE have the pleasure of presenting to our readers this month, a mezzotint engraving which is, in every respect, one of the most finished and perfect specimens of the art. It is engraved from a design by the celebrated Sir Joshua Reynolds, who in the delineation of infant faces and figures has had but one equal—Sir Thomas Lawrence. The artist has embodied with exquisite beauty, the tradition founded on Luke 1st, 80th, that John the Baptist, even from infancy, led a secluded life in the mountains and deserts of the “hill country” of Judea, until, at thirty years of age, he commenced his public career as a preacher of righteousness. He is represented in the plate, at that happy period when nothing is known of life but its flowers and sunshine, catching water as it falls sparkling from the rock, while a lamb, the emblem of innocence, reposes quietly at his side. Even now, however, lines of thought are visible in the sweet face turned partially toward the beholder, and there is a depth of meaning in the soft dark eyes that gaze so earnestly on vacancy, which thrills the heart with involuntary forebodings, as it anxiously inquires, what will be the fate of that fair child, in the future, of which he is now so utterly unconscious? Who could imagine that there sat the infant reformer, whose lessons of stern morality were to penetrate the souls of uncounted thousands as they bowed before the majesty of truth—the dauntless pioneer whose “voice in the wilderness” should prepare the way for the coming of the Son of God, by whom it was said, “among the children of men, there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist.” Who could read in those placid features, the story of lofty heroism which said to the proud king of Galilee, “It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother’s wife,” the story of revenge, imprisonment and early death? Has the shadow of “coming events” fallen already on that innocent spirit, or have the echoes

of the far-off world, broken the stillness of his forest home, that he sits thus thoughtful in that leafy sanctuary? Alas! for the fresh and generous impulses which must all be chilled by contact with his fellow men—for the bright dreams and glad hopes which in after years can return no more!

The story of John the Baptist, graphically related in the 14th of Matthew, furnishes a most instructive example of the influence of sin in debasing the character, and hardening the heart of woman. Herodias had shamelessly violated the most sacred obligations, and trampled on the dearest ties; and, when rebuked by the faithful monitor whom God himself had sent, her hatred and malignity knew no bounds. But her regal paramour had been made a coward by his guilty conscience, and he feared John even more than he disliked the purity of his doctrines. It was not, therefore, the work of a moment to perfect and carry out her plans of vengeance. But the fitting time at length arrived. Herod made, on his birth-day, a great feast for his courtiers and nobles; and, in the midst of the festivities, the daughter of Herodias, the youthful Salome, was called upon to minister to the gratification of the assembly, by her exquisite skill in dancing. Charmed with her performance, the monarch pledges himself to grant her request, whatever it may be, even to the half of his kingdom. What a field of gratified ambition or vanity, or perchance of affection, was thus opened to the vision of the youthful maiden! Here was an opportunity which might never again occur, of realizing those gay dreams which had hovered round her brain, even if they had never affected her heart. For what boon will she supplicate? Listen—"Give me here, I pray thee, the head of John the Baptist in a charger." Impossible! do we hear aright? Can such a request come from the lips of a young and lovely woman? or is it rather a fiend in human shape, who thus seeks to gratify his thirst for blood? Who is it that must die a sudden and violent death, at the instance of such a petitioner? Some notorious malefactor, who has already burdened the earth too long with his iniquities? Some state criminal, whose treasonable practices call aloud for punishment? Ah, no! it is the servant of God, and the friend of man, whose holy teachings have been borne away in the hearts of

myriads, and whose name is a household word in many a grateful, happy family throughout Judea. And what is his offence? He has dared to rebuke wickedness in high places, to assert the paramount authority of his Divine Master in the palace of Herod, and for this he must die. Interest, ambition, vanity, all are forgotten in the one absorbing passion of revenge in the bosom of Herodias, and the fitting daughter of such a mother willingly yields herself up as an instrument of vengeance. Both mother and daughter, immortalized by the pencil of inspiration, are held up to perpetual infamy, as beacons to show how low in crime and degradation a woman may sink, when her relative duties are forgotten or disregarded.

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“ADVICE TO A DAUGHTER, BY REV. W. B. SPRAGUE.

THERE is one point, my daughter, which is too important to be omitted; I refer to the deportment which it becomes you to maintain toward the other sex. The importance of this, both as it respects yourself and others, you can scarcely estimate too highly. On the one hand, it has much to do in forming your own character; and I need not say that any lack of prudence in this respect even for a single hour, may expose you to evils which no subsequent caution could enable you effectually to repair. On the other hand, the conduct of every female who is of any consideration, may be expected to exert an influence on the character of every gentleman with whom she associates; and that influence will be for good or evil, as she exhibits or fails to exhibit, a deportment which becomes her. So commanding is this influence, that it is safe to calculate upon the character of any community, from knowing the prevailing standard of female character, and that can scarcely be regarded as an exaggerated maxim, which declares that “women rule the world.”

Let me counsel you, then, never to utter an expression, or do an act, which even looks like soliciting any gentleman's attention. Remember that every expression of civility, to be of any value, must be perfectly voluntary; and any wish on your part, whether directly or indirectly expressed, to make yourself a favorite, will be certain to awaken the disgust of all who know it.



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## THE MERCY SEAT.

Words by Mrs. Sigourney.

Musical by G. W. C.

1. From eve - ry stor - my wind that

2. There is a place where Je - sus

blows, From eve - ry swell - ing

sheds The oil of glad - ness

tide of woes, There

on our heads, A

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The score is divided into two systems, each with three staves (voice, piano right hand, and piano left hand). The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the next four lines. The music is written in a simple, accessible style, with clear note values and rests. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation for the voice melody.

# THE MERCY SEAT.

is a calm, a sure re - - treat— Our  
place than all be - side more sweet— We

re - - fuge is the Mer - cy seat.  
seek the blood - bought Mer - cy seat.

## III.

There is a spot where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith we meet,  
Around one common Mercy-Seat.

## IV.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid,  
When tried, afflicted and dismayed;  
Or how our cares and conflicts meet,  
Had suffering saints no Mercy-Seat!

## V.

Oh! let these hands forget their skill,  
These tongues be silent, cold and still,  
These throbbing hearts forget to beat,  
If we forget the Mercy-Seat.

## FAME.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

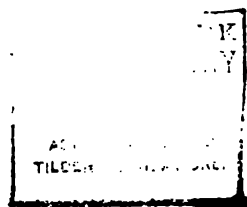
Oh, tell me not that lofty minds may bow  
 In pleasant homage to a thought of mine—  
 That laurels yet may greenly deck this brow,  
 Or that my silent grave may be a shrine  
 In after years, where men may idly crowd,  
 To mark how low my humble dust is bow'd.

Oh, ask me not to toil for empty fame,  
 Or sordid, coin my heart for yellow gold,  
 That careless lips may whisper o'er my name,  
 When this frail form is lying still and cold.  
 Let the wild flowers that spring around my tomb,  
 Shed over me their sweet and silent bloom.  
 I would not that a stranger's foot should tread  
 The long dank grass that thrills above me dead.

It were no recompense for wasted life  
 That men should breathe my name an empty sound  
 And, when this heart is broken with the strife  
 Of thoughts that kill, the green and solemn mound.  
 That pillows me, be haunted by the throng  
 Of those that knew me not, save in my broken song  
 The enfranchised soul should seek a higher aim,  
 Nor droop its pinions down to earthly fame.

Oh, fame is not for woman; she must yield  
 The very essence of her being up;  
 Bare her full heart, fling off its golden shield,  
 And drain its very life to fill the cup,  
 Which, like a brimming goblet rich with wine,  
 She poureth out upon the world's broad shrine.  
 Upon its golden rim they grave her name,  
 Fling back the empty bowl—and this is fame!

And yet methinks if sometimes lingered one  
 Whose noble presence unto me hath been  
 As music to the harp—around the home  
 Which death hath given me, though all unseen,  
 The sweet, mysterious sympathies which drew  
 My love to his, as blossoms drink the dew,  
 Would once again arouse a spirit strife,  
 And wake my marble heart once more to life.  
 Ask me not then to toil for wealth and fame,  
 But touch my heart with sweet affection's name!





*Artea mucronifolia.*

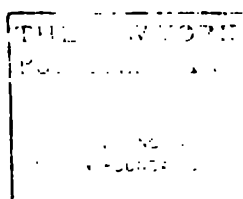


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*Protea mucronifolia.*



ORIGINAL.

## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF AN EMPRESS.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

"FEMIE, what news from port to-day? Has Le Vainqueur yet arrived?"

The faithful creature thus addressed, answered slowly and with evident reluctance:—

"No, Missy, de big ship neber come when Missy want him, and de little ship bring only rum and backee. But keep up heart, Missy, de good news is long a coming, but de bad news fly berry fast."

There was a deeper shade of sadness on the brow of the first speaker, as she sank languidly among the pillows of the sofa on which she was reclining, and throwing aside the book she had been reading, gave herself up to melancholy reverie. And yet sadness seemed by no means the natural expression of that charming countenance, in which as in an open volume, all gentle thoughts and womanly affections were written. The features were small and finely modelled, the profile inclining to Grecian, but without any statue-like coldness of outline. The eyes of deepest, darkest blue; so full of brilliancy and feeling when fully turned on any one, were usually half concealed beneath their long and silken lashes. Her hair of "glossy chestnut brown," harmonized delightfully with a clear and transparent complexion, and a neck of dazzling whiteness. Her eyebrows were a shade darker, regularly arched, and pencilled with extreme delicacy. To this were added a faultless symmetry of person, and a lightness and elasticity of movement, which imparted something almost aerial to her perfectly

graceful carriage. Such was Josephine de Beauharnais, when still in early womanhood, she returned from France to her native isle to seek a refuge from sorrow amid the scenes and friends of her childhood. She had sailed from its shores a few short years previous, a young and happy bride, about to visit with her heart's chosen, the beautiful land of his nativity, and of her own brightest day dreams—she had come back to her home, a solitary wanderer, with a heart chilled by the conviction that he on whom she had lavished her wealth of affection was unworthy of the precious boon. He had exhausted even her patient love by his excessive profligacy and habitual neglect, and with her two children she had departed for Martinico, leaving him still in Paris. But though far distant, that unworthy husband was still fondly remembered, and she clung to the hope that every vessel might bring the blessed tidings of his return to virtue, or possibly the guilty but beloved prodigal once more to his peaceful home. But month after month flew by, and still no news came from “la belle France,” to gladden the heart of the deserted wife. “He has forgotten me,” was her bitter reflection, “amid the gaiety and dissipation of the great city, no thought of wife or children can find entrance. Unkind! could aught on earth banish him even for one moment, from my memory?” Absorbed in thought, the youthful mother was unconscious even of the presence of her children, until the sound of their voices in eager dispute, which the faithful Femie in vain endeavored to soothe, roused her from her reverie. “What is the meaning of this,” she enquired with surprise, as she saw the flushed cheek and sparkling eye of her son. “Your sister is in tears, my dear Eugene, why have you grieved her?” The spirited boy answered promptly, “Mamma, we have only been playing at the game of king and queen, and I made you a queen, but Hortense said you should not be crowned, for that queens were not always happy, but I

determined you should be my queen ; and mamma, so you shall be a queen, in spite of all the silly girls or old women in the world." Josephine gazed with maternal pride and fondness on the beautiful boy who stood before her like a young Antinous, his breast heaving, and his countenance glowing with strong emotion, but his words had touched some hidden spring of feeling within her breast, for her rich voice trembled like the Eolian harp when the wind sweeps over its strings, as she drew her daughter to her arms, and tenderly kissing her cheek, exclaimed—"So, *ma mignonne*, you are unwilling to have your mother become a queen ? Content yourself darling, there is little probability of such an event ; though," she added more gravely, turning toward Femie, who, as her foster sister, was her confidential attendant ; "it is singular that the childish fancy of this boy should bring so vividly to my mind a prediction uttered long ago by an aged sybil with whom I accidentally met, when in company with a party of young associates." Femie's dark eyes expressed wonder and curiosity, but she had not time to speak when Eugene exclaimed, "Oh dearest mamma, tell us what she said, for if she promised you anything good, I am sure it will come to pass." "These were her words," she answered, "I remember them as though they were spoken yesterday. 'You will be married, but your union will not be happy, you will become a widow, and then—you will be *Queen of France*. Some happy years will be yours, but you will die in a hospital, amid civil commotions.' But, my little Hortense, dry your tears—it is quite unlikely that your poor mother should ever wear any other crown but this beautiful one of myrtle and jessamine which Eugene has so tastefully woven for her." As she spoke, she placed the light coronet above her shining ringlets, and seating herself on a low tabouret, called on her subjects to come and render homage at her feet. It was a charming tableau—that beautiful mother with her happy children

looking like the embodied spirits of love and joy, while in the background, their sable attendant stood gazing on the group with a countenance in which pride and affection were expressed in every feature. "Young Missy an angel," she murmured to herself—"no need to be a queen—that not good enough for her." The strong attachment excited by this distinguished woman in all her dependants, formed one of the most remarkable features of her history, and this attachment was felt in its full force by Femie, who followed the changing fortunes of her mistress, with a fidelity which death alone could destroy. A few short years after the scene we have described, Josephine de Beauharnais, then a youthful widow, was confined in one of the loathsome prisons of Paris, hourly expecting her summons to the scaffold on which the best blood of France had already flowed, and from which she was saved only by the death of the tyrant whose crimes had so long been calling aloud to heaven for vengeance. Did she never, in those hours of dread and horror, remember with regret, the tropic isle, in whose fragrant bowers she had tasted such pure and tranquil happiness?

\* \* \* \* \*

It was mid-day, and in one of the splendid cathedrals of Paris, an immense crowd had assembled to witness a spectacle the most gorgeous and imposing that human skill and ingenuity could devise. A temporary covered gallery, hung with the banners of sixteen cohorts of the Legion of Honor, conducted from the archiepiscopal palace to the interior of the cathedral, which was crowded to overflowing with the beauty and chivalry of France. More than three hundred vocal performers, with a martial band still more numerous, filled every corner of the vast edifice with a swelling tide of harmony, while the glittering display of military uniforms worn by the officers of the grand army, the waving

of plumes and the flashing of diamonds, rendered the scene brilliant beyond description. But brave men and fair women—rank, wealth, splendor, and military fame, were all forgotten in one absorbing object of attention. Every eye was riveted on the wonderful man who by the force of his own genius had raised himself from obscurity to the summit of earthly greatness. An ascent of twenty-two steps, covered with blue cloth, gemmed with golden bees, led to the throne, where under a canopy of crimson velvet, appeared Napoleon, attended by his two brothers, with the grand officers of the empire. His close dress was of white velvet embroidered in gold with diamond buttons—his upper garment and short mantle of crimson velvet richly embroidered in gold with diamond fastenings. The imperial crown, a simple diadem of gold wrought into a chaplet of interwoven oak and laurel, lay on a cushion before him, and on his left, arrayed in robes of regal magnificence, and pale with deep but suppressed emotion, sat Josephine de Beauharnais, now the wedded wife of Napoleon Bonaparte. The prediction was accomplished, her destiny fulfilled, and the simple Creole girl, the deserted wife, the prisoner of the Conciergerie, was about to be crowned Empress of France. Her dress was “of white satin embroidered in gold, and on the breast ornamented with diamonds. The mantle was of crimson velvet, lined with white satin and ermine, studded with golden bees, and confined by an aigrette of diamonds. The diadem, worn before the coronation, and on ordinary state occasions, was composed of four rows of pearls of the finest water, interlaced with foliage of diamonds, the workmanship, exceeded only by the materials; in front were several brilliants, the largest weighing one hundred and forty-nine grains. The ccinture was of gold so pure as to be quite elastic, enriched with thirty-nine rose-colored diamonds.” What a change, since the time when, as she loved to relate to her circle of ladies, she carried the



presents of jewelry received from her first husband, in the large pockets then worn, displaying them on all occasions, thus exciting the admiration of all her friends !

After the ceremony of placing the crown upon his own head was concluded, Napoleon took that destined for the empress, and after putting it for an instant upon his own, placed it on the brow of Josephine, who knelt before him on the platform of his throne. "The appearance of Josephine at this moment," says her historian, "was most touching. Even then she had not forgotten that she was once an obscure woman—tears of deep emotion fell from her eyes—she remained for a space kneeling, with hands folded on her bosom, then slowly and gracefully rising, fixed upon her husband a look of gratitude and tenderness. Napoleon returned the glance. It was a silent but conscious interchange of the hopes, the promises, and the memories of years !"

In the exalted station to which she was thus raised, the Empress of France retained the singleness of heart, warmth of affection, and disinterested generosity for which she had before been distinguished. The power and influence she possessed, were valued only as means of diffusing happiness more widely, and never did sorrow or misfortune go from the presence of "the good Josephine," uncheered or unaided by her munificent kindness. As a wife and mother, her devotion to the interests and happiness of her husband and children knew no bounds—and as a mistress, she was beloved almost to idolatry by her dependants.

"Her very failings leaned to virtue's side,"

for the profuse expenditures of which she has been accused, were caused chiefly by a benevolence which exceeded the limits of prudence. Throughout all France, the name of the empress was coupled with blessings, for there was

hardly a family into which her active kindness had not penetrated, carrying succor and consolation in time of need. Of her, as of Philippa of England, it might truly be said—"while Napoleon subdued kingdoms, Josephine conquered hearts." Even in his darkest and stormiest moods, the Emperor confessed the power of that finely modulated voice, whose every cadence was melody, and her glance of winning tenderness, often charmed him from his purpose, and sheltered the unfortunate from the consequences of his wrath.

Thus loving and beloved—the honored consort of the greatest man of his times—the pride and ornament of the gayest court of Europe; the light of every eye, and theme of every tongue in her beautiful father land, the four years of Josephine's life as Empress glided rapidly away. Even then, however, she forgot not the past, and looked forward to the future with forebodings too fatally realized.

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There was weeping and consternation in the splendid apartments of Malmaison, for the gentle mistress who had presided in its walls, and whose smile made the sunshine of its inmates, was lying on the bed of death. An insidious disease had been for days prostrating her system, but with the forgetfulness of self which marked her character, she would not suffer the usual routine of employments and amusements to be interrupted, until the violence of her disorder had prostrated her to rise no more. All that skill and affection could devise to prolong a life so precious, was tried in vain; the mandate had gone forth, and nothing could arrest the approach of the king of terrors. But it was not the flattered and envied empress of France that there awaited his coming. A repudiated wife, and an exiled queen, Josephine had learned by bitter experience, the vanity and uncertainty of earthly grandeur. She had been compelled by a course of threats, entreaties, arguments, and

commands on the part of him to whose wishes her happiness was ever sacrificed, to sign with her own hand an act of separation from the husband so ardently beloved, so tenderly regretted. She had retired from the glittering circle of which she was the centre, and the chief ornament, and in the comparative solitude of Malmaison, had listened to the thunders of artillery which proclaimed the union of Napoleon with her rival, Maria Louisa of Austria.

Through the long agony that preceded the final separation, and the still more trying scenes that followed it, not one word of murmuring or reproach was ever heard from Josephine. "*He* has willed it, the interests of the French nation require the sacrifice—I have only to obey," was her invariable answer to the indignant remonstrances of the few who dared oppose the will of the Emperor. Once only, after listening long in silence to the arguments of her husband, she started up with sudden energy, drew Napoleon to the window, and pointing to the heavens, said in a firm but melancholy tone—"Bonaparte, behold that bright star—it is mine! and remember, to mine, not to thine, has sovereignty been promised. Separate, then, our fates, and your star fades!" How truly, and how soon, were these prophetic words fulfilled! The heroic resignation of Josephine, however, concealed from public view, a crushed and bleeding heart. The devoted friends who composed her little court at Malmaison and Navarre, well knew that while ministering in every possible way to their happiness and amusement, her thoughts and affections were far away, hovering over those beloved ones whose welfare was dearer to her than her own.

Just before leaving Paris for his disastrous campaign in Russia, Napoleon visited the illustrious recluse of Malmaison, and was received by her in the garden which her taste had converted into a "wilderness of sweets." The conversation was animated in the extreme, Josephine in vain

endeavoring to dissuade the emperor from his purpose, while he in turn painted in lively colors the certainty of success, and the brilliant results of the enterprize. "How much I regret my inability to do any thing for that fortunate of the earth!" was the exclamation of Josephine, as she returned to the house after his departure. A few short months passed away, and his misfortunes and downfall were a proverb throughout all Europe.

The affectionate heart of Josephine was deeply afflicted by the sad reverses which followed the Russian expedition, and her health, always delicate, declined daily, though she was still gentle, uncomplaining, and solicitous only for the comfort of those about her. When the Allied Sovereigns entered Paris, their first visit was paid at Malmaison, and nothing could exceed the respectful attention with which the wife of Bonaparte was treated by the kings who had exiled her husband, and overthrown the dynasty for which she had sacrificed so much. The day previous to her death, she was visited by Alexander of Russia, who found, on entering the chamber, her daughter Hortense, Queen of Holland, kneeling by the side of the couch on which the sufferer lay, while her cherished Eugene, Viceroy of Italy, held the hand of his dying mother, both so overwhelmed with grief, as to be insensible to his approach. Josephine alone retained all her calmness and self-possession, and repeatedly thanked Alexander for the kindness she had experienced at his hands. She then raised herself, desired all present to approach the bed, and said quite audibly—"I shall die regretted—for I have always desired the happiness of France, and have done all in my power to contribute to it; and I can say with truth to all here present at my last moments, that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a single tear to flow." These were her last words—almost immediately after, she fell into a slumber from which she awoke only in eternity. Her remains were

consigned to the grave with great pomp and magnificence, and the long funeral procession was voluntarily closed by more than *two thousand* poor, who had partaken of her bounty and cherished her memory. The spot where she sleeps is marked by a monument of white marble, representing the empress kneeling in her coronation robes, and bears the touching inscription—

EUGENE AND HORTENSE TO JOSEPHINE.

Already, in little more than a quarter of a century, the splendid fabric which Napoleon waded through oceans of blood and tears to build up, has crumbled to atoms, his family is almost extinct, and his very name a sound forgotten in our midst. But the talents and grace of Josephine—her endearing gentleness and feminine virtues will render her an object of interest to the good, when the blood-stained records of ambition, and the boasting annals of earthly grandeur shall alike be buried in oblivion



### AUTUMN.

Oh what a glory doth this world put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well performed, and days well spent!  
For him the wind, ay, the yellow leaves,  
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.  
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death  
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
To his long resting place without a tear.

*Longfellow.*

## NEW YORK BAY.

See Engraving.

We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers this month, a very beautiful view of the Bay and Harbor of New York, engraved by Osborne, one of our best and most promising artists. As a work of art, the picture is one of high excellence, and as a faithful representation of a prospect, rivalled in beauty only by the far-famed Bay of Naples, it is still more valuable. The following description of New York Bay, was sent by John de Verazzano, a Florentine, and the first visitor to its shores, in a letter to his royal master, Francis the First. "The mouth of the haven lieth open to the south, half a league broad; and being entered within it, between the east and the north, it stretcheth twelve leagues, where it waxeth broader and broader, and maketh a gulfe about twenty leagues in compass, wherein are five small islands, very fruitful and pleasant, full of hie and broad trees, among the which islands any great navie may ride safe without any feare of tempest or any other danger."

Since the adventurous Florentine penned this description, what a change has taken place in the scene on which he gazed! Where he found "thicke woods, so large that an armie might hide itself," a great city now stands, teeming with busy and active life; and where his "goode ship," the Dauphin, then lay, an object of wonder and amazement to the simple natives, a forest of shipping is now seen, comprising vessels from every quarter of the globe. The great features of nature remain the same—the spacious and commodious harbor, the lovely islands, now denuded of the "hie trees" so admired by Verazzano—and the green shores on which he wandered, almost believing himself in a land of enchantment. But the children of the forest, who "hid themselves in the grass for feare," at the coming of the strangers, have vanished, and in their place, the active and scheming Anglo Saxon race now inhabit the hunting grounds of the red man, whose very memory has faded away from the haunts he loved so well.

In the following version of the celebrated Judgment Hymn, commonly denominated the *Dies Iræ*, written by Thomas de Celano, a Minorite who lived in the thirteenth century, care has been taken, not only to render it as literal as possible, but the trochaic termination and double rhyme of the Latin have also been retained. The difficulty of preserving this, in an English translation especially, has been found so formidable as to prevent, it would seem, most from attempting it. The only essay at it, which has fallen under the notice of the writer, was published several years since in the *New York Evangelist*, with high encomiums, as being an exemplification of success where every body else had failed. But certainly the task must be arduous beyond measure or precedent, if the performance referred to, is to be regarded as the greatest approximation to the original, of which the case admits.

Sir Walter Scott, and all the earlier as well as the later English translators, have given but a single-rhymed ending to their verses; but among the Germans, nearly all of their versions, of which there have been a surprising number—some executed by their first poets—conform to the original in the respect named. Identity of measure and rhythm is the more desirable, inasmuch as the Hymn has been set to music of the sublimest excellence. It is well known that it forms the chief part of Mozart's Requiem, the last and best of his immortal compositions, the excitement of preparing which, it is said, hastened his death.

#### DIES IRÆ.

BY ABRAHAM COLES, M. D.

*Dies iræ, dies illa  
Solvat æclum in favilla,  
Teste David cum Sibylla.*

Day of wrath, that day of burning  
All shall melt, to ashes turning  
As foretold by Seers discerning.

*Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando Juxta est venturus,  
Cuncta stricte discussurus!*

Oh what fear shall it engender,  
When the Judge shall come in splendor,  
Strict to mark and just to render!

*Tuba mirum spargens sonum  
Per sepulchra regionum,  
Coget omnes ante thronum.*

Trump shall sound, loud summons ringing,  
Through sepulchral regions winging—  
All before the Throne up-bringing.

*Mors stupebit, et natura,  
Cum resurget creatura,  
Judicanti responsura.*

All-aghast then Death shall shiver,  
And great Nature's frame shall quiver,  
When the graves their dead deliver.

*Liber scriptus proferetur,  
In quo totum continetur,  
Unde mundus judicetur.*

Book, where every act's recorded—  
All events all time afforded—  
Shall be brought, and dooms awarded.

*Judex ergo cum sedebit  
Quidquid latet apparebit,  
Nil inultum remanebit.*

When that Court shall hold its session  
Every mouth shall make confession,  
Left unpunished no transgression.

Quid sum miser, tunc dicturus?  
Quem patronum rogaturus.  
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,  
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
Salva me, fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,  
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,  
Ne me perdas illa die.

Quærens me sedisti lassus,  
Redemisti crucem passus,  
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste judex ultionis,  
Donum fac remissionis,  
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,  
Culpa rubet, vultus meus:  
Supplicanti parce, Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,  
Et latronem exaudisti,  
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,  
Sed tu, bone, fac benigne,  
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,  
Et ab hædis me sequestra,  
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,  
Flammis acribus addictis  
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex, et acclinis,  
Cor contritum quasi cinis,  
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illa  
Quæ resurget ex favilla.  
Judicandus homo reus,  
Huic ergo parce Deus.  
Pie Jesu, Domine,  
Dona eis requiem. Amen.

What shall I say that time pending?  
Ask what Advocate's befriending,  
When the just man needs defending?

King of majesty excelling,  
Who savest freely, none repelling,  
Save me, Fount of grace e'er welling

Holy Jesus, strong Defender,  
Think what Thou for me didst render  
Not to second death surrender.

Seeking me Thy worn feet hasted;  
On the cross Thy soul death tasted;  
Let such labor not be wasted.

Righteous Judge of retribution,  
Grant me perfect absolution,  
Ere that day of execution.

Spare, a culprit groans fast heaving  
Self-convicted, blushing, grieving,  
In Thy power and grace believing.

Thou who Mary gav'st remission,  
Heard'st the dying Thief's petition,  
Cheered'st with hope my lost condition,

Though my prayers do nothing merit,  
What is needful, Thou confer it,  
Lest I endless fire inherit.

Be there, Lord, my place decided,  
'Mid the sheep from goats divided,  
Kindly to thy right hand guided.

When th' accurs'd away are driven,  
To eternal burnings given,  
Call me with the bless'd in heaven.

Humble, prostrate, I adore Thee,  
And with contrite heart implore Thee,  
Let me live, at last, before Thee!

Ah! that dreadful day of weeping,  
When the dead in ashes sleeping,  
Wake to hear their doom eternal;  
Save then, Lord, from pains infernal.  
Jesus, of all beings best,  
Give to them eternal rest.



ORIGINAL

## THE DIVINE BENEVOLENCE.

BY REV. WM. B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

WHEN the great architect of the world had finished the work of his hands, he surveyed the stupendous fabric, and pronounced all "very good." There was beauty and magnificence, there was order and light and joy in every thing. The whole creation seemed vocal with its Maker's praise, and man especially, the noblest work which the Creator had left on earth, the brightest monument of wisdom, and power, and goodness, which he had erected here below, was clothed with the beauty of perfect holiness, and animated by a spark of immortal life, and fitted in the whole constitution of his nature, for the station of dignity he was called to occupy. If the Creator himself was pleased with his finished work, no doubt man, when he looked abroad for the first time upon the face of nature, and looked within at the same time on the greatness and immortality of his own spirit—no doubt *his* eye must have kindled, and his bosom heaved with emotions of unutterable sublimity and delight.

That this great system of things which we now behold is not, in all respects, what it was when the first morning after the creation dawned upon it, cannot successfully be questioned; for almost ever since that period, there has been a spoiler of God's works walking up and down the earth; and whatever that spoiler has touched, he has marred; though his deranging and destructive influence has been most vigorously exerted where he has had his immediate dwelling place,—viz., in the heart of man. But though the very earth has been cursed for the sake of man's rebellion—though darkness has come over the understand-

ing, and disorder is deeply seated in the affections, still we can recognize, both in the world without and the world within, the broad marks of God's wisdom and goodness. We see much indeed, that we cannot comprehend—for we cannot go far beneath the surface in anything ; but so far as we *can* penetrate, we can see that the hand of God has done its work well, however much the sin of man may have marred it ; we find irresistible evidence that God has suited everything wisely to its own place and its proper end ; and that whatever derangement and deformity appear, must be charged to the creature, and not to the Creator.

The ultimate end for which God made and governs the world, is the manifestation of his own glory. But there are other and subordinate ends which he has in view—such as the happiness of the intelligent creation, and especially the happiness of the human race. It is this latter end—the happiness of man, which will be kept particularly in view in the present article ; and as the field is so extensive, I shall limit myself to a single portion of it. In other words, I shall endeavor to show in the most general manner, how admirably infinite wisdom has consulted our happiness in the works of creation.

Let us then, for a moment, contemplate man himself, and see how his whole constitution as it came from his Creator's hands, was adapted to the promotion of his highest enjoyment.

Look at the wonderful organization of the human body—look at it in its minutest parts—look at it with the eye of the most skilful anatomist, and the farther you penetrate into its mysteries, the higher will be your views of the intelligence and goodness which are exhibited in its formation. Why is it that the eye occupies precisely the place which is best fitted to the purpose of vision ? Why does the ear perform its functions with such exquisite perfection ? Why is it that the arm hangs conveniently by the

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side—that the hand is fitted for every species of labor—that the feet perform their office with such entire security—that the lungs, though constituted with extreme delicacy, play with perfect freedom, and sometimes never become deranged? In short, why is it that each part of this incomparably delicate machine, is exactly adapted to every other part, so that entire harmony reigns through the whole? And, more than all, why is it that this machine, in many of its movements, is entirely subject to the human will—the energy of that spirit which animates it? This is only the surface of the subject, and the deeper we go, the more we shall find to awaken our astonishment and admiration. The atheist himself, if he has ever a lucid interval, must pronounce the mechanism of the human body complete—must own that it is entirely adapted to the purposes of human happiness; and if he believes that chance hath done all this, he is surely inconsistent in giving to this wonderful agent so little of his homage.

We have glanced at the habitation; now let us contemplate the inhabitant—that living principle that acts in every motion of the body—that immortal spirit which thinks and feels, which ranges at pleasure about the material and immaterial creation; which can mount up even to the third heavens, and hold communion not only with the angels around the throne, but with Him who sits upon it. It is but little comparatively that we know of our minds, even after we have studied them with the greatest diligence; but can we take even a superficial glance at the wonderful faculties with which they are endowed, without perceiving that the Creator, in giving to man his intellectual and moral constitution, had an eye upon his happiness? Consider the faculty of perception, the faculty of judgment, the faculty of memory, the faculty of reasoning, the faculty of distinguishing between right and wrong, analyze the office which the mind, in the exercise of each of these faculties,

performs, and say whether all this does not confer superior dignity upon man's nature ; whether it does not furnish evidence enough that man was made with reference to an exalted destiny.

From having contemplated man's own nature as having in it originally the elements of happiness, let us look next at the constitution of the world around us, and see whether we are not conducted to the same conclusion in respect to the Creator's wisdom and goodness.

When the first father of our race awoke into existence and surveyed the ground on which he stood, and beheld the groves which waved around him, and tasted the fruits which hung before him, *he* surely could have no doubt that the Being who made him, designed that he should be happy. The same evidence have we, in a degree at least, that God designed happiness for the *children* of Adam.

The sun, that vast body of fire in the heavens, is so stationed as to illuminate and cheer the globe, to cause it to yield its thousand fruits, and to render it a proper habitation for human beings. By the regular changes of the seasons, those parts become habitable, which otherwise would be burnt with continual heat, or sealed with eternal frost. Around the globe is spread a body of air so fine and subtle as to transmit the rays of light, and yet so strong and active as to sustain the flight of birds. This serves for the breath of life, the vehicle of sound, the suspension of waters, the conveyance of clouds, the promotion of vegetation, and other uses essential to human subsistence. The earth is replenished with innumerable kinds of animals, some of which assist man in his labor, while others yield him food, and others still yield him ornaments and clothing. The productions of the earth, various beyond our conception, are some of them spontaneous, and some the effect of human industry. On earth's surface, we meet with springs and streams at convenient distances to satisfy the thirsty

beast, as well as to serve the purposes of man : and beside these, there are every where, just beneath the surface, continual currents of water, spreading in their numberless ramifications, like the veins in the human body, whence, with comparatively little labor, daily supplies may be drawn. And then, the great bodies of water with which the land is intersected, facilitate the commerce of nations, while they contribute to refresh and fertilize the earth. By the heat of the sun and other co-operating causes, waters from the seas, rivers, and fountains, are raised into the cooler regions of the air, and there condensed into clouds, wafted around by winds, and poured down in showers ; and thus the fields are watered independently of human labor and skill.

Moreover the course of nature is constant and regular. The sun observes his hours to rise and set, and his seasons to approach and retire. Summer and winter, seed time and harvest, keep the order of their succession, and come in their appointed weeks. The fruitfulness of summer supplies the consumption of winter, and the frosts and snows of winter contribute in turn to the fruitfulness of summer. In consequence of this uniform arrangement in the government of the world, we are able to judge within our sphere what means are necessary to certain ends, and by what success our labors will ordinarily be attended. The husbandman knows when to cast abroad his seed, and when to collect his harvest, and we all know how to provide for our own support and to guard against common dangers. If the seasons were thrown into confusion and the course of nature often interrupted, human industry and prudence would be at an end, as there would be no probable connection between the object to be attained and any means which could be devised for its attainment. Reason and experience in this case would teach us no useful lessons, and yield us no valuable assistance.

But to what end was all this order and beauty of nature.

all this fertility and furniture of the earth, if not to meet the convenience and promote the comfort of man? Surely then the Creator has done all things well! He has "made every thing beautiful in his time;" and in view of this, *who* is prepared to withhold from him the homage of the heart, the praise of the lips, the obedience of the life? *Who* will not regard it a privilege, in view only of creative power and wisdom and goodness, to magnify the name of the Lord, while immortality endures?



ORIGINAL.

"RICHES WITHOUT WINGS."

BY MRS. E. LITTLE.

"To be resigned when ills betide,  
Patient when favors are denied,  
And pleased with favors given;  
'Tis this, is wisdom's better part,  
This is the incense of the heart,  
Whose fragrance smells to heav'n."

"ARE you easy now, dear mother? do you sit comfortably?" said Helen Stanton, bending tenderly over the chair of her invalid parent, and arranging the cushion at her back.

"Thank you, my darling, that will do nicely," was the cheerful response, as the mother gazed with fondness at her sweet and devoted child. "And now, dear Helen, indulge me for a few moments by laying aside your work, and reading to me in one of the books which Mrs. Lumley brought you to-day."

"I will read you a short story, mother or an essay, which

ever you prefer, but I do not wish to begin one of the larger works until I have completed the sewing for Mary Kane, as I know it will disappoint her not to have it next week; and as she insisted on paying me for it beforehand, I feel in honor bound not to make her wait."

"I would not ask you to read at all, my love," said her mother, "if I did not think a little recreation, and the exercise of your lungs in reading, necessary to preserve your health."

"O, I assure you, mother dear, my health was never better; thanks to your wise forethought in having chosen our lodging in such a comparatively pure air, and where I can so easily walk out of town. But I forgot to tell you that cousin Emma is coming to sit with you to-day while I am out."

"Emma is a dear good girl," said Mrs. Stanton, "and if you will promise me to take a long walk, I will do my own reading to-day, since you will not allow me to assist you in sewing."

"Not yet, dearest mother; you are not well enough; but by next week, I hope for your own sake that you will be able."

After placing a small table beside her mother, on which she laid several books, Helen seated herself and resumed her employment.

I am not introducing to my readers a rare instance of refinement and elegance reduced to the drudgery of daily labor for a subsistence, but one which in our country is of common occurrence. The peculiarity of the present case consists in the good sense with which Helen and her mother conformed to their circumstances, and honestly confessing their poverty, reserved their energies for the purpose of rendering the state to which they had been providentially reduced, cheerfully independent, instead of wasting them in fruitless attempts to conceal what would have remained apparent in

spite of all their efforts, or in morbid complaints at the hardness of their lot.

And yet there are few women reared as they had been, and accustomed to luxury from childhood, to whom the lot of Mrs. Stanton and her daughter would not have seemed deplorable indeed.

Until about a year before the scene above related, Mrs. Stanton and her daughter had been surrounded by all the appliances of ease, and what the world calls happiness. Their home was elegant, and they possessed the means of indulging all their tastes and inclinations. But the fluctuations in the value of property had caused a sad reverse to them as to so many beside, and a mere pittance was all that remained after they had disposed of their furniture, for Mr. Stanton had never purchased a house, as it had been his intention to retire from business with a moderate fortune, and settle his family in the country. This plan, however, like so many others of man's devising, was foiled by his death, which occurred when Helen, who was now eighteen, had attained her fourteenth year. Since that period, Mrs. Stanton had also lost an only son, and a daughter younger than Helen. These bereavements had led both mother and daughter to form a correct estimate of the real aims of life, and the "true riches" had not been withheld from their earnest inquiry, although for several years they still remained in possession of the riches of this world also.

Mrs. Stanton's house had always been open for the accommodation of those to whom she knew that an invitation to pass a few weeks or months with her was likely to prove acceptable, and a quiet, unostentatious hospitality had made her friends feel a perfect freedom to enjoy themselves under her roof. Numerous, therefore, had been the invitations, from city and country, to the mother and daughter to take up their abode at least for a time with one or another friend. With her characteristic forethought, Mrs. Stanton



decided that it would be wise, and at the same time more independent, at once to arrange her little menage upon its future footing, and then in case of a renewal of the invitations on the part of any of her friends, she could better exercise her judgment with regard to them. Well indeed had the event proved her discretion, for comparatively few of those who had visited the rich and well-dressed Mrs. Stanton, felt themselves under the least obligation to continue their attentions to a person who occupied a third story room in a boarding house, and took in sewing for a subsistence.

This defection of former friends, however, produced little effect on either mother or daughter, both of whom were too much engrossed by anxiety for each other, to remember that Mrs. Dashwood, whose carriage had often stood before their door for hours, when they were receiving a constant succession of visitors, had only favored them with a hasty call in their changed abode, or that Mrs. Plucknett had not invited them to her last soiree. They had too much good sense not to be aware, that what had been perfectly proper to their former circumstances, would be at strange variance with their present mode of life, and were grateful in their hearts to all those, who not having the right of intimacy, abstained from intrusion upon the privacy and quiet so desirable in their present situation.

The illness from which Mrs. Stanton was recovering, had been a natural consequence of the unwonted fatigue and unavoidable anxiety occasioned by her altered fortunes; but her well-disciplined mind and firm reliance on the merciful Providence which had sustained her all her life long, enabled her to triumph over the temporary derangement of her nervous system, and although still rather languid, she felt returning health glowing in her veins, and was even now able to cheer and encourage her daughter in the performance of her new and trying duties.

Let it not be supposed, that because these true Christian

ladies never indulged in gloomy forebodings or murmuring retrospect, they were insensible to the change which had cast them into a sphere so different from that in which they had hitherto moved. They were human, and of course the physical privations they now endured required the exercise of no small degree of resignation, while they felt at first a still greater repugnance to the contact with unrefined and uneducated people, which was in a degree inevitable in the present state of their affairs. Both these evils, however, gradually diminished, the force of habit soon reconciling them to privation, since they wisely endeavored to forget former luxuries, instead of keeping alive the remembrance of them by fruitless complainings, and the effects of their gentle delicacy of manner and expression had even already begun to make themselves evident in the family of their hostess, whose children could imagine no higher indulgence than the permission to make a visit to the ladies, as they invariably called Helen and her mother. These true disciples of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," deemed it not only a privilege, but their bounden duty to cheer and encourage these little wayfarers in their passage through a life, which is too full of unavoidable trials for all, not to make it the evident duty of the followers of Him who was incarnate love, to lighten the burdens and cheer the hearts of all within their sphere.

If any one ask what can be done to make others happy, by a person who is obliged to labor for a subsistence, I can only desire them to try the effect of cheerful looks and kind words upon the first person they meet.

Helen found it a source of recreation to draw forth the undeveloped characters of these children, who often amused her mother and herself with their innocent prattle, and whom they in their turn amused by the relation of anecdotes, or the description of scenes in their past lives.

Mrs. Lumley was one of the few intimate friends of Mrs. Stanton, an amiable and judicious woman, possessing a handsome competence and a delightful home, to which she had cordially invited her friend so soon as the news of her losses reached her. But the mother and daughter were inseparable, and there are few fortunes in the United States sufficient to make the addition of two members to a household a matter of indifference. Mrs. Stanton appreciated the kindness of her friend, but had too much magnanimity to consent to her practising such renunciation of her accustomed luxuries as would have been necessary, had her kind offer been accepted. She well knew that Mrs. Lumley was not one of those people who invite an impoverished friend to occupy a situation of galling dependence and continual mortification in their houses, while they assume great credit for their kindness in having received them. Mrs. Stanton had another motive for resolutely declining all invitations and offers of service; she wished Helen steadfastly to look misfortune in the face, while her mother was spared to counsel and sustain her. And Helen had not in vain enjoyed the society and example of such a mother, for while she had many painful feelings naturally incident upon so great a change of circumstances, occurring at the most susceptible period of life, the prevailing emotions of her mind were cheerful submission to the will of God, and fervent gratitude for the prolonged life of her mother, whose recent illness had made her keenly alive to the blessing she had enjoyed in her society.

Emma Mansfield was a niece of Mrs. Stanton, still in her minority, and though heiress to a handsome fortune, her income had been settled by the will of her father at a point barely sufficient to enable her, until the attainment of her twenty-fifth year, to maintain her position in society, and relieve, by the practice of self-denial, the cases of destitution which came to her knowledge.

With the glowing impulse of a heart warm and unacknowledged in the maxims of worldly wisdom, Emma had flown at the first intelligence of her aunt's losses, to propose a division of her income until she should come into possession of her property, "and then, dear aunt," said she, "I shall do what I know would be my father's wish, by dividing with Helen as if she were my sister."

For a moment tears impeded the utterance of a reply to this generous offer, but then, commanding herself by a mighty effort, Mrs. Stanton kissed the glowing cheek of the animated girl, and declined in the most firm and decided manner all present assistance, saying at the same time, "I have not sufficient self-command to talk to you just now on this subject, my dear Emma, but I will take your offers for the future into consideration, and inform you of my decision at some other and calmer moment, when you know more of the world, and after we have had a trial of our new way of living."

To an ardent, loving girl of sixteen, this reply was very unsatisfactory. but Emma had seen too many instances of her aunt's firmness, to attempt to alter her decision. That these offers had been made, was a source of great pleasure to Helen, who tenderly loved her cousin, and only regretted on her account, the independent spirit of her mother, while Emma on her part resolved to take every possible opportunity of evading her aunt's rejection of her proffered aid.

And delicately and sweetly was this resolution put into practice by the young creature, who now began to calculate her expenses with the care of a miser, and to husband the time which she found could be turned to such good account.

To be continued.

## SONG OF THE SPRING BREEZE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Oh, give me welcome ; I come, I come  
From a sweet and balmy land ;  
With the tropic rose I have made my home ;  
Mid ripening fruits I have loved to roam ;  
Where the sea-shells lie in their golden sand,  
I have played in the foam of a southern strand.

Oh, give me welcome ! I bring, I bring  
A gift for the coming May ;  
The sunshine falls from my restless wing ;  
It touches the ice of the mountain spring ,  
But I laugh, I laugh as it melts away,  
And my voice is heard in the leaping spray

Oh, give me welcome, a welcome now !  
The Winter was stern and cold ;  
But I sung him to sleep, and I kissed his brow  
While I lifted his robe of spotless snow :  
And that crusty fellow, so chill and old,  
Awoke in a mantle of green and gold.

A welcome now ! while the south wind weaves  
His breath with the morning dew,  
As he fans the moss on the cottage eaves,  
And drives from the hollow the sear dry leaves ;  
Where the violet hides its eye of blue,  
And the pale young grass peeps faintly through

Oh, welcome me, while I have a rout,  
With the pleasant April rain ;  
The birds that sing with a silvery shout,  
And the fragrant buds that are breaking out  
Like drops of light with a rosy stain,  
Mid the delicate leaves that are green again .

ORIGINAL.

## A CHAPTER FOR HUSBANDS.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

A painter (in the days of fable) once exhibited to a lion, a splendid picture in which Hercules was represented conquering the Nemean lion, who lay prostrate and bleeding at his feet. After examining it steadfastly for some time, the king of beasts exclaimed haughtily—"This is all very well, but if lions were painters, we should see the other side of the picture."

Now there is an evil under the sun, of which in his catalogue of ills, the wisest of men has taken no note, and which, as lions are seldom painters, has not been exhibited to public view, as fully or as frequently, as its importance demands. Indeed, the world might almost be deemed ignorant of its existence, for while hints, lectures, essays, and illustrations innumerable, have been published for the benefit of women, young and old, maidens, wives and mothers, scarcely a word of counsel, of warning, or of censure, is whispered in the ear of man by the philanthropists who seek to improve and re-adjust the social machine. And yet the evil of which we speak, can hardly have escaped the observation of one, who has mingled with society, even to a limited extent. It exists in the form of a dogmatism that brooks no questioning, a petulant self-will that is always on the alert to detect and punish fancied assaults on its own dignity, even where it does not amount to the "iron rule" which crushes down all opposition, and reigns "monarch of all" it "surveys," in the cheerless home thus governed.

It is this last phase of despotism, as exhibited in the cha-

racter of the domestic Autocrat whose love of power has destroyed every finer feeling of the heart, that we are about to consider. A short time since, perhaps, he was the obsequious and devoted lover, ready to yield even his freedom of thought and opinion, to the caprices of the fair one who has now become his wedded wife. But a change has come over the spirit of his dream. Invested with the matrimonial prerogative, he is no longer the admiring, flattering suitor, no longer the devoted lover, but the haughty and overbearing master, who sees in the sacred bond formed at the altar, only the right to command from one trembling subject, unlimited, and unquestioning obedience. The apostolic injunction—"Wives, be in obedience to your husbands," is his motto on all occasions; and were every precept of the Divine Lawgiver as reverently regarded, and carefully enjoined by him as this, he would be justly esteemed a model of excellence.

Should the wife of his bosom venture to offer advice, however delicately, or to express an opinion not the echo of his own, she is instantly reminded of her inferiority, and remanded to her proper place, the feet of Gamaliel, where she is to "learn in silence, with all subjection." Every thing that equally concerns both—the details of business—the plans and prospects of the husband—all are studiously concealed from her whose interest as well as his own is at stake, and who would cheerfully sacrifice her own ease and comfort to promote his wishes. Instead of regarding his wife as a help-meet for him, in the expressive language of Scripture—instead of looking on her as *by right* an equal sharer in his joys and sorrows, he regards her only as a useful article of furniture, more valuable than a table or a sofa, only because she can better understand his will, and subserve his purposes.

The man we are describing, is not a gambler, a drunkard, or a libertine—perhaps not even a man of the world.

No—he is often a professed follower of the meek and lowly Redeemer, too often, one who ministers publicly at the altar. He is kind, and affable to those not under his immediate control, reserving the ebullitions of his self-will and selfishness for the helpless beings who are dependent on him for their earthly happiness. The wife thus situated has but one safe confidant—her Father in heaven, and but one place of refuge—the silent grave. She must toil and suffer on in silence with the arrow in her heart, for her load is one which none can help to bear, since he who should be her comforter and protector, is the instrument of crushing her to the earth.

We have known cases in which this tyranny was exercised by men in other respects truly estimable, but who, from a disposition naturally imperious, and a wrong estimate of the relative position of the sexes, carried the doctrine of passive obedience to its fullest extent. They seemed entirely unaware of this feature of their character, and would probably be the last to recognize themselves in the picture we have drawn. The husband has been accustomed to command, and the wife accustomed to obey, and *he* at least never dreams that “there is a more excellent way.” But though he may enjoy the sweets of undisputed authority, there are blessings in domestic life, of which he is utterly ignorant. The “order” which “reigns at Warsaw,” is that of the calm when the tempest has done its work of death—it is the silence of crushed hearts and blasted expectations. The delights of mutual love and confidence—the consciousness of making a beloved object happy—the luxury of denying himself to contribute to the comfort of those dependent on him—are all unknown to the domestic tyrant. He may have an affection for his wife and children, but it is rather because they belong to him, and are appendages of his being, than for any reason existing out of himself.



Setting aside entirely, the question of the equality of the sexes, it is ungenerous, unmanly, and unchristian, for one human being thus to treat another with whom he is connected by the strongest of all earthly ties. If woman be indeed, physically and intellectually, man's inferior, then surely her dependance should appeal to every nobler feeling of the heart in her behalf. But if her inferiority is only an official one—the mere inferiority of station, then it is evidently the height of arrogance and presumption for him to whom her social rights are, in a certain sense, delegated, to assume the exercise of despotic authority. He who has enjoined obedience upon the wife in his sacred word, has likewise commanded the husband to love her, even as *Christ loves the church*. In this injunction, couched in the strongest language even inspiration could employ, a foundation is laid for domestic happiness, so broad and deep, that no storms of affliction or privation could destroy it. Let the husband love his wife as Christ has loved the church; with an affection so tender, so forbearing, so disinterested, self-sacrificing and endearing, and the obedience required on her part, would be divested of all its sting. To hearts joined together by a tie so strong, a union so perfect and entire, it would not be necessary to present the idea of duty, clothed as it too often is, in a stern and repulsive form. The Christian has long since learned, in reference to his obligations to the Savior who bought him with his blood—that,

“ 'Tis love that makes” his “cheerful feet  
In swift obedience move;”

and in the relation of marriage, so often chosen by the Great Teacher as a type and emblem of the spiritual union between believers and their Head, the same principle must be applicable.

We wish those husbands who are in the habit of using

the little words, "you must," and "I will," so frequently and positively, could once be induced to make trial of the opposite system. The trembling victims who now writhe under a yoke of oppression more galling to a delicate and sensitive mind, than the lash or chain, could tell them if they dared, that it is far easier to obey from affection than from fear, and that a silken cord is a more effective tie than links of iron.

The sun and the wind once contended which should compel the traveller to lay aside his cloak. Boreas raged and blustered, but this only made the traveller wrap his cloak more closely about him, while the benignant Sol, pouring his warm rays silently upon him, soon compelled him to lay aside the cloak as a useless encumbrance. This is not the only case in which gentleness avails to accomplish that which brute force has essayed in vain

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## THE CHAIN OF LOVE.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

O! there are links that bind us,  
     Of magic power,—  
 The links that softly twined us  
     In Eden's hour.  
 Joy wreaths his flowers around them,  
 And love with silk has bound them.  
 O! there's a charm no tongue can tell,  
 But still the heart with hidden swell,  
     Can speak it well.

That chain—the freeman wears it,  
     With generous pride :—  
 That chain—the hero bears it,  
     With haughty stride :  
 Yes, lion hearts receive it,  
 As fairy fingers weave it.  
 Subdued by love, they still can dare  
 The battle field, and fearless there  
     Its dangers share !

## NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**THE FOUNTAIN—An Annual for 1847.** Edited by H. Hastings Weld—published by Sloanaker. Philadelphia.

This is one of the most beautiful Annuals we have seen this year, and we gladly single it out for notice, not only because it is one of the most chaste and splendidly embellished volumes of the season, but from its glorious object—the promotion of temperance, which is woven through its pages in a thousand bursts of genius like the up-flashing of a spring as it ripples and sings through a violet bed that keeps back its waters only to cast perfume upon them. We know that it has long been deemed half impossible to make any book subservient to a given moral, without destroying something of that freedom and vigor which genius possesses when suffered to run at large. But this book refutes the popular fancy most triumphantly. Here, our best writers not only retain all their originality while conveying a sound moral, but most of them surpass themselves in masterly grouping of characters, and in plots ingeniously woven to a perfect whole. There is not, in fact, a hackneyed or commonplace article in the whole volume.—*Ann S. Stephens.*

**"MYRTIS, with other ETCHINGS AND SKETCHINGS. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney."** New York—Harper & Brothers, publishers, 82 Cliff Street.

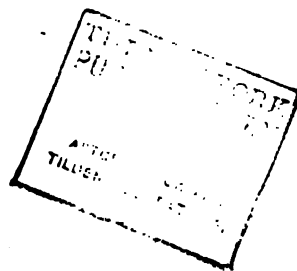
A new book from an author so widely known, admired, and we may add, beloved as Mrs. Sigourney, is sure to meet a cordial welcome even at this flood-tide of literary wealth and rubbish. But the little work before us, has claims upon our attention, independently of its parentage. Its graceful sketches, distinguished by purity of diction, as well as of thought, and breathing the very soul of feeling in every line, will be read with pleasure by all who are capable of appreciating their excellence. A true woman's heart speaks through them all—earnest, tender, thoughtful, and keenly alive to the beautiful, in art and nature. The sketch entitled—"Lady Arabella Johnson," is one of the most touching stories we have ever read, and "A Legend of Pennsylvania" is hardly inferior to it in interest and beauty. With reference to the tendency of these little tales, we cannot do better than to quote a single paragraph from the short and spirited preface of the writer of the work. "To passionate or high-wrought fiction," these stories "have no pretension. It can simply be said that their elements are truthful, and their tendency salutary." To this guarded commendation, we can truly add that they are embellished with all those graces of style and manner, which a mind so essentially poetical in its elements, could hardly fail to impart to its productions, and that the lessons they inculcate, are such as might be expected from one whose virtues embellish and consecrate her genius. We heartily commend this charming little volume to the attention of our youthful readers who will find instruction and amusement happily blended in its pages.

**"TWO LIVES—OR TO SEEM AND TO BE."** By Maria J. McIntosh, Author of "Conquest and Self-Conquest." &c. New York. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

This is a powerful and well-written story, abounding in interesting incidents and striking delineations of character, and, like all the other works of this lady, inculcating a sound and useful moral. The pictures drawn by Miss McIntosh are always taken from real life, and are as far removed from the sickly sentimentalism of one school of fiction, as from the revolting coarseness of the other. There is a vigorous and healthful tone pervading her writings, which renders them what works of fiction should always be—a safe and profitable relaxation to the mind, and the mother who places them in the hands of her daughters, may rest assured they will find nothing there to excite, unduly, the imagination, or to give wrong views of the duties and objects of life.

**"THE ROSE, OR AFFECTION'S GIFT FOR 1847."** Edited by Emily Marshal. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

This is a beautiful little volume, elegantly bound, embellished with good engravings by first rate artists, exhibiting more novelty and variety in the subjects than is usually found in books of this kind, and filled with lively, pleasant articles from well-known writers. Altogether, it is a very appropriate and beautiful gift-book for the coming season of presents and holidays.





Portrait of a young woman

Portrait of a young woman, possibly a portrait of a young woman



*Nymphaea alba*  
*Water Lily.*

• Drawn expressly for J. K. Wellman

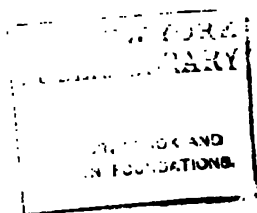




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*Water Lily.*

*Drawn express for J. R. Wellman*





ORIGINAL.

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

“Since memory’s birth, no year but took  
Something the heart held dear;  
Each page of life on which we look,  
Is blotted with a tear.”

A fair child stood at a window, gazing earnestly out into the darkness that was every moment growing deeper, with a countenance in which mirth and thoughtfulness were strangely intermingled. The scene on which she gazed, though cheerless and desolate, was more fascinating than a bright summer landscape, for it heightened by contrast the sense of warmth and comfort which stole over her, and filled the soul with emotions of grandeur and sublimity for which childhood has no name. The wind whistled among the leafless branches of the trees, driving in a thousand circling eddies the small snow flakes with which the air was filled, while the sparkling rivulet, now swollen and turbid, dashed wildly along its rocky bed, as if struggling to resist the icy fetters with which it was so soon to be bound. The old year was departing in a chariot of storm and cloud, but there were few in the gay circle around that cheerful fireside to notice his exit, for every heart was fixed in joyous anticipation, on the expected advent of his successor.

“To-morrow will be the happiest day of all the year,” said the child as she turned at last from the window, to join her companions, “for my dear parents have something very beautiful for me, and I shall surprise them so with my gifts—Oh, I wish the happy New Year was

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come ! How very slowly time creeps, does he not, Louisa ?”

The young lady thus addressed, with her few additional years, had acquired quite an increase of dignity, and she answered almost scornfully—

“No, indeed, child—I think time really runs, for every year seems shorter than the last. Next new year I am to give up story books and dolls and all such things, and read histories and travels with my brothers. It seems a long time to wait, but I dare say when it is come, I shall think it has been but a little while.”

“And what do you think I am to do,” said another of the youthful group—“Next new year I am to leave school, and receive company as a young lady—that will be something worth waiting for, though a whole year is such a long, long time.”

“For my part,” exclaimed a third, “I cannot imagine what people mean when they talk about the flight of time, and sorrow, and changes, and all that kind of thing. We always have plenty of time, I am sure, and if there are changes, it is always from good, to something better still. When we are very small,” she continued, glancing at the gentle Agnes, “we have pleasure enough in thinking of the presents and merry wishes of the New Year, and then as we grow older, there is something to make every year more delightful than the last, for we are constantly looking forward to some promised enjoyment, which prevents us from realizing the length of our journey.”

“You have spoken truly of the pleasures of anticipation, my dear Mary,” said a lady who was seated a little apart, quietly listening to the animated conversation of the young creatures before her—“we do indeed spend our youth unconsciously in looking forward for the happiness which eludes our grasp to-day ; but are you quite sure that all the changes of which you speak, will always be for the better ? May not the New Year sometimes usher in days of gloom and sadness ? Is there even now, no memory of

the past, to cloud, or at least to temper your enjoyment?"

A shade passed over the joyous countenances on which she gazed, for since the last New Year, one of their number, young, lovely and beloved, had passed away from earth, while its joys were brightest, and her vacant place painfully reminded them of the uncertainty of life and its enjoyments.

"I have no wish to check your innocent gaiety, my beloved ones," resumed the matron, "by forebodings of evil which belong not to your years; but you have already been made to feel, while standing round the grave of your departed companion, that youth and health and loveliness are no defence against the king of terrors, and you are not too young to realize that life is a season of trial and probation, instead of the long holiday which fancy paints it. The future, to which you are now looking with eager hope and expectation, will be stripped of its brilliant coloring as it melts away in the present—and though sunny spots will often gild your pathway, yet remember and prepare for the days of darkness, for they too will be many."

"Dear aunt," exclaimed Mary, "you must not cloud our enjoyment this New Year's Eve, by one prediction of evil. If it be indeed as you say, we shall know it soon enough, and cannot afford to waste one moment of our short season of happiness in dismal forebodings. For my part, I am determined to be merry while I may, and like the bee, that little epicurean philosopher, to extract honey from every flower before it has time to fade."

"If like the bee, my love," replied her aunt, "you improve every passing moment, and provide in the spring time of life for the winter that must surely come, by remembering your Creator in the days of your youth, I can ask nothing more for you. To the Christian, the flight of time is a source of grateful pleasure, for it brings nearer the blessed day when earth and its sorrows shall be exchanged for the unfading blessedness of heaven."

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Years passed away, and again, on the last evening of December, that group were assembled in the same pleasant room, around the same cheerful fireside. Every thing about them wore a cheerful aspect—the books, pictures, instruments of music, all stood in their accustomed places, and seemed to welcome back the wanderers after their long separation. But those young, glad hearts, which then beat so lightly and thrilled so joyously at the touch of Hope's fairy fingers, where were they? What had become of those fond anticipations which lighted up the future with hues of unearthly beauty? Alas—all had vanished—and those youthful travellers, who found as they advanced in the journey of life, that—

“'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,”

had come back to the scenes of their childhood, with little left of their former selves, save the sad remembrance—

“Of joys departed, never to return,”

and that restless yearning of the heart for something higher than earthly happiness, which marks its origin and its destiny.

The gay and thoughtless Clara, who was anticipating so much enjoyment from her introduction to society as a young lady, did indeed make a brilliant debut, and for a season, shone a bright particular star, the admiration of one sex and the envy of the other. Wherever she appeared, crowds of worshippers gathered about her, whose idle and unmeaning homage intoxicated her brain, even while she felt its worthlessness and vanity. The hearts she won were thrown aside like the painted toys of childhood, and she began to question her own capability of loving, when her hand was sought by one whose wealth and personal attractions realized the beau ideal that existed in her fancy, and whose earnest and respectful admiration awoke every

slumbering emotion of her heart. But the cup she had held to the lips of others, was now to be drained by her to its very dregs. He on whom her warmest affections were poured out like water, proved a villain, and deserted her almost at the foot of the altar, boasting loudly to his boon companions of his conquest and his treachery. Pride came to the aid of the forsaken girl, and enabled her to bear in silence the agony of that bitter hour, but the tempest that raged within, destroyed every clinging tendril of the heart, leaving only a dreary and desolate waste when its fury had subsided. She turned away with scorn and loathing from the protestations of affection which still met her ear, and pursued her cheerless way alone, consoling herself with sarcastic reflections on the treachery of man, and the vain credulity of woman.

And what was the lot of the enthusiastic dreamer, who saw in time's changes, only ever-increasing happiness? Unlike her sister cousin, she had sought in the cultivation of an intellect naturally acute and powerful, for a higher and purer source of pleasure, but she too, had forgotten the true end and aim of life, and had never found the bliss so eagerly pursued. A beloved brother, in the first flush of manhood, joined the army as a volunteer, and died on the battle field, a victim to the war spirit so madly and cruelly fostered in many a youthful breast, by those who see in this gigantic system of robbery and murder, only the pomp and pageantry which conceal its real deformity. But a still heavier blow awaited her. A twin brother, dear to her as her own soul, and whose noble qualities made him the idol of the domestic circle, went down in his youth, to the dark and dishonored grave of the drunkard, leaving the hearts that loved him torn with anguish that could admit of no alleviation. He was a youth of splendid promise—had taken the highest honors his Alma Mater had to bestow—and was studying a profession with the fairest prospects of success. But the love of wine had overtaken

him, and ere his friends were aware of his danger, he stood on the verge of a precipice from which the hand of affection had no power to withdraw him. Oh, the agony of beholding a beloved object sinking every hour deeper in guilt and infamy before the eyes of those who would gladly die to save him, could the sacrifice of life avert or retard his approaching doom ! When the long struggle was over, and the clods of the valley were heaped upon the form she had loved so well, the sorrowing sister refused to be comforted. Time at length mitigated the intensity of her anguish, but life had lost its charm, and no earthly hand could again light up her darkened pathway. And such is earthly happiness—to those who seek it as the chief good—false, delusive, and unsatisfying as the mirage of the desert which mocks the traveller with a vain semblance, while he is perishing with thirst. The immortal nature given us by God, can take as its portion nothing less than its Divine Creator, and those who seek to satisfy its cravings with worldly good, prepare for themselves inevitable disappointment and misery.

But there is a brighter side to the picture. Those who go forth to the duties of life, leaning on the arm of the gracious Redeemer, and seeking from Him strength to discharge them aright, shall find that happiness, which when made the ultimate object of pursuit, always eludes the grasp of the pursuer. One of that little circle, the youthful Agnès, had early consecrated herself to the service of Jesus, and was now about to give her hand, where her heart had already been given, to one who had devoted himself to the work of foreign missions. Long before the close of the year on which she was just entering, the farewell words would have been said, and her home would be in a far distant land, where she must labor, and suffer, and perchance die, yet was she calm and cheerful, for earth with its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, had faded away in the light of that better world in which her heart

and her faith were fixed. Young as she was, her influence had already been widely felt in the various channels of benevolence opened by Christian enterprize and liberality. But Agnes was early taught by her excellent mother, that woman's first duties are at home, and the grief that pervaded the domestic circle at the prospect of her departure, told how faithfully those duties had been performed. They wept, however, not as those who sorrow without hope. They knew that a few more rolling years, a few more revolving seasons at most, would reunite the scattered members of the Christian family in that land where parting, and sadness are unknown, and they cheerfully gave up their best and dearest, to Him who bought her with his blood. And when the last farewell was uttered, and the last lingering look exchanged between those who were to meet on earth no more, though nature shuddered, faith triumphed, and the voluntary exile went on her way cheered by the consciousness that the Savior she loved, would sustain and comfort the friends from whom she was parted on earth forever.

Will the youthful readers of this little work suffer us, in conclusion, affectionately to remind them, that time is a blessing only when used aright, and that if they sow the wind now, by seeking selfish gratification alone, they will surely reap the whirlwind of disappointment and remorse in future years. To them, with all our friends and patrons, we cordially tender the compliments of the season, and wish them in its best and highest sense—A HAPPY NEW YEAR!





ORIGINAL.

## THE PORTICO AND THE CROSS.

BY J. M. HENRY.

THE religion of the Cross, and that of the Portico, as the moral system of Grecian Philosophy is frequently called, do not differ more widely in their essential elements, than in their practical influence upon the temporal and eternal wellbeing of our race. Though possessed of vast power, and numbering among its votaries the most venerable sages and renowned scholars of antiquity, the religion of the Portico was adapted, in no one particular, to benefit mankind. Destitute of the knowledge of the true God, it deified the powers of nature, and embodying them in human forms, ascribed to them the worst of human passions. The most exalted divinities which figure in heathen mythology, were proud, treacherous, cruel and revengeful. If love constituted an element of their character, it existed not in the form of benevolence, but as a mere animal passion, exhibited in amorous intrigues, and shameless gallantries. The worshippers of these gods could, therefore, obtain no ennobling sentiments, and no models of virtuous conduct from the study of their character, or the imitation of their example. But why, it may be asked, did not "this beautiful system of religion," as pagan mythology has been called, give to these gods and goddesses a better moral character? The inventors of this system, though among the wisest sages and philosophers of antiquity, being destitute of a divine revelation, could conceive of no character more elevated or perfect than their own. And being themselves sinners, they fashioned their divinities after their own standard of moral excellence.

As a system of comfort for the afflicted, the religion of

the Portico was utterly barren of consolation. When the unfortunate, the sick and the dying, turned from the world, and with bleeding hearts asked for comfort, what had the priest at the altar, the sage or the philosopher, to offer them? They could not teach what they did not know, nor impart what they did not possess. They could give them nothing better than the cold and barren dogmas of their philosophy, or the comfortless vagaries of their superstition. They could tell the bereaved mother, as in frantic agony she gave the dead body of her child to the flames, or consigned it to the grave of annihilation, that death is common, and in itself no evil—that all must suffer—that the most effectual antidote to pain is not to feel—or, if this is not always possible, true philosophy teaches us manfully to bear it! But the poor sufferer asked for *consolation*—the religion and the philosophy of these professed teachers of wisdom would transform her into a stone! And what better could they do? They knew not God—they understood not his attributes. Their own gods were merciless and cruel. Death was an eternal sleep. If some few of them indulged a faint hope of a future state of existence, they could not tell whether that state would be one of happiness or misery. The future, to the wisest, even, of the Grecian philosophers, was an unknown ocean, covered with thick night, and lashed, it might be, into fury by malignant demons!

Of an atonement they were also ignorant. They knew that men were depraved. But where to *locate* that depravity they knew not. Some supposed it a property of matter. None ever dreamed that it belonged to the heart. On what conditions sin could be pardoned, if pardoned at all, they could not tell. Being ignorant both of the nature of the disease, and its remedy, how could they administer to the necessities of our fallen condition? It is no marvel that they were “miserable comforters!” Hecatombs of sacrificial offerings could bring no peace to the

conscience, and no consolation to the soul. The broken in spirit wandered amid their thousand altars, smoking with incense, and listened to the hymns and swelling pæans that filled their gorgeous temples, still sad and desolate. There was one altar, indeed, where they might have found comfort. But that was erected "to the unknown God!" Oh, had they known Him and the Son of his love, they might have had "peace as a river."

Yet, notwithstanding all these defects, and their utter ignorance of nearly every truth essential to the wellbeing of our race, there are many among us who claim pre-eminence as men of enlarged and liberal views, who speak of "the Ethics of the Portico," and "the religion of the Portico," as being about equal, if not superior to the religion of the Cross!

That we should look upon the arts and literature of ancient Greece with admiration, I do not complain. It is proper that we should do so. In many respects they challenge, even at this day, the competition of the world. Their architecture, painting and sculpture, their poetry and eloquence, embodied in their immortal works, display genius and mental culture which will be admired to the end of time.

But their ideas of man's true dignity and happiness, of his inalienable rights and social relations, were vague in the extreme, and fundamentally defective. They had, indeed, their schools of philosophy and their public teachers. But for whom were they designed? For a few privileged orders—for patricians and nobles. The idea of instructing and elevating the masses, if ever conceived, never entered into their plans of education. In fact, they considered the common people incapable of elevation. And they were left, age after age, and century after century, to live and die, as mere brute beasts, created only to subserve the interests and the pleasure of the higher orders. And even the privileged few, who received instruction, were educated only for time.

To the religion of the Cross, and to that alone, are we indebted for the knowledge we possess of the true theory of human existence, and for all the improvements which have been made, and are now making, in the civil and social condition of our race. In the Gospel, "life and immortality are brought to light"—revealed, and placed in full evidence. When the light of christianity dawned upon the world, it revealed not only new doctrines and precepts for the regulation of human conduct, and new elements of social relationship, but it exhibited one grand peculiarity, which distinguished it from every code of ethics and every school of philosophy and religion, which preceded it. It proclaimed glad tidings to the poor—it consulted and provided for the interests and necessities of the race—it sought to instruct, to comfort, to elevate and save the outcast, the ignorant and the down-trodden. Around the standard of the cross, the poor and the unfortunate were seen gathering by thousands, and they hung upon the lips of the inspired teachers of christianity with delighted amazement and tears of joy. The pharisee and the philosopher looked on with curled lip and knit brows, and turned away with scorn. To the one, the doctrines of the Cross were a stumbling block, and to the other foolishness. "A system of consolation for the wretched"—the elevation of the multitude, and that by a system so unphilosophic, they could not tolerate; and they put the teachers of the new doctrines to death, as blasphemers, fanatics, and madmen! But the new ideas were out—were embraced—"for the common people heard" them "gladly"—and, animated by their ennobling and saving power, thousands upon thousands threw off their shackles and sprang into life and liberty.

For a brief period, while pure christianity poured upon the world its benignant rays, a new order of things was seen in the social and civil relations of men. The habitations of woe were filled with songs of joy and gladness.—

The desolate heart was comforted, and the broken spirit was made whole.—For, *“the poor had the Gospel preached unto them.”*

But the triumph of Christianity was but short—like the momentary flashing up of light in the midst of intense darkness, leaving the night more hideous and impenetrable than before.

The dark ages succeeded. Christianity, though retained in name, was stripped of all its peculiarities. Its mild sceptre became a rod of iron in the hands of proud, unprincipled and merciless ecclesiastical and civil rulers, who made knowledge contraband, and the right of conscience a crime, punishable with the stake and the gibbet. From these dark ages of ignorance, superstition and vassalage, the reformation did but partially deliver the nations. But, thanks be to God, there is a shaking in the moral elements of the world. There are thunderings and voices, and the sound of an earthquake, whose upheaving shall create all things new. Though the pagan and antichristian nations are now mighty, and strongly entrenched, there is a conflict at hand that shall scatter their forces and wither their strength. Half a century to come, if we do not misinterpret the signs of the times, shall witness such convulsions as shall shake down the iron despotisms of the earth, and shatter to fragments the power of antichrist. Let the friends of Christianity wait, and pray, and suffer a little longer, and the glory of the Cross shall be fully manifested. The King in Zion “shall overturn and overturn and overturn, until He comes whose right it is;” and He shall take his sceptre and reign. Let no one’s heart fail him because of the numbers and resources of the enemy. The Church of Christ was never in danger. It is built upon a rock. The rains may descend, the winds blow, and the floods fall upon it in vain. This house will stand, to furnish a refuge for the believing nations in that last great day, that shall witness “the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.”

ORIGINAL

## THE SAVIOR'S SYMPATHY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Lord, remember us."—ST. LUKE.

Yon stranger see,—who lonely roves,  
An exile from the land he loves,  
Oh Thou!—who here on earth didst tread  
Without a home to lay thy head,  
And only 'neath one cottage shade  
In Bethany,—wert welcome made,—  
Speak peace, where deep despondence sighs.  
And point to mansions in the skies.

The mourner droops,—with heaving breast,  
Low, where his buried idols rest,—  
Dear Saviour! who didst meekly shed  
The tear of grief o'er friendship's bed,  
And with the sorrowing sisters share  
The balm of sympathy and prayer,  
Remember!—let thy mercy flow,  
And deign to soothe the pang of woe.

The death-struck, on his couch of pain,—  
Finds every earthly solace vain,—  
The eye is glaz'd,—the spirit faint,  
Remember. Lord! thy suffering saint,—  
Thou who didst tread the shadowy vale,  
Mid fearful shapes, and horrors pale,  
Infuse thy strength when nature dies,  
And to thy presence bid him rise.

*Hartford, November 27, 1846.*

ORIGINAL.

## EVELYN PERCIVAL.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

THERE was no slight bustle and confusion in the usually quiet parlor at Elmdale—for the following day was to be “examination,” and the numerous young ladies belonging to the establishment were in a flutter of expectation and delight, which rendered attention to their ordinary duties impossible. Grave consultations were held by the elder ones about the important matter of a becoming uniform—for all of a certain grade were to be dressed alike—while the little girls thought only of the long vacation which was to follow the examination, and the happiness of returning to their home and friends. But whatever was the subject of discussion, whether dress or study, or the pleasures of home, one name was continually on the lips of the animated speakers, who were every moment calling on Evelyn Percival, to advise, assist, or sympathize in their promised enjoyment.

Evelyn, do choose for me between these two sashes, your taste is so perfect,” was the request of one.

“Evy, which is most becoming to my complexion—this white camellia, or the blush rose you saw yesterday?” asked another.

“Evelyn dear,” said a young brunette, who had seated herself a little apart, to make sure of her French lesson—will you be so kind as to help me in the conjugation of this verb?” while little Adela, the pet of the school, came up with the important question—“Evelyn, which do you think

my doll ought to wear home—her black cardinal, or her blue coat dress?"

To all these questions, a kind answer was given by the lovely young creature addressed—who, as she flitted from one group to another, carrying sunshine wherever she went, seemed the very personification of hope and joy. So much was the young Evelyn beloved by her companions for her amiability and sweetness, that no one thought of envying her, though she possessed advantages which might have awakened that unhallowed passion under other circumstances. The only child of wealthy and doting parents, who lavished on her every indulgence affection could bestow—so beautiful as to call forth from little Adela, during a Sabbath lesson, the enquiry—"do the angels in heaven look as pretty as Evelyn?" and decidedly the first scholar in her class, Evelyn only escaped the mildew of vanity by possessing a nature so warm, impulsive and generous, as to lead her to find her highest enjoyment in seeking the happiness of others. But for the refined taste and scrupulous neatness which characterized her personal appearance, one might have supposed her utterly forgetful of self, so fully was she absorbed in the pursuits and interests of those about her. It was this disinterested kindness, united to her other noble qualities of heart and mind, which prevented Evelyn from sharing the fate usually allotted to the "model scholar," and rendered her as warmly beloved by her companions, as by her superiors in the establishment at Elmdale.

The important business of preparation for the ensuing day was at length accomplished, and the young ladies had retired to their own apartments, when Evelyn, who occupied a room by herself, was startled by a low and hesitating rap, immediately followed by the entrance of a young girl, who timidly advanced, saying—"Excuse me, Miss Evelyn, but I did not like to trouble you in the parlor before all the others, and have taken the liberty of seeking you here. You know," she added, while a blush over



spread her intelligent though plain features, "that my wardrobe is not very extensive, and I am really unable to appear in uniform to-morrow without some advice and assistance from you."

"You did right, dear Laura, as you always do," said Evelyn, cheerfully, "in saying nothing before the young ladies about this little difficulty, which can so easily be remedied. Your wardrobe is always in such nice order, that I am certain with a very little trouble, every thing can be arranged to your satisfaction." And so it was—for the taste and skill of Evelyn, together with some ornaments which she insisted on adding from her own store, removed the burden from the heart of her young companion, and sent her away satisfied and happy.

Laura Lynde was twelve years of age—Evelyn's junior by three years, though her diminutive stature and extreme shyness and reserve made her seem still younger, while nothing but a pair of magnificent black eyes redeemed her face from absolute plainness. Her father was a mechanic in moderate circumstances, but a man of worth and intelligence, who felt the value of knowledge, and resolved at any personal sacrifice, to secure for his children the advantages of which he had been deprived. Unfortunately, there was among the pupils at Elmdale much of that juvenile aristocracy, which attaches immense importance to silver forks, and splendid furniture, and elegant dresses; and as poor Laura could boast none of these, she was voted a nobody, and made the butt of ridicule whenever it could be done with impunity. But Evelyn Percival was too highminded and generous to join her companions in this petty persecution. She assisted the timid stranger in her lessons—encouraged her at her recitations, and by the whole force of her influence shielded her from undeserved ridicule and neglect. In doing this, she but followed the impulse of a noble nature, little aware that she was securing the endless gratitude of a singularly warm and affectionate heart. Indeed, so slight was the impression

By the whole circumstance, that when at the close of the next term, Laura was removed by her father, to be placed at another school, the whole affair passed from her memory, until recalled by the events of after years.

The examination went off admirably—all were in brilliant spirits, and acquitted themselves in such a manner as to win fresh laurels for the brow of their accomplished teacher. Even Laura Lynde, thanks to her able assistant and prompter, looked so well and appeared so happy, that she would hardly have been recognized, but for the dark eyes, that seemed striving to conceal themselves beneath their long silken lashes, and the appealing look that every moment sought the cheering smile of her friend. But the rose of the parterre—the brightest gem in that coronet of living jewels, was sweet Evelyn Percival, who won all hearts by her graceful simplicity of manner, no less than by the attainments in scholarship, which placed her at the head of her associates. The rank thus gained, was never lost by her during her continuance at school, and yet she bore her honors so meekly, that not one among her young competitors loved her the less for her intellectual superiority.

At the age of seventeen, Evelyn Percival left Elmdale, to make her entrance as a young lady, into the charmed circle of gaiety and fashion, called *par excellence*, good society. Here she became at once “the observed of all observers,” for her manners had that rare union of dignity and self-possession with frankness and simplicity, which gives to beauty its highest charm. Had her heart been less carefully guarded, or her principles less firmly fixed, the admiration and flattery poured upon her from all quarters, must have produced the most injurious results. But happily for herself, she soon learned properly to appreciate the hollow courtesies of fashionable life, and though obliged by her own position, and the wishes of her parents, to mingle occasionally with the gay world, she could not

stoop to the degrading servitude in which so many are wearing away existence. She knew she was beautiful—for a thousand voices echoed the story whispered by her mirror; but if at times a consciousness of power betrayed itself in the proud smile that wreathed her lip, and

“A glance like the sunshine that flashes on steel,”

when assailed by impertinence or presumption; in her own domestic circle, or among her few chosen friends, she was still the same ardent, generous, confiding being, as in the days of her happy childhood.

It was not, however, in scenes of luxury and ease, like those she had hitherto only known, that the character of Evelyn Percival was to shine with brightest lustre, or to attain its highest perfection. A sad reverse awaited her. Her father, who had retired from business some time previous, on an ample income, was seized with the speculating mania, so prevalent during a few fatal years, and embarked nearly all his capital in a rash venture, which if successful, was to make him the master of a princely fortune. After a brief period of feverish anxiety and suspense, the bubble burst, and the proud merchant waked from his delirious dream, to find himself reduced to comparative poverty. The shock was too much for him to sustain. What was now to become of the invalid wife, who had hitherto been so tenderly cherished that the winds of heaven were not permitted to visit her cheek too roughly? What, of the beautiful and idolized daughter, whom his own hand had dragged down from her envied position, in the first bloom of womanhood, to tread the rough path of penury and toil? How could he, who would lay down his life to shield them from sorrow, acquaint these beloved ones with the sad story of his rashness and ruin? Would they not look upon him with deserved loathing, as the unnatural destroyer of his own family? Such were the reflections of the unhappy man.

as lay after day, while yet the blow impended over him, he saw his wife and daughter happy in their ignorance of his altered prospects, and this corroding anxiety, which if shared, would have been divested of half its sting, produced a brain fever, which soon terminated his existence. It was in the chamber of death, while standing by the lifeless form of the husband and father, that Mrs. Percival and her daughter first learned the secret cause of sorrow that had crushed him to the earth. Under other circumstances, the tidings might have overwhelmed them, but death was there, and in his awful presence all earthly interests sank into utter insignificance. Not until the last solemn offices had been rendered to the departed, and the mourners were left alone in their desolate home, soon, alas! to be theirs no longer, did they realize the full extent of their bereavement. But they were not permitted long to indulge in solitary weeping. The little property remaining at the time of Mr. Percival's death, soon disappeared in the hands of a self-constituted executor, who with great professions of kindness, robbed the widow and orphan of every thing that might have been saved from the wreck, and left them in a state of utter destitution. Their house, equipage, and furniture, were seized by an importunate creditor, who could with difficulty be persuaded to wait until the first sad days of mourning were over, so eager was he to take possession of his prey.

"Now then," said Mrs. Percival to Evelyn, as she turned back like our first mother, to take one lingering look at the Eden from which she was driven—"we have lost every thing on earth, and nothing is left for us but to lie down and die."

"Oh, say not so, my beloved mother," she replied—"I have youth and health and energy remaining, and you shall see what these can accomplish, with the blessing of God on my endeavors. Oh, if my dear father had imparted his griefs to us, if he had but known how cheerfully we could welcome poverty and privation with him, he might

now have been spared to us." Tears impeded her utterance, and supporting the drooping form of her mother, they left in silence the happy home endeared by so many fond recollections.

The time had now arrived, when all the latent energies of Evelyn Percival's character were to be developed in the school of affliction, but she met the crisis nobly, and never had she seemed more truly lovely than in this hour of suffering and trial. She hired cheap apartments for her mother and herself, in a pleasant village near the city in which they had resided, and obtained a few pupils in music, which with an evening school, for those who were employed during the day, enabled her to procure for her mother the comforts, if not the elegancies of life. Her own cherished tastes and pursuits were given up without a murmur—the rude scorn or still more galling pity of the summer friends whom she occasionally met, was borne with patient sweetness, but her poor mother had not her mental resources or her strength of character, and the knowledge of her unhappiness was the bitterest ingredient in the cup which Evelyn was called to drink. Mrs. Percival had lived for the world, forgetful of her obligations to seek the glory of God, or the good of her fellow creatures—and now in the hour of adversity, the idol at whose shrine she had worshipped, was powerless to afford her consolation or relief. Evelyn, on the contrary, had been taught at Elmdale, by her excellent instructress, to estimate more justly the relative importance of this world and the next—and the striking lesson she had just received of the vanity of earthly possessions, made an impression on her heart never to be erased.

The utmost exertions of the young music teacher had hitherto been barely sufficient to provide for the daily wants of her little household, and when after months of anxious toil, her mother became so seriously ill as to require almost constant attendance, Evelyn shuddered at

the prospect of actual want which stared them in the face. They had made no acquaintances, for with the morbid sensitiveness of her nature, Mrs. Percival shrank from meeting a new face, and coldly declined the well meaning attentions of her neighbors,—while Evelyn, who gave lessons to her pupils at their own houses in the city, had no time for visiting when at home. One kind friend, however, the wife of the worthy clergyman, had found them out, and would not be repulsed—and now, her sympathy and active benevolence were to Evelyn like the blessed dew of heaven to the parched and drooping flower. “You must have medical advice,” she said, as she felt the quick pulse and fevered brow of the sufferer, “and fortunately we have the best doctor in the world just at hand. He is never so happy as when performing an act of kindness, and his benevolence is fully equalled by his skill. In short, my dear, he is our village phenix, and I must insist on his seeing your mother without farther delay.”

A summons was accordingly sent, and soon answered by the physician in person, who examined his patient and made a prescription without loss of time, and with evident anxiety as to the result. Mrs. Percival was indeed very ill, and for many weeks her life trembled in the balance, during which time, Evelyn was her only attendant, as she constantly refused in the delirium of fever, to take medicine or nourishment from any other hand. Her labors were indeed shared by the kind friend whom Providence seemed to have brought to her for this hour of need, and who devoted to her every moment she could spare from domestic duties. But it was to Dr. Elliott, the young physician of whom we have just spoken, that Evelyn soon learned to look for the encouragement and support she needed, and his daily visits were the sunny spots which lighted up the dark and dreary hours of her solitary confinement. It was not his noble and manly figure—not

that calm and lofty brow on which intellect sat enthroned—not the countenance on which “every god had set his seal,” that attracted her attention, and commanded her admiration, for young as she was, she had met with many others who possessed equal personal advantages. But she had never before looked on a face in which benevolence so shone in every expressive feature, never before had she seen active and energetic kindness so beautifully blended with that delicate tact, which seems to receive an obligation when in reality it confers one. In his frequent professional visits he carefully avoided all allusion to the pecuniary circumstances of his patient, for with the quick sympathy which in finely constituted minds seems like an additional sense, he had read the character of Evelyn, and felt certain that she would be oppressed rather than benefitted by ostentatious kindness. But he found means of supplying through unsuspected channels, the necessities too truly divined—and Evelyn never knew to whom she was indebted for supplies, which to her excited imagination, seemed little less than miraculous. The long illness of Mrs. Percival terminated in incurable consumption, but the efforts of the excellent clergyman of the parish to lead the poor invalid to the Savior of sinners were apparently successful, and she breathed her last in the arms of her devoted child, in humble dependence on the mercy of Him, whom at the eleventh hour she had learned to know and love, as the Redeemer of her perishing soul. Dr. Elliott had been called some weeks previous, to the dying bed of a beloved parent in a far distant state, and in this hour of bereavement, Evelyn was alone, but for her friends at the parsonage. Her strength and mental energy had been for months sorely overtasked, and when the object of her love and care was removed forever from her sight, and laid in the silent grave, there was at first an alarming reaction which threatened her reason or her life. But youth and a firm constitution triumphed

over the effects of fatigue and sorrow, and as she regained her health, she became extremely anxious to obtain some permanent situation in which she might secure an honorable and independent livelihood. Fortunately, an offer was just then made to her, which she did not hesitate one moment to accept. Mrs. Stanley, a widowed lady, of large fortune, had brought on her only daughter from the South, to place her at a celebrated school in New England, but the pain of parting was so great on both sides, that she changed her plan, and resolved on obtaining a governess to return home with her darling Emily. Evelyn Percival was recommended to her by her friend, Mrs. Paine, and one look at the sweet face of the orphan, decided the question in her favor. If a lingering hope had dwelt in the heart of Evelyn, that she might once more see her kind friend Dr. Elliott before her departure, it was speedily dispelled, for Mrs. Stanley was to leave N. immediately, that she might visit Niagara and the lakes on her homeward route. So Evelyn bade farewell to the grave of her mother with many tears, and after a grateful and tender parting with the good minister and his wife, left the home of her childhood for a residence amid new and untried scenes.

To be concluded in our next.

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## RELIGION.

"O that the vacant eye would learn to look  
On very beauty, and the heart embrace  
True loveliness, and from this holy book  
Drink the warm breathing tenderness and grace  
Of love indeed! O that the young soul took  
Its virgin passion from the glorious face  
Of fair religion, and address'd its strife,  
To win the riches of eternal life!"

Hood.



ORIGINAL.

## "RICHES WITHOUT WINGS."

BY MRS. E. LITTLE.

(Continued from page 269.)

AFTER the lapse of a year, Mrs. Stanton found that she could venture to assume a larger rent, and consequently removed with her daughter to part of a neat two-story house, which was owned and in part occupied by a widow lady without children, who did not like to live alone, and to whom the idea had never occurred, that there were hundreds of people in need of a home, which she had it in her power to offer them. And yet this woman was always complaining of her loneliness.

"Mother," said Helen one day when she had been out walking, "I have thought of nothing else but our landlady, and her constant lamentations, and I wish we could do something to help her out of her difficulties."

"But what would you do, darling? Mrs. Jones is suffering under such a complication of evils, that it would be difficult to find any other remedy exactly suited to her case than Christianity; and as she professes, and really believes herself to know more on that subject than we do, I cannot see how we are to enlighten her."

"It is that very thing I was thinking of, mother. How little of real Christianity there is in the world. How little do the prosperous and happy think of the poor and destitute. O how I have learned, during the last year, the meaning of the text, 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keep himself unspotted from the world.' Well did our Savior say, 'How hardly shall

they that have riches, enter into the kingdom of God." Our little room and my late experience have taught me more effectually than all the sermons I ever heard, that "The kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

The eyes of the happy mother filled with tears as she gazed on the beaming countenance of her daughter, to whom she felt herself doubly united by this declaration of views so entirely in accordance with her own. With a voice faltering from emotion, she replied, "One hour such as the present, is a recompense for years of suffering. I thank God that I have never repined at any of the arrangements of his providence, but now I bless the trials which have produced such a result, and given me my child as a sympathizing friend. O, Helen, I cannot tell you how many misgivings of heart I have endured on your account in years past; how often I have trembled, lest the deceitfulness of riches might ensnare you, as has been the case with so many other children of equal promise with yourself; how earnestly I have desired that you might find in your youth the pearl of great price; and though I honestly confess that my faith might have quailed before the trials of this year, if I had had the liberty to choose, still I am thankful for them now, and ask nothing either for you or for myself, but a constant sense of the goodness of God, and of our dependence on him."

Helen now communicated to her mother a case of distress that she had met with in the morning, which had greatly excited her sympathy, and which she longed to relieve. "You know," said she, "dear mother, that Mrs. Jones, our landlady, is a kind-hearted woman, and I think that all she wants is to have some one to prompt her in a delicate way to acts of kindness. I have ventured a little, too, upon what I know of my mother's interest in the unfortunate, and told a poor little girl to come here this

afternoon, hoping for your assistance in the meanwhile to prepare some decent clothing for her.

"I am going to make a bargain with Mrs. Jones which will give me an opportunity to tell my story, and if you have no objection I will invite her up here, so that I may not have to repeat it to you."

"Do as you please, my dear, only don't expect too much from Mrs. Jones, for I warn you she is terribly afraid of trouble, as she calls every exertion beyond her ordinary routine."

"O, I know that, mother; and I am not going to ask her to do the least thing; I can carry out my project without her assistance, and it's only for her own sake that I seek to interest her in it."

"I have no desire to discourage you, my dear Helen, I only wish to secure you against disappointment. I have seen more of the world than you have, and have often found that those cases which commended themselves the most warmly to my sympathy were precisely such as failed to excite the sympathy of others."

"Well, mother, I was careful to make no promises, so there will at least be no harm done, if my plan should fail."

Helen then went down stairs to look for Mrs. Jones, whom she found knitting, as if her existence depended on it, and saying that she wished to make a bargain with her, she playfully added, "so as it's new business for me, do bring your knitting up stairs, that my mother may see that you don't impose upon me."

"I never done that to nobody in all my born days, and I'd be loath to make a beginning with you, child," said Mrs. Jones, hardly knowing what to understand by Helen's words; "but if you raily want I should go up staars, I'll be glad t'accept the invite, fur I'm dreadful lonesome, and I often says to myself, I do wish Miss Stanton didn't have

such lots o' company, fur then I'd go up oftener. If 'tud pleased God to spare my Jane Ameli, she'd 'a been good company fur me by this time ; but his will be done," said she, raising her eyes devoutly, "I hope I am resigned."

Helen had become too much accustomed to Mrs. Jones's mode of speech to think of her allusion to the loss of her only child with any other feelings than those of pure compassion. She could scarcely restrain a smile, however, when Mrs. Jones thus continued : "'Twas a great disappointment sartinly in more ways nor one, fur to have her taken away, fur she was gittin' her eddication so beautiful. I hain't never showed you her picturs and needlework have I? Well, I'll show 'em to yer some day. She took to her larnin' so nat'ral like, and I never minded the cost of nothin' though she did spend a sight of money for woostids and patrons and things, but I never had no eddication myself, and I was detarmined she should'nt want for't."

Reply would have been superfluous, therefore Helen was able to command her countenance at this expose of Mrs. Jones's views on the subject of education, which after all only differ in degree, but not in kind, from those of mothers in so-called good society, which means (especially in New York) people who live in large, handsomely furnished houses and dress elegantly. I do not intend to say that there are not many in the class of society referred to, who are well educated and refined people ; but education and refinement are by no means essential to admission within its pale.

When Mrs. Jones had been comfortably seated, and the usual compliments had been exchanged between the two older ladies, Helen proceeded to business by saying, "Mrs. Jones, will you give me the cloak you spoke of the other day, as too good to give to a beggar, and not good enough to wear yourself, in exchange for the veil I wore on Sunday, which you admired so greatly?"

"Why, what on airth *do* you want of that ere old thing ! 'tain't fit for you to wear no how, and besides you've got such a beauty a'ready."

"I want it for a little girl whom I met in the street this cold morning, shivering under a thin shawl."

"Well, I reckon you'll have enough to do, if you find all the gals you meet in the street in cloaks. But that are ain't no business o' mine, I s'pose you'll think."

"I'll tell you this little girl's story, and then perhaps you will feel as much interested in her as I am," replied Helen with a pleasant smile.

"I was coming along one of the avenues in the western part of the city, when my attention was drawn towards a woman and a little girl, who seemed to be engaged in some kind of altercation. As I approached them, I heard the child say, 'No, I won't go home to dinner—I have no home—I don't want any dinner ; it would choke me if I ate it when I knew it was grudged to me.'

"I could not help feeling very curious to know what made a child of eleven years old speak in this manner, and I stopped almost involuntarily, and asked the woman what was the matter with the little girl. She looked rather confused, but told me very civilly, that the little girl was the only child of a sailor, that they had lately received the news of her father's death, and that he had placed his daughter at board with her when he went away ; that as his wife was dead, there was no one now for her to look to for her pay. She had said in the little girl's hearing, that she could not take the bread out of her children's mouths to feed her with, and that she didn't know what was to become of her. Upon this the child had left the house, and she thought no more of her till dinner was ready, and had then looked out of the door and seen her sit moping (as she expressed it) on a stoop. 'And now,' said she, 'what can I do ? you see, ma'am, she won't go home.' Here the little girl burst into tears, and sobbed

out, 'O, I have no home, no friends, now father's dead, and I wish I could die and be with mother once more.'

Helen could not proceed with her story for some moments, and the unsophisticated Mrs. Jones sobbed as if her heart would break, while Mrs. Stanton's eyes filled with tears which she silently wiped away, and then turned to Helen, saying, "We will spare you for the present the rest of this sad story, dear; but why did you not bring the poor child with you at once?"

"O, my angel mother!" exclaimed Helen, as she threw her arms round her mother's neck, "I expected this from you; but still, having had a specimen of poor little Eliza's quick feelings, I wished to settle every thing before she came, and so told her to go and get her dinner like a good girl, and come to me this afternoon, and I would see if I could not put her in a way to earn her food, and then I was sure it wouldn't choke her. I checked the woman, who was about to discourage the idea of her ability to earn any thing, as she said she had always been at school. She may not be able to earn any thing now, but I'm sure that with such a spirit she soon will be."

"It's a thousand pities she can't keep on goin' to school," said Mrs. Jones; "if 'twarn't for the trouble of lookin' arter her, I wouldn't mind givin' her her wittles, but such gals is so obstropalous."

"I don't think this one will prove so, for the woman appeared surprised to see her so excited and obstinate. Poor child! I did not wonder in the least, for though her father's long absence made his death less of a trial to her, she had the additional pang of discovering that she was looked on as an intruder where she felt herself at home. But, Mrs. Jones, if you are disposed to assist in providing for this child, in whom I own myself deeply interested, mamma will contribute her share towards it by giving her shelter, and we will not let you be troubled with her."

"O, I'm sure she'll be welcome to eat with me, for I'm

dreadful lonesome, and there's always a plenty," said Mrs. Jones.

Eliza was accordingly installed in her new home, and though a child of strong impulses, and therefore at times a great trouble to her friends, she was also a source of great pleasure to them, from the freshness and vivacity of her impressions.

After a short time, the greatest difficulty was to prevent Mrs. Jones from injuring, by her lavish indulgence, the little girl, who seemed almost to have taken the place of the one she had lost ; and as Helen always gave Eliza her lessons in the old lady's room, her naturally intelligent mind received a degree of cultivation that enabled her at least to sympathize in some of the tastes which the young instructress sought to instil in the mind of her charge.

Seeing the course that matters were likely to take, and knowing that Mrs. Jones had a pretty little property at her disposal, while Eliza had no near relatives to claim her, she felt at liberty to impart to her all the accomplishments for which she manifested a taste. In course of time, Mrs. Jones, who was no longer lonely, even surprised her favorites by the purchase of a good second-hand piano, having heard that Helen was a good musician, and the old lady's hitherto solitary parlor was enlivened by the evening visits of Helen and her mother, and the few intimate friends who frequently joined their domestic circle.

Of Helen and her mother, what need we say to convince those who have been tried and sustained as they were, of the ever increasing peace and joy which was the effect of their cheerful submission to the will of God, and faithful performance of the duties of their station ? As to those who "care for none of these things," to whom nothing is valuable that cannot be purchased with money, it would be useless to waste time in trying to convince them that "godliness with contentment is great *gain*."

ORIGINAL.

## THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

"Bless'd pair of Syrens, pledges of heaven's joy,  
Sphere-born harmonious sisters—Voice and Verse,  
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ.  
Dead things with inbreathed sense, able to pierce,  
That we on earth with undiscordant voice  
May rightly join in that melodious noise,  
Aye sung before the sapphire colored throne  
To him that sits thereon."—MILTON.

WE have never so fully appreciated the moral power of music, as when listening to the enchanting harmonies of that gifted family, whose progress through the land of their birth, is one continued ovation—rich with trophies, not of military prowess, but of the sublime power which melts and conquers human hearts. Wherever they go, immense crowds greet their appearance with an enthusiasm which mere artistic skill never yet excited, and as the youthful performers pour forth "a swelling tide of harmony," mingled with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," the fountains of feeling are broken up within the soul, and the waters gush forth, even as they flowed from the smitten rock, at the bidding of the Jewish Lawgiver. Whence arises the magic influence experienced by all who have listened to the strains of these unpretending "minstrels of the people?" Not simply, or mainly from the fact that the individual voices of this "nest of brothers with a sister in it," varying as they do from a full and rich soprano to a deep, heavy basso—are characterized by unusual brilliancy and sweetness of tone—not from the fact that when blended, they steal over the soul "like a steam of rich distilled perfume," till the very senses seem lapped in Elysium—nor yet from the exquisite taste which guides them in the selection of the airs they sing. The source of their power lies deeper than this. It is the *moral influence* exerted by music when "married to immor-



tal verse"—to the spirit stirring words in which genius speaks to the universal heart, that constitutes their power. Well might Mary Howitt call these children of the "Granite State," a

"Band of young apostles,  
Preaching love and truth."

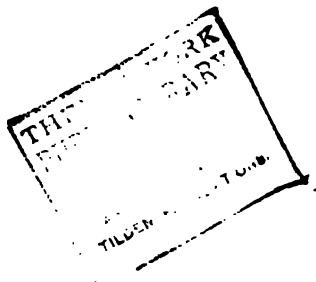
It is impossible to listen to the entrancing strains in which they advocate the cause of Temperance, Peace, Emancipation, and every other good work, without reverencing the true nobility and dignity of soul which prompts them in the unswerving course they have hitherto pursued. And if ever the day shall arrive when universal brotherhood shall bind together the nations—when oppression in all its loathsome forms shall disappear for ever, and peace and purity fill the regenerated earth, we cannot but feel, that among the agencies employed to bring about a consummation so glorious, not the least effective, will have been the moral power exerted by the music of the Hutchinsons.

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ORIGINAL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

On receiving a perfume bottle from a friend whom the author has never yet seen

THE rose's balmy breath has given  
Its sweet aroma here—  
Unseen but felt, a boon of heaven,  
That speaks its spirit near.  
I see it not, this rich perfume,  
Yet so divine its power—  
It wakes a dream of light and bloom,  
Soft gale of memory's bower.  
Sweet, voiceless messenger, I own  
The tidings thou hast brought.  
From distant friends unseen, unknown,  
Save by the glance of thought.  
Viewless like thee, the spirit wings  
O'er severing space its way ;—  
And to the kindred spirit clings,  
Far from its bonds of clay.  
As flash meets flash, so mind meets mind—  
Sparks from the electric zone,  
Whose links congenial natures bind,  
In an eternal one.











*Chieristemon Plantanoides.*

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ORIGINAL.

## THOUGHT NEVER DIES.

BY MRS. F. L. SMITH.

“Who is He, so swiftly flying,  
His career no eye can see?  
Who are They, so early dying,  
From their birth they cease to be?  
TIME: behold his pictured face!  
MOMENTS: can you count their race?”

HURRIED as we are along life's pathway by the resistless flight of Time, it is well that we have some points of observation from which we may throw a hasty glance over the past, and where we may set up landmarks to aid our subsequent review. Such is the return of a birth-day, a marriage festival, or one of “sorrow's anniversaries.” Such is the commencement of a new year. While we mingle our congratulations and our hopes, let us not disregard the last accents of the departed year. In the dim distance we may yet distinguish the record by which we marked its birth. We remember the friends who welcomed it with us. Many of them still gladden our path, but “*all are not here*!” Some, who we hoped would travel with us to the end of life's journey and weep over our grave, have fallen by our side. In the bloom of youth, and in the strength of manhood, from the midst of wide spread usefulness, or after having accomplished, “as an hireling,” their day, one and another has been taken. They are gone, and henceforth “life will be to us less sweet and death less bitter.”

But why is it that our thoughts linger not around the grave? Why do “the loved and lost” present themselves before us—not as we last gazed upon them, in the habili-



ments of death—but with the elastic step and beaming eye, and tone of love, with which they were wont to gladden the social circle or the fire-side? Why is it that we “*cannot make them dead?*”—that association—that magic wand that Memory at pleasure wields—calls up the past, instinct with life and clothed with beauty?

“Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,  
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain;  
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!  
Each stamps its image as the other flies.”

It has been said, Thought never dies, and who that has been accustomed to watch the operations of his own mind, will be disposed to question the position? Let it for once be admitted, and inferences follow “enough to shake a world.” Then, an opinion expressed, a maxim repeated, a line written, an emotion exhibited, a habit formed,—though long since relinquished and forgotten by the actor, the writer, the speaker,—has left an impression for good or for evil upon some living tablet, where it shall remain indelible for ever.

A child sits at its mother’s feet, amusing himself with his toys. That mother, lifting her heart to heaven for help, determines to throw a thought into her boy’s mind about eternity. She calls him to her side; she tells him of the love of Jesus to him, to all; she speaks of his holy life, his atoning death, his last command. He listens with a moistened eye and a heaving breast. “I will tell you more about Jesus by-and-by, my son,” says the mother, and away he bounds with as light a heart as before. Ere another sun arose that mother was in heaven.

Years pass away. The child becomes the man; the man, the missionary of the cross. “That veteran in the army of the Lord of Hosts, that pillar of fire amidst the darkness of heathenism, was the little child whose giddy mirth was interrupted to give him a thought about eternity.” And as Memory with her magic wand brings up

the past, the first link in that chain of agencies which made him what he is, is seen to be that thought, that lesson, at his mother's side. Did that thought die?

A mother taught her little son an evening hymn, and heard him repeat it aloud, each night, after his head was laid upon its pillow. While yet a child he was sent from home to school, and, faithful to his mother's instructions, continued to repeat his hymn as before. He was overheard by another lad of his own age (they were about eight years' old) and he too soon learned to repeat the same lines, which were made instrumental in his early conversion. He entered the navy, yet, amidst all the temptations of a sea-faring life, maintained the habit of repeating this hymn in connexion with his evening prayer. The youth from whose lips he received it forgot the lines, and perchance became unmindful of the truths they taught; but the friend of his childhood watched over him with a brother's love, and was, in his turn, made instrumental in winning him to paths of piety and usefulness. Did the thought breathed into the ear of infancy expire?

'Tis a summer's eve. A lad is seated on a door-sill, watching the changing tints of the western sky. His thoughts partake of the calmness of the scene. A mother's watchful eye is on her boy. She is soon standing by his side, a sharer in his quiet enjoyment. She joins in his admiration of the golden and purple clouds, which reflect the departing rays of the sun, already sunk behind the hills. She looks with a mother's hope upon that face, lighted up with such placid joy as the contemplation of Nature's beautiful countenance only can inspire, and then, in tones of tenderness, she speaks to him of that glorious Being who painted the sky and lighted up the sunbeams and built the worlds. And as she parts the clustering locks from his brow, and, bending o'er him whispers.

"My Father made them all!"

he feels a warm tear falling on his cheek.

That mother is taken to dwell with Him "whom having not seen" she loved. Her obscure grave and humble name are almost forgotten on earth, though angels watch the one, and "the Lamb" has recorded the other. There is, however, one warm heart, beating amidst the coral reefs of ocean, that cherishes their remembrance. There a band of missionaries may be seen, sitting together after a day of toil, and watching the departing sun, as he dips his rays in ocean's bed. They are speaking of the land of their birth and the scenes of their childhood ; and as,

" Wherever I have heard  
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,  
And with it all its pleasures and its pains,"

so does this glorious sunset recall, to one of these, another evening hour, when, in far distant New England, a mother's tear fell on his cheek ; and as he relates the story to his companions, he adds with emotion, "That tear made me a missionary !"

We have not wandered into the regions of fancy to obtain illustrations of the position that thought never dies. Each of our readers will, beyond peradventure, find within a witness of its truth, if Memory wakes up to the investigation. Who of us has not often been astounded by the sudden rising up of long forgotten scenes and tones and words, as unexpected, as was the form of the prophet to Israel's affrighted king ? Often they speak to us in tones of love, gentle as a mother's accents, soothing the stricken and care-worn spirit. But do they not sometimes startle the soul, as they speak of blessings undervalued or abused ? It is not a beautiful theory only, that all past thought sleeps but for a season, waiting the electric touch of Him "who hath abolished death," to wake it again to a life that shall never die. Professing to believe it true, let us guard more vigilantly the avenues to thought, let us be far more cautious in the collection of its materials, let us seek to scatter around us thoughts *worthy of immortality*. And if, in the

light of an eternal day, it shall be made to appear that we were permitted to weave even one link in some golden chain, such as binds each blessed spirit to the eternal throne, then will we exchange our congratulations, not on the beginning of a changing, dying year, but on the commencement of a never ending and unchanging eternity.

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From Spencer's "Fairie Queene."

"ARE THEY NOT ALL MINISTERING SPIRITS?"

BIBLE.

AND is there care in heaven? And is there love  
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,  
That may compassion of their evils move?  
There is:—else much more wretched were the case  
Of men than beasts: but, oh! the exceeding grace,  
Of Highest God that loves his creatures so,  
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,  
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,  
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,  
To come to succour us, that succour want  
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave  
The flitting\* skyes, like flying pursuivant  
Against fowle feedes to ayd us militant!  
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,  
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,  
And all for love, and nothing for reward,  
Oh, why should heavenly God to men have such regard

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\* *Flitting*—yielding.

ORIGINAL.

## EVELYN PERCIVAL.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

[Continued from page 303.]

Mrs. Stanley was thoroughly imbued with the aristocracy of the old school, and prided herself on the perfect system of her household. Moreover, she lived much in the gay world, and always had a succession of visitors beneath her roof. It never once occurred to her that the young governess, however beautiful, accomplished and intelligent, could be regarded as on a level with herself, so that when she had provided for her use a pleasant suite of rooms, with all needed attendance, &c., she believed that she had done every thing that could be required of her in the premises. No word or look of affection ever greeted the sensitive girl, when she met the stately mother of her pupil, but in their stead, a formal and chilling politeness seemed to freeze her very soul. To a heart like Evelyn's, love was an absolute necessity, and her nature drooped and withered without it, like a plant deprived of air and sunshine. The young Emily, it is true, almost idolized her lovely and gentle instructress, but she was an only and petted child, and the task of trying to counteract in the school-room the influences that surrounded her elsewhere, became every day more difficult and hopeless.

Two years passed heavily away, during which poor Evelyn had seen not one familiar face, or found one sympathizing friend. Offers indeed she had, for Mrs. Stanley's beautiful governess could not be kept entirely out of sight, and "to see her was to love her," but though some of these offers were unexceptionable in a worldly point of

view, the answer to all was the same—a decided negative. She was sinking rapidly under the fatal influence of that heart-sickness for which medical skill has no name, when an event occurred which gave a new color to her existence. “Who do you think is coming here to-night, Miss Percival,” said Emily Stanley, one morning, “you cannot imagine, so I must tell you. It is Mrs. De Forest, the great heiress and belle from the North, who has been on a bridal tour to the White Springs, and whom mamma has invited here for some days to meet a large party.” The name was a new one to Evelyn, and she soon dismissed the subject from her thoughts as one in which she had no interest. She heard the bustle of the expected arrival, but did not join the party at dinner, and during the evening the sound of laughter and merriment reached her in the solitary apartment to which she was confined by a slight indisposition. She thought of her own youth, with its brilliant promise, of the friends now dead, who had strewn her early pathway with flowers, and of her loneliness and isolation, and her heart seemed to die within her. Tears, the bitterest she had ever shed, rolled slowly over her pale cheeks, and her whole attitude expressed abandonment to sorrow, when suddenly the sound of voices was heard approaching the room, and the next moment the door opened, and Emily appeared, ushering in a young lady splendidly dressed, and radiant with youth, health, and happiness. She started back as the reclining form of Evelyn met her eye, and gracefully apologized for the intrusion, saying she had unfortunately dropped the comb which confined her hair, and sought to replace it. But when that pale face was turned toward her in reply, she changed color, gazed an instant, then darting forward, clasped the astonished girl in her arms exclaiming, “It is, it is my own dear, long lost Evelyn ! Do you not know me,” she added, while smiles and tears covered her bright face,—have you indeed forgotten your protégé, Laura Lynde ?”

"It is all a dream," murmured Evelyn, "it is impossible—I cannot believe the change," she added, almost unconscious of her words.

"I forgive your doubts, sweet infidel," was the laughing reply of her friend, "but as I must satisfy you of my identity, I shall sit down here by your side, and remind you of Elmdale and other days. Have the goodness to excuse me to your mother, my dear," she said to the astonished Emily, with the ease of one accustomed to command, "I have found an old friend, and cannot yet leave her."

The story was soon told. A bold speculation, as fortunate in its results as that of Mr. Percival had been disastrous, gave her father possession of immense wealth, and the advantages he was thus enabled to procure for his daughter, together with several years of foreign travel, had wrought a transformation so complete, that Evelyn could hardly credit the evidence of her senses. She had recently married the man of her choice, and believed herself the happiest and most fortunate of women in his affection.

"This is the conclusion of my romance, dear Evelyn," she said at the close of her brief explanation; "but though I see by your looks, which are still true to your feelings, that I am greatly changed, I assure you my heart is still the same, and the flattered and perhaps spoiled Mrs. De Forest, loves the friend of her childhood even better if possible than did the poor little neglected Laura Lynde of Elmdale. I have sought you diligently ever since my return from Europe, and now that I have found you, we part no more until I am obliged to yield to a higher claim. Nay, no refusal; you are ill, and want skilful nursing, such as you can find nowhere but at home, and on my part, I must have some one to witness and admire my admirable management as a housekeeper."

Evelyn was too happy to sleep that night, and more than once started up to assure herself that she was not even

now dreaming of a blessedness she was never to know. It was so long since she had felt herself of importance to any one—so long since the voice of friendship had met her ear, or an emotion of joy had penetrated her heart, that her very soul overflowed with gratitude and newly awakened hope. “I am not utterly alone,” she repeated to herself, more than once during the long night watches—“I have found a friend where I least expected it—how have I deserved so great a blessing !”

Mrs. De Forest was again at her side early the following morning, and insisted on her going down to the breakfast room, as she was impatient to introduce her husband to the friend of whom he had heard so much. He received Evelyn with the frank cordiality of a brother, and warmly seconded the proposal of his young bride, that she should accompany them to the north, and take up her permanent residence with them. So the whole thing was speedily arranged, to the entire satisfaction of all parties, excepting Mrs. Stanley, who was well aware that Evelyn’s place in her establishment could never again be filled. Emily laughed and wept by turns, unable to determine whether she were most glad or sorry. She was charmed to find that the rich and beautiful Mrs. De Forest loved her sweet Evelyn so dearly, but then how could she bear to give her up, just as her mother had found out how very good she was, and was going to make her happy as she deserved to be. Had Emily known more of the world, she would have felt that this late recognition of her claims on the part of Mrs. Stanley, was little calculated to heal the wounds her pride had inflicted on one so sensitive and highminded as Evelyn.

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Mr. De Forest owned a beautiful residence a few miles out of town, and there, for the first time since the death of her father, Evelyn found a home where her ardent nature expanded in the warm sunshine of affection, to which she had been so long a stranger. Her spirits regained all their



wanted elasticity, and though tender memories of the past floated like summer evening clouds across her sky, like those too, they were tinged with the rainbow hues of hope and joy.

"I have had a delightful surprise this morning," said Mrs. De Forest to Evelyn, one day on returning from a shopping expedition to the city—"in meeting a beloved cousin who has been for more than a year in France with a sick father now dead. He landed yesterday, and will be with us this evening to tea. I wish you could have seen the tragic start and exclamation of surprise with which he heard your name, when I casually mentioned you as one of my family. How is it that I have never discovered your acquaintance with Herbert Elliott before?" It was now Evelyn's turn to start and blush, as she eagerly answered—"Is Dr. Elliott of N—— indeed your cousin? I knew nothing of it, and it is so long since we met, that I supposed he had quite forgotten my existence."

"The farthest from it possible, my dear, if one may judge from his manner, usually so calm and self-possessed, when he found you were still Miss Percival, and under my roof. I see there is something I do not comprehend, from the 'celestial rosy red' of your cheeks, but I will try to wait patiently for the denouement."

"There is nothing; indeed you mistake, dear Laura," Evelyn replied—"only that during my dear mother's illness, Dr. Elliott was her medical attendant, and we looked on him almost as our guardian angel. But I have never seen him since, and"—

"Spare yourself the trouble of farther explanations," said her friend, laughing—"it will be better to have them all at once, when Herbert is present. I am only too happy to find that you are old acquaintances, though I had arranged quite a little romance for you, which is all spoiled."

Greatly to her own vexation and surprise, the heart of Evelyn fluttered so wildly when Dr. Elliott was announced

that evening, that she could hardly rise to welcome him, and her embarrassment was shared by the gentleman himself, whose manner certainly could boast little of the calm self-possession of which Laura had spoken in the morning. They had hitherto met only under circumstances of suffering and trial—now all was tranquil enjoyment, and in the “flow of soul” which marked the reunion of friends so long separated, the hours flew by unheeded—

“For noiseless falls the foot of time,  
That only treads on flowers.”

The next day brought Dr. Elliott again to Rose Hill, and day after day found him still there, lingering at the side of the fair girl, whose image had for years been the guiding star of memory, even when hope had departed. It was impossible to determine from his reception by Evelyn, had he been so ungenerous as to wish to divine her sentiments before declaring his own—whether any warmer emotion than gratitude was awakened in her breast, and he loved her the more for this reserve, which so well became the purity and delicacy of her character.

From the first hour of his introduction to her, at the bedside of her suffering mother, Dr. Elliott had felt an interest in Evelyn Percival, which every succeeding interview served to increase, until the period of her departure from N. The unvarying sweetness with which she accommodated herself to the caprices of the invalid—the quiet dignity which met privations and toil without one word of complaint, or one look of discontent; these, even more than her rare loveliness, had riveted his attention, and excited his warmest admiration. But though a man of ardent temperament, and quick sensibilities, he was by no means a romantic one, and love at first sight, carrying away captive both reason and judgment, had never formed an article of his creed. The transparent simplicity of Evelyn’s character enabled him at once to read much that he desired to know—and when, after weeks of familiar intercourse, he learned to appreciate her firmness of principle,

maturity of judgment, and mental cultivation, he felt that what he had been so long seeking was indeed found, and his heart acknowledged its conqueror. It was not, however, to a daughter watching by the dying bed of a beloved mother, that words of love could be fitly spoken, and though when he saw her cheek growing pale and her eye dim from incessant watchfulness and fatigue, he longed to pour out in words the sympathy and admiration with which his soul was filled, it was expressed only by those thousand nameless offices of kindness, in which heart speaks to heart more eloquently than through the medium of language. While things were in this situation, Dr. Elliott was suddenly called away by the alarming illness of his excellent father; and after an absence of many months, during which he learned for the first time how unspeakably dear to him Evelyn had become—he returned to N. only to find the cottage deserted, Mrs. Percival dead, and her daughter gone no one knew whither. Mrs. Paine with her husband had left home, previous to his arrival, on a journey to the “far west,” and their one domestic could tell him nothing but that Miss Percival went away with a great southern lady, a short time before the departure of her mistress. All his attempts to discover her residence were fruitless; and when at last Mrs. Paine returned to N., she had recently seen a gentleman from Virginia, who brought intelligence of Evelyn’s engagement and probable marriage to a wealthy planter in Mrs. Stanley’s vicinity. This was only rumor, however, and Dr. Elliott resolved to learn his fate from her own lips; but while preparing for immediate departure, a sudden return of the disease which had before nearly proved fatal to his father, rendered his presence at home absolutely necessary. A long voyage, and residence in the south of France during the winter, were the only means that promised continuance of life to the beloved invalid—and thither his son accompanied him, having first poured out his soul in a letter to Evelyn, which, it is needless to say, was never received by her.

For many months, while travelling in France, Switzerland and Italy, every packet of letters from home was eagerly examined by him, in the vain hope of finding one from the "sunny south," until suspense became certainty, and he could no longer doubt that the object of his warmest affections was lost to him for ever. When at length his filial cares were ended by the death of their object, which took place at Geneva, on their homeward route, it was with a feeling of depression such as he had never before experienced, that Dr. Elliott embarked at Havre for his native land. How great, then, was his surprise and delight, on arriving at Boston, to learn from Mrs. De Forest, that Evelyn was still free, and so near him, that in a few hours he might once more gaze on that countenance which for many long months had only been present to him in dreams. And when they met—how fully did he find the promise of her girlhood realized in the matured charms of the lovely and intelligent woman, whose "soul-lit face" gave him a welcome, more eloquent and more precious than words could have conveyed. The changing hand of time had imparted a more earnest and thoughtful glance to the eyes of darkest blue, in whose beams he had loved to sun himself of yore, and the full rich lips spoke now of calm determination and high purpose, yet ever and anon, the musical laugh that broke from them like a peal of silver bells, came from a heart still fresh and true to its purest and earliest impulses. Altogether, she was charming, and he felt her so—more and more every day—as the treasures of her mind were unconsciously displayed in the familiar intercourse of friendship, but with the diffidence of real love, he almost feared to seek for more, lest he might thus lose the happiness he was at present enjoying.

"Herbert," said Mrs. De Forest to him one evening, when rather later than usual, he made his appearance in the vine-covered portico where the friends were sitting—"you have been a great loser by playing the truant from my tea-table to-night. We have been favored with the

company of a gallant young southerner, who called to pay his respects to Miss Percival, having come all the way from home, apparently, to perform this simple duty. You need not blush, or look so imploringly at me, dear Evelyn; Mr. Leslie has won my friendship for ever, by showing himself so good a judge of character."

"And where is the gentleman now?" asked Dr. Elliott, with a slight appearance of constraint in his manner.

"Oh, my husband has spirited him away, under some pretence of showing him his model farm, but from his look at parting, I imagine the eloquence of his host will be entirely thrown away upon him." Mrs. De Forest was interrupted by a call from one of her dear five hundred friends, greatly to Evelyn's relief, whose blushes indicated a consciousness she was far from feeling, in reference to a matter which was one of perfect indifference to her.

A moment of agitated silence followed the departure of Mrs. De Forest; then Evelyn felt, for it seemed impossible to raise her eyes, that a manly form was bending over her, and a low voice murmured in her ear—

"Evelyn, I can endure this suspense no longer. You are dearer to me than light and life, and I cannot for another moment crush down the feelings which swell my heart almost to bursting, in your presence. From the first hour I saw you, in the chamber of sickness and suffering, I have loved you with an intensity unknown even to myself, until separation taught me how necessary you were to my happiness. Even when I believed you lost to me for ever, your image was still present with me, worshipped in solitude and silence, as the devotee worships the image of his patron saint. I have returned to find you unshackled, and lovelier and dearer than ever, and now must I find that I have loved in vain? Tell me, beloved Evelyn, by a word, or a look, if one sentiment of your heart pleads in my behalf!"

For worlds, Evelyn could not have spoken, for the overpowering emotion with which she had listened to these

words deprived her of the power of speech, but she suffered him to retain the hand of which he had taken possession, and tears fell like rain drops, as he went over the history of the past, and explained the reasons of his apparent forgetfulness and neglect.

"And now, dearest," he said, as he ended his brief narration—"may I plead for forgiveness, or must I relinquish the sweetest and most precious hope that ever dawned upon the heart of man, that of calling you mine? Speak, and make me the happiest or the most wretched of men."

The few broken words uttered by Evelyn in reply, were apparently satisfactory, for they were received with rapturous expressions of joy and gratitude; but while the happy lover was pouring out his thanks, Mrs. De Forest returned, and Evelyn escaped to the solitude of her own apartment. It was not then a dream—what she had sometimes dared to hope—that the only man she had ever seen who fully realized all her ideas of manly excellence and nobleness, was not utterly indifferent to her, poor and friendless as she must have seemed to him, at the period of their first acquaintance. She was warmly, ardently beloved by him to whom all unconsciously her own purest affections had been given, and whose preference was itself an honor—was not this enough of happiness? Her chastened heart turned instinctively to heaven in this hour of deep emotion, and on her knees she thanked God for all his goodness, and besought strength and grace to guide her aright in that uncertain future which seemed now so brilliant with hope and promise.

The promise of that hour was fully realized. As the beloved and honored wife of a man whose benevolence was limited only by his ample income, Evelyn Elliott tasted, in its fullest extent, the luxury of doing good, and found in the endearments of a well ordered and happy home, and the affection of a large circle of friends, the sweet reward of those self-denying virtues, which, when cultivated in youth, adorn the autumn of life, and bring forth fruit in the winter of age.

## LABOR.

BY MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us ;  
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us :  
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus  
    Unintermitting, goes upunto Heaven !  
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing ;  
Never the little seed stops in its growing ;  
More and more richly the Rose-heart keeps glowing,  
    Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

" Labor is worship !" — the robin is singing ;  
" Labor is worship !" — the wild bee is ringing :  
Listen ! that eloquent whisper upspringing,  
    Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.  
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower ;  
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower ;  
From the small insect, the rich coral bower ;  
    Only man in the plan shrinks from his part.

Labor is life ! — 'Tis the still water faileth ;  
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth ;  
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth !  
    Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.  
Labor is glory ! — the flying cloud lightens ;  
Only the roving wind changes and brightens ;  
Idle hearts only, the dark future frightens :  
    Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep them in tune

Labor is rest — from the sorrows that greet us ;  
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,  
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us ;  
    Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.  
Work — and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow ;  
Work — thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow :  
Lie not down wearied 'neath Wo's weeping willow ;  
    Work with a stout heart and resolute will !

Droop not, though shame, sin and anguish are round thee ;  
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee ;  
Look to you pure Heaven smiling beyond thee !  
    Rest not content in thy darkness — a clod !  
Work — for some good — be it ever so slowly !  
Cherish some flower — be it ever so lowly ;  
Labor ! All labor is noble and holy : —  
    Let thy good deeds be thy prayer to thy God !

ORIGINAL.

## A GOOD WIFE.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD.

A trustful, true-hearted, loving woman, is interesting in any sphere. She hallows and blesses any relation. How beautiful, in her young girlhood as a sister, playful, innocent, pure—her cheeks roseate with blushes,—her mind, like the delicate flower, opening to the sunny influence of truth and virtue. The sisters we have loved, that lingered about our path and stayed in our presence, when we were children, we can never forget. Death may have sundered the relation, or distance separated us, but their image is still with us and enshrined in our memories. As a mother, too, woman is beautiful, when folding the young infant on her breast; when hushing, with her sweet music, its gentle cries, or when leading it to the altar of her God. There is moral sublimity in the position of a mother, as she sits, like a queen of beauty, shedding the soft, mellow light of a pious example over the children of her love. In this relation, all feel that she is honored; and her children rise up and call her blessed. And though time and trial may steal away from us the remembrance of other days, yet the last feeling to retreat from the heart, when it is dead to every other impulse, is the remembrance of our mother. Lovely as woman is, as a sister, a mother, a friend, she is not less lovely as a wife; and it is in this relation that we propose to view her. *What, then, are the elements of a good wife?*

To those who are seeking such a trust and treasure, or to those who are called to such a relation, this subject cannot fail to be one both of interest and profit.

It cannot be denied, that *practical good sense* is one important element of a good wife. Indeed, this seems to



constitute the basis of every other qualification, without which, every other is comparatively worthless. Nature may have been prodigal of her gifts upon her person. She may possess every grace of form and feature—a beauty which neither the painter's brush can imitate, nor the sculptor's chisel copy. Like the landscape, the statuary, the painting, she may awaken feelings of admiration; yet like these unbreathing things of nature and art, she may be totally unfit to be the companion of man. A wife is not a thing simply to be admired, to be caressed, to be flattered. She sustains high and important relations, both social and domestic, out of which grow the most solemn and responsible duties. To move amid these relations, to discharge these duties, she needs discrimination, discretion, forethought, practical wisdom; and what is *good sense* but the generic title for all these? Almost all the difficulties, the petty annoyances, which introduce discord and contention into the family circle, interrupting the generous flow of sympathy from heart to heart, may be cured or utterly avoided by a discreet course on the part of the wife. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." But "a foolish woman is clamorous; she is simple and knoweth nothing." Let no one select such a companion, if he desires domestic happiness—a *home* which shall be a refuge from anxiety and care.

Another important element in the enumeration, is a *cultivated intelligence*. The want of this is a sad defect. It mars the beauty of a lady's character. She may be amiable, good and true, but if she be ignorant, she is unfitted either to promote or enjoy the highest connubial bliss. We say not that years spent at the boarding school—that a knowledge of music and painting—that a thorough acquaintance with the polite literature of the day, are necessary to constitute a cultivated intelligence. They may be important auxiliaries, elegant accomplishments, and good in their place; but the *essential* idea of an education is the power to think, accurately and independently—

to discriminate—to hold the mind in steady communion with the true and the beautiful. Now every man, it matters not what station he occupies, or what profession he pursues, wants a companion who has this power, who, in her conversation, can rise above the hackneyed, the transient and the trifling. Without this, the married life will become dull and monotonous—the “honey moon” will not always last—the fascination and spell of this newly entered scene will soon be broken, and love will seek for its permanent basis, intelligence and virtue. These are the vestal fires that must be kept always bright and burning, or the devout worshipper will be tempted to seek other altars, and bend at another shrine. Let the butterflies of fashion, who despise mental culture, and seek only to adorn the outward person, seriously ponder this; let them know that a cultivated intelligence is indispensable to permanent felicity in the married life. An intelligent wife acts as a stimulus to her husband. If called to plead at the bar, or debate in the halls of his country, or grapple with the weightier themes of religion, he is stimulated by the thought that there is *one* mind, at least, that will appreciate his noblest efforts, and that will be deeply affected by his success or failure. And besides, such a wife is a “help meet.” She may make important suggestions as to his style and manner. She may weave garlands of beauty around the otherwise rough, yet startling trains of thought. She may blend the beautiful with the grand, the mild with the terrific, the persuasive with the convincing. She may enable him so to touch the more delicate chords of the heart, as to cause them to respond to the appeals of reason and truth. Many an aspirant for usefulness and fame has failed to reach the goal of his wishes and hopes for the want of the timely suggestions of an intelligent wife. Or if called to move in some humbler sphere—to toil in a workshop or till the soil, if he has an intelligent wife, he may be justly proud of her. She will give him influence in society, lighten the burden of his toil by her instructive

and brilliant conversation, analyze, for his edification and amusement, the plants and flowers of the garden and field, thus giving to nature a meaning and a voice.

*Strict integrity* is another element essential to a good wife. If confidence is lost, all that is pure, and hallowed, and hopeful in the domestic relation is lost—the most desirable oasis in life loses its fragrance and beauty. What, then, can preserve mutual confidence and affection? *Strict integrity*—a guileless simplicity of conversation and manner. Let the wife never attempt to deceive—to exaggerate—to exhibit fiction for fact. Though she may move delighted in a fairy land, and charm and attract by the poetic images of her own imagination, yet she will, in the end, be the loser. She is secretly undermining the foundations of her own virtue and happiness, and forfeiting that confidence, without which her heart and hearth-stone will be desolate as the chambers of death. And need it be said, that piety is her only effectual safeguard from exaggeration and error? Piety is beautiful and graceful everywhere, but never more so than when exhibited in the life and character of woman. The pious wife—the pious mother is a charm and a vision of gladness to all around her. She is the ornament of her household and the crown of her husband. He can truly say—

“She is mine-own,  
And I as rich in having such a jewel,  
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearls,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.”

Or in the more expressive language of Scripture, “The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.”

Another essential element of a good wife is *love, deep, pure and constant*. Neither good sense, nor a cultivated intelligence, nor *even piety*, can compensate for its absence. Love is not passion, nor poetry, nor romance—it is a heart

all warm, all sensitive, all gushing forth in tenderness, that clings to the object of its devotion, in peril, in poverty, in disgrace, with an ardor of attachment which nothing but death can alienate or sever.

“ Oh, woman's love ! at times it may  
Seem cold or clouded, but it burns  
With true undeviating ray,  
Nor ever from its idol turns.  
Its sunshine is a smile ; a frown  
The heavy cloud that weighs it down ;  
Its sweetest place on which to rest,  
A constant and confiding breast ;  
Its joy to meet—its death to part,  
Its sepulchre, a broken heart.”

Love is the true secret of domestic happiness—it unseals the hidden fountains whose perennial flow enriches every lot of life. The wife who truly loves, welcomes her companion from his daily duties and daily toils with a smile, scatters light and sunshine upon his path, makes his home the seat and centre of all earthly attractions. How sublime is woman's love as manifested in the ten thousand nameless incidents and attentions of life ! The cynic or skeptic may sneer at this, and call it the extravagance of folly. But it is a beautiful reality, as developed in Paradise, before the serpent entered and separated those entwined hearts from God and each other. And even under the dark eclipse of the fall, we have seen some beautiful specimens of conjugal love, not as portrayed by the pen of the novelist, but in actual life, in the cabin, and in the cottage, and under the chilling influence of poverty and depression. And our hearts have been refreshed by these vestiges of brighter and better days, when all was hopeful and happy as the first morning that dawned upon Paradise. Could I speak to the females who are fascinated with beauty, fashion, wealth, and every fictitious accomplishment, I would say, see to it, that you love *deeply* and

*devotedly* before you enter those hallowed relations which will bring joy or sorrow to your hearts.

Allow me, in conclusion, to refer my readers, for a correct portraiture of a good wife, to the last chapter of the book of Proverbs. The hand that sketched that image of beauty was unerring. And he who finds its living counterpart, finds a good thing, and obtains favor of the Lord.



#### IMPROVEMENT OF A THOUGHT FROM METASTASIO.

The willow that droops by the brink of the river,  
And drinks all its life from the stream that flows by,  
In return spends its life in the cause of the Giver,  
And shadows the stream from the heat of the sky.

My Creator—my God, it is thou—I adore thee,  
It is thou art this life-giving fountain to me;  
But I am all weakness, a suppliant before thee,  
I cannot return this protection to Thee.

But ah! thou hast many a loved one in sorrow,  
Who wanders along this bleak world all alone,  
For such for the good thou hast sent would I borrow,  
And this thou hast said thou wouldst look on and own.

In sickness, in poverty, sadness and danger,  
I would succor each child of my God that I see;  
And the aid thus bestowed on the perishing stranger,  
One day Thou wilt say, was bestowed upon thee.

ORIGINAL.

## THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

BY J. M. HENRY.

In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings;  
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons,  
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection,  
We behold their tender buds expand;  
Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
Emblems of the bright and better land.

LONGFELLOW.

ALL animate and inanimate nature hath a voice. The bird, the bee and the flower, read us salutary lessons. The brook, the breeze, the cataract—the stormy wind and flying cloud—the insect in his coral bed, and the archangel before the “sapphire colored throne,” utter words of wisdom. Amid the enchantments of pleasure, in the pursuit of wealth and worldly aggrandizement, these words are unheard and unheeded by the great mass of rational beings, for whose residence the Creator hath fitted up and adorned this beautiful earth. Still the voice of nature is not the less real, or distinct, because unheard.

But the objects of nature have not only a voice, they have, also, a moral character—they teach by example. What a beautiful emblem of purity and benevolence is that crystal spring. Seeking its home under the cleft of the rock, or in some shady and silent retreat, it gaily revels, in its gravel cup, as though it existed only for itself. But the spring is not selfish. It hoards none of its sparkling treasures, but imparts them freely to all who want, and the

remainder it gives to the stream. And the stream does not keep them for itself, but gives them away to the valley, and the flowing river. The river, too, is benevolent. It floats our commerce, and forms a highway of travel, and then empties itself into the sea. And the sea,—what a sublime emblem is that of its mighty Maker! Vast, incomprehensible, resistless, it gives life and sustenance to a world of animated beings, inhabiting its waters, and ministers, in a thousand ways, to the comfort and happiness of man. And then, it gives its waters to the clouds—and the clouds, obedient to the great law of love, send them back to the earth. And so it is with every thing else—nothing exists for itself. The sun does not shine for itself. It gives away its golden radiance to the earth and the moon—and the moon does not keep the bright gift, but reflects it back to the earth, to cheer and enlighten the darkness of the night. There is a beautiful brotherhood in all the works of nature. All are ministers,—all have a voice—all a character; and all teach.

But what of the Lily and the Rose? What lessons do they teach, and what is their character? They teach words of wisdom to all; but especially to our fair young readers, they speak in accents of winning tenderness, and exhibit, not only matchless forms of beauty and loveliness, but a moral excellence, such as the shining ones possess in the bright land where the angels dwell. The olden fable shall tell their story.

“Once the earth stood forth dark and cheerless, a naked rock, when behold, there came a band of friendly nymphs from the bright land above, who employed kind spirits to cause the barren rock to bloom.

“They applied themselves to their respective tasks, and soon under the snow among the springing grass, Humility wove for herself the tender leaves of the retiring violet. Hope came next, and filled with her cooling dew the slight cups of the refreshing hyacinth. After these came a haughtier, prouder, gaudier troop of beauties, the tulip

raised her lofty head disdainfully, and the narcissus glanced proudly around, with her languishing eyes. Many other nymphs and goddesses soon employed themselves in their various arts, and adorned the earth, which rejoiced in her wealth of bright and beautiful forms.

"But lo! while the flowers were blooming in the pride of their own beauty, and to the praise of their lovely makers, Venus also spoke to the queenly graces by which she was attended. Why do ye delay, ye sisters of gracefulness? up and weave from your own charms a mortal flower of transcendent loveliness.

"They came down to earth, and Aglai, the Grace of Innocence, formed the lily, while Thalia and Euphrosyne wove with sister-like hands the flower of joy and love—the virgin rose.

"Many flowers of the fields and gardens envied each other, the lily and rose envied none, yet were envied by all; sister-like, they bloom together on the domain of the hours, mutually adorning each other with their matchless beauty, for sister-like graces have formed them undivided.

"Thus, maidens, on your cheeks bloom lilies and roses, and may the virtues of Innocence, Joy, and Love, ever dwell upon them united and inseparable."\*

Many a fair maiden wears upon her cheeks the blended beauty of the lily and the rose, but the moral qualities, of which these sweet and delicate flowers are the beautiful emblems,—are they the elements of her character? And what are the forms and hues of beauty without the living reality in the mind and heart! External graces and accomplishments, like the beauty of the rose and the lily, will enjoy but a brief existence. But moral loveliness, when external beauty has faded, will leave behind an undying aroma. Innocence, joy, and love! Three small words; but they contain more than three ideas. And these ideas, when imbodied, as living realities in the character,

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are worth more than all the jewels that ever glittered in the coronets of kings or queens. Diamonds, with all their beauty, are but dead stones. But innocence, joy, love, shine not only, but live—sing—and rejoice ; and that, too, when all earthly thrones and diadems have crumbled into dust.

Let all our fair readers, who have a lily and a rose, and we hope they all have them, study their character. Look at the delicate cup of the lily ! How beautiful is its form—how soft, how chaste, how pure its whiteness ! This is innocence. Resolve to be like it. And that you may not resolve in vain, call upon Him who gives the lily all its purity and beautiful array. His own character is emblematically represented by the “Lily of the valley.” Look at that virgin rose, fit emblem of joy and love. What pencil can equal the delicacy and beauty of its tints ! Or what chemist rival the richness of its perfume ! Would you be like it ? Cultivate diligently the Lily ; the Rose will not long be an exotic. It will spring up, indigenous, in the same soil which produced the Lily. For joy and love are sister graces—and are both the offspring of innocence.

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BEAUTY.

“ His hope is treacherous only, whose love dies  
With beauty, which is varying every hour ;  
But in pure hearts, uninfluenced by the power  
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,  
That breathes on earth the air of Paradise.”

WORDSWORTH.

ORIGINAL.

## THE ART OF BEING HAPPY.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTIN.

"Happiness is a road-side flower, growing on the highways of usefulness; Plucked, it shall wither in thy hand—passed by, it is fragrance to thy spirit: Love not thine own soul, regard not thine own weal, Trample the thyme beneath thy feet; be useful, and be happy."

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

FROM every corner of this blighted and bewildered earth; from courts and cells, palaces and hovels—from the highways and byways in which poor humanity flutters in silk, or pines in tatters—comes up the loud, long, thrilling inquiry—"Who will show us any good?" Whatever may be the external distinctions that mark the children of men—however widely their paths in life may diverge—they are all united in one absorbing interest—the pursuit of the phantom Happiness. The unconscious child who disputes with his playmate of the nursery, the possession of a toy or a comfit, though he has no name for the emotions that agitate his breast, is seeking to be happy. And he—the "child of a larger growth," whose hoop and ball have given place to the more exciting but less innocent game of interest, ambition or pleasure—what is it that kindles his energies, and impels him onward, often in a pathway lined with thorns? Ah—he would fain be happy, and the arch deceiver has persuaded him that the ignis fatuus he is pursuing, will guide him to the object of his wishes.

The pale student, as he trims the midnight lamp, and sighs assent to the truth that "much study is a weariness to the flesh," strives to satisfy the deep yearning of his nature after happiness, by a dream of fame, bright, but cold

are worth more than all the jewels that ever glittered in the coronets of kings or queens. Diamonds, with all their beauty, are but dead stones. But innocence, joy, love, shine not only, but live—sing—and rejoice ; and that, too, when all earthly thrones and diadems have crumbled into dust.

Let all our fair readers, who have a lily and a rose, and we hope they all have them, study their character. Look at the delicate cup of the lily ! How beautiful is its form—how soft, how chaste, how pure its whiteness ! This is innocence. Resolve to be like it. And that you may not resolve in vain, call upon Him who gives the lily all its purity and beautiful array. His own character is emblematically represented by the “Lily of the valley.” Look at that virgin rose, fit emblem of joy and love. What pencil can equal the delicacy and beauty of its tints ! Or what chemist rival the richness of its perfume ! Would you be like it ? Cultivate diligently the Lily ; the Rose will not long be an exotic. It will spring up, indigenous, in the same soil which produced the Lily. For joy and love are sister graces—and are both the offspring of innocence.



## B E A U T Y.

“ His hope is treacherous only, whose love dies  
With beauty, which is varying every hour ;  
But in pure hearts, uninfluenced by the power  
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,  
That breathes on earth the air of Paradise.”

WORDSWORTH.

ORIGINAL.

## THE ART OF BEING HAPPY.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

"Happiness is a road-side flower, growing on the highways of usefulness; Plucked, it shall wither in thy hand—passed by, it is fragrance to thy spirit: Love not thine own soul, regard not thine own weal, Trample the thyme beneath thy feet; be useful, and be happy."

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The pale student, as he trims the midnight lamp, and sighs assent to the truth that "much study is a weariness to the flesh," strives to satisfy the deep yearning of his nature after happiness, by a dream of fame, bright, but cold

and illusive as the moonbeams that quiver on the walls of his humble apartment.

But what shall we say of the votary of pleasure, the worshipper of fashion, who flies from the sacred duties and endearments of home, to seek in scenes of vain amusement, that excitement which has become necessary to her existence? Can it be that she is wandering in search of happiness? Can a being so false to herself and her sacred trust, so forgetful of her duty and her destiny, expect to find joy, that "plant of Paradise," in the forbidden paths she is treading? Alas for the weakness and the depravity of human nature—all are eagerly grasping at a painted shadow, while the substance woos their acceptance, and is scornfully disregarded.

Would our fair readers, who have just commenced the life-long chase, learn from us the true secret of happiness? It is written in sunbeams on every page of God's visible creation—and in that blessed book which is the charter of our privileges, and the foundation of our hopes, it is inscribed in characters so grand, so awful, that adoring angels bend from their azure heights, to look into the sublime mystery. Jesus Christ—the Son of God—the maker and upholder of all worlds, "*pleased not himself.*" Wonderful words! If the Lord of men and angels found happiness in the denial and renunciation of self, for the good of others—if as a man, his felicity was perfected by toil and suffering even unto death, in their behalf—then surely in vain must creatures formed in his image, and possessing still the faint and distorted lineaments of their divine original, seek to find enjoyment in any form of selfish gratification. Infinite wisdom and kindness have rendered it impossible—for could selfishness and happiness once be found united, the chain that binds created intelligences together would soon be severed, and in the place of social dependence and social kindness linking heart to heart, nothing but sparkling fragments would remain, each one brilliant indeed, but hard and impassive as the solid marble.

Forgetfulness of self—benevolence—usefulness—these three things constitute the art of being happy. Where these attributes of character are found, the enjoyment that has ceased to be an ultimate object of pursuit, comes unbidden into the bosom, and takes up there her permanent abode. But self-sacrifice—disinterested benevolence—devotion to the good of others—these are plants which are not indigenous in this low soil! “Wherever these principles are found, disguised, disfigured though they be, they are not of the earth, earthy. The seeds must come from above, from the source of all that is pure, of all that is good!” Yes—nothing but the grace of God in the heart, overcoming its waywardness, and controlling, by the love of Jesus, its natural tendencies, can lead to the formation of a character such as this. It is only in the straight and narrow way of righteousness, cast up by the Spirit of God, and marked out in his holy word, that “the faint travellers of earth may wander and gather for themselves, balm to soothe their yearning hearts, from the unfading amaranths of heaven.”

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ORIGINAL.

OLD FACES.

BY MRS. M. N. MCDONALD.

‘Oh give me new faces, new faces, new faces,  
I’ve gazed on the present, a fortnight or more,  
Some persons grow weary of things or of places,  
But features to me, are a much greater bore.”

T. H. BAILEY

GIVE me *old* faces, honest and sincere.  
Such as I knew and loved, in days gone by;  
I ask not with the poet quoted here,  
Each day a softer cheek, a brighter eye.  
I ask the smiling lips, the gentle eyes  
That beamed upon me in my childhood hours;  
That made bright sunshine in my morning skies,  
And strewed my rosy path with fairest flowers;  
The lips that spoke, the eyes that looked in love,  
From gentle spirits now at rest above.



Beneath her snowy cap I sometimes see  
 In thought, my grandam's pale and furrowed face ;  
 And memory pictures from the past for me,  
 Her ancient form, her staid and stately grace.  
 The cushioned seat, the 'broidered footstool, where  
 Her velvet slipper rested day by day ;  
 Her tones of love break on the silent air,  
 I am again beneath her gentle sway,  
 The wayward child, upon whose silken hair  
 Was laid her hand so oft, in blessing there.

The village school—its name recalls to me,  
 The tidy matron of the birch and book—  
 I feared her eye, in hours of girlish glee,  
 Now I would fain recall that serious look :  
 She loved us all, I must believe, full well,  
 And strove to urge us in the flowery road  
 Of knowledge, but some strange mysterious spell,  
 Held us in bondage dire, for darkly strewed  
 With pointed thorns that flowery pathway seemed,  
 While all beyond, a radiant sunshine gleamed.

And in the band of frolic creatures gay,  
 Who held with me the path of learning drear,  
 Glad revellers in our scanty hours of play,  
 Names linked with glen, and grove, and streamlet clear—  
 There still are some, who on life's stormy steep,  
 Can cheer me with affection tried and true  
 Smile when I smile, or soothe me if I weep,  
 Sharing alike my hours of joy or wo.  
 What faces then to me are half so fair,  
 As those I looked on in my girlhood are.

Give me *old faces*—what care I for those  
 Who idly flaunt in fashion's giddy train—  
 Give me old faces—they a charm disclose  
 I've elsewhere sought, but ever sought in vain.  
 Let others, eager to forget the past,  
 Seek in each new-found visage passing fair,  
 Features they deem more lovely than the last,  
 Eyes of more lustre, curls of softer hair :  
 I too love beauty, wheresoe'er it be,  
 But still, *old* friends and faces, give to me.

## NAVY ISLAND.

See Engraving.

We have great pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the beautiful and spirited engraving with the above title in the present number of our magazine. It is from the burin of Osborne, the talented artist whose exquisite engraving of Evelyn Percival, in the January number of the Wreath, has elicited so many commendations from the press, throughout the country, and whose engravings in the Christian Parlor Magazine, the Youth's Cabinet, and other periodicals, are too well known to need a mention here.

Navy Island is a lovely, wooded spot of some hundred or more acres, lying in the Niagara River, just above the Rapids, near the British shore, to which country it belongs. It has acquired notoriety from the fact that in the Canadian insurrection in '37—8, a party of the insurgents took possession of this island, and employed a steamboat named the Caroline, which was cut out of the ice at Schlosser, on the American side, for that purpose, in conveying military stores, provisions, &c., from the opposite shore, for their use. This boat was burnt by a party of British soldiers, acting under the authority of the Governor-General of the Canadas, Sir Francis B. Head.

No appearance of strife or bloodshed now disfigures this charming spot, or its surrounding scenery. Two children of the forest occupy the foreground of the picture, and forcibly remind us of the days now gone by, when their fathers roamed in proud security on the shores of the O-ni-aw-ga-rah, little dreaming that the advancing footsteps of the white man were so soon to drive them for ever from their beautiful and beloved hunting grounds. These Indians—how like accusing spectres they cross the path of the traveller, bringing to remembrance deeds of treachery and injustice, which, though forgotten on earth, are surely registered in heaven!

Immense quantities of timber are annually floated down the rivers of Canada by means of rafts like those placed before us by the artist in this engraving—and the whole scene is one of life-like interest and beauty, not soon to be forgotten by those who have ever gazed on the original

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"THE EMIGRANT." *By Sir Francis B. Head.* New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff-street.

This is a lively and readable description of the author's residence in Canada as Governor-General, during the eventful period of the insurrection; and though the high-tory creed gives its own coloring to all he saw, he has evidently thought much and deeply about the subjects on which he writes. To those who wish to know how the great majority of Canadians felt in reference to the insurrection of 37-8, this book will be interesting, as the production of one whose social position gave him means of information not accessible to all.

"FLOWERS OF FABLE"—*from Northcote, Æsop, Wadsley, Gay, La Fontaine, &c.*—with numerous engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff-street.

A very charming little work, judiciously arranged and elegantly got up, with the whitest paper, the fairest letter press, the most beautiful cuts, and the most interesting fables which our little friends have ever seen. We are requested by some of them to say, that they think it the prettiest book of the season, and as such, recommend it to all their young companions.

"PARENTAL INSTRUCTIONS, or Guide to Wisdom and Virtue"—*designed for young persons of either sex, compiled chiefly from the writings of an eminent Physician.* New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff-street.

A modest, unpretending volume, full of excellent thoughts and wise counsels, adapted to every stage and condition of life; but especially designed for the young, for whose benefit the judicious compilation was made.

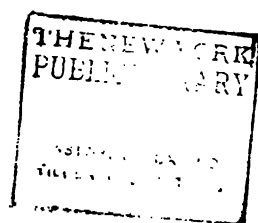
"PITHY PAPERS ON SINGULAR SUBJECTS." *By Old Humphrey.* New York: Robert Carter, 58 Canal-street.

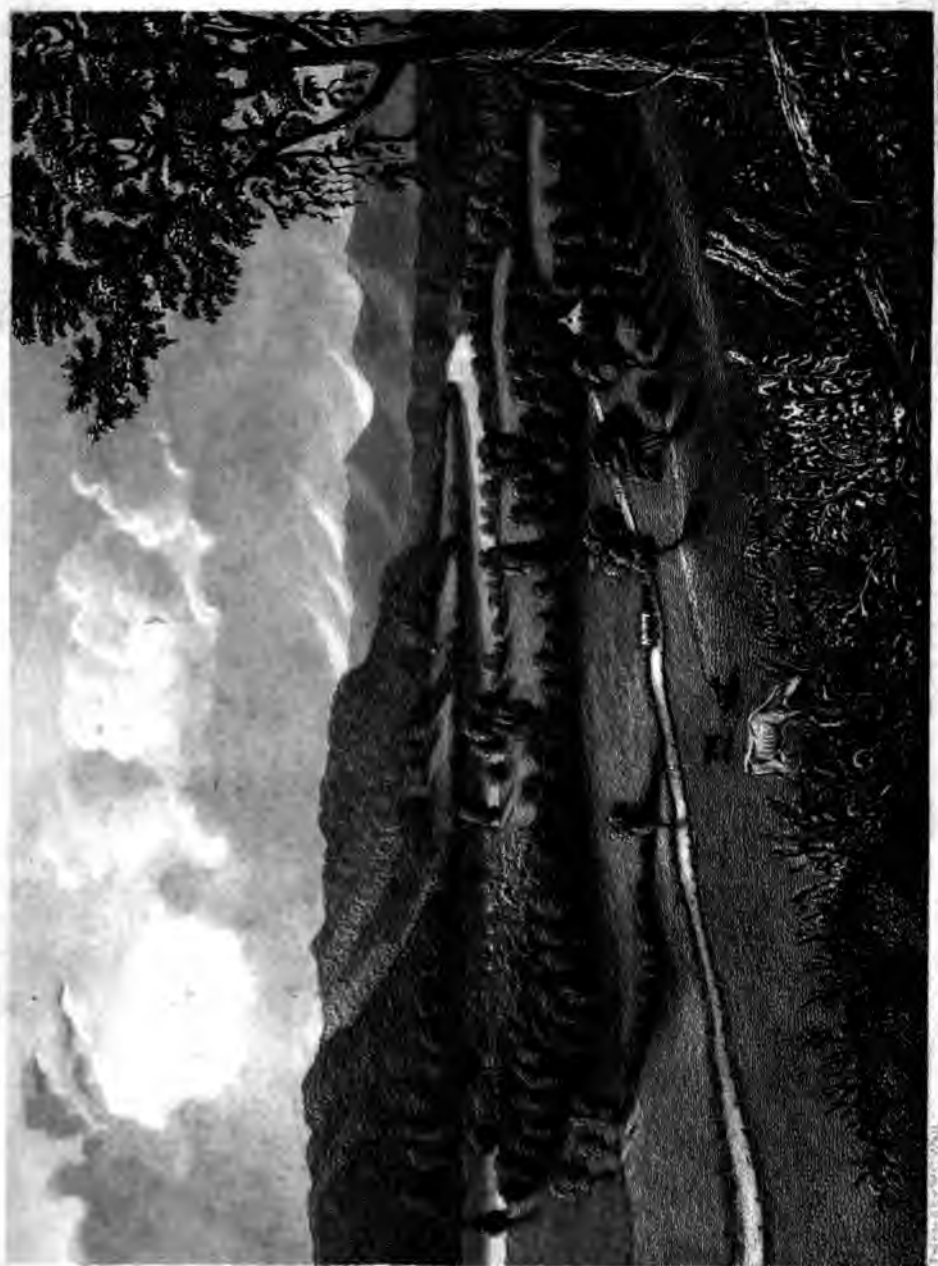
"ZION'S PILGRIM, or the Way to the Heavenly Canaan Familiarly Illustrated." *By Robert Hawker, D. D.* Robert Carter, 58 Canal-street.

"NIGHT OF WEEPING, or Words for the Suffering Family of God." *By Rev. Horatius Bonar.* Robert Carter, 58 Canal-street.

"ANNALS OF THE POOR"—*containing the Dairyman's Daughter, Young Coltager, &c.* New York: Robert Carter, 58 Canal-street.

These little books form numbers of Carter's Cabinet Library, and are reprints of English works, some of which are too well known to need any commendation from us. They are beautifully printed and bound, in uniform size, and form a valuable addition to the library of the christian family





Drawn for the Ladies' Mission

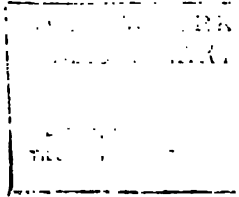




*Convallaria majalis.*

Drawn for the Ladies' Wreath.





ORIGINAL.

## LIFE WITHOUT AN AIM.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

"This is death in life—to be sunk beneath the waters of the Actual,  
Without one feebly struggling sense of a nobler spiritual realm;  
See thou livest whiles thou art: for heart must live, and soul,  
But care and sloth and sin and self combine to kill that life."

TUPPER.

"**THY** life," says a powerful writer, "wert thou the pitifulest of all the sons of earth, is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own. It is all thou hast to confront eternity with. Work, then, *like a STAR*—unhasting, yet unresting." Were the brief space between the cradle and the grave, our only state of existence; were it possible to sever our living here, from the unending hereafter—then indeed would life be little more than the waving of a leaf in the summer breeze—and death only its fall beneath the blasts of autumn. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," would in that case be the language of reason no less than of passion, and he were the wisest who should condense most of present enjoyment into the short and uncertain pathway through this vale of tears.

But let the idea of the eternal—the infinite—be once connected with our present state of being, and every thing assumes a new aspect. Then, all the interests of life become solemn, weighty, momentous. "The briefest moment that comes and goes, is the meeting place of two eternities." The most trivial act touches a chord that will vibrate when sun and stars have faded away; the minutest incident takes hold of a futurity whose extent, mortal numbers have no power to calculate. Not one of the few precious moments that make up the sum of human life, but has a value beyond all the riches of earth—not one, that if

wasted, will not "trumpet tongued" bear witness against the spendthrift of time, for ever and ever. They are the price put into our hands to get wisdom, the only medium by which to procure durable treasures for the soul in that eternity to which she is hastening. It is not enough, then, that no positively evil use is made of these sparkling fragments of a dread eternity. Time, as a talent, is intrusted to us by God, to be used with the utmost economy for high and noble purposes, and reckoning will in due time be made with us, to the very last farthing, for a deposit so precious. The slothful servant, in the parable of our Lord, was not accused of squandering or abusing, but only of neglecting the money intrusted to his care by an absent master. He did not spend it in the gratification of appetite, he did not lavish it in the pursuit of pleasure—he only buried it in the earth.

And thus it will be with every one of us. We may forget or disregard the tenure by which we hold our time and all our other possessions of the absent Lord of the domain—we may live only to ourselves, and fondly imagine that if we preserve an unsullied exterior, nothing more will be required of us—but such a belief gives the lie to the word of God, and must prove delusive in that day when we are to be tried and judged according as our "work shall be." It will then be found that in the account book of eternity,

——— "our not doing is set down  
Among our darkest deeds."

Then the frown of the Judge will fall most burningly, not on the miserable outcast from society, who in his ignorance and degradation, has trampled profanely

"On the scrolls of law and creed,"

guilty as he may be—but on the smooth and smiling worldling, who with the name of God for ever on the lip, has gone through life forgetful of his service, and regardless of his commands.

Existence without a high and holy aim—what is it but

the shooting of a star from its sphere only to wander in the blackness of darkness for ever?—what is it but the helpless drifting of a bark at the mercy of the current, which must inevitably be stranded amid the shoals and quicksands with which it is surrounded on every side? We are the creatures of God, made to subserve a noble purpose, gifted with faculties capable of infinite developement, and bound to an eternity in which these germs of thought and feeling shall expand in bliss or wo unutterable, inconceivable. Life thus viewed, is a solemn reality, and its every action stamped with an importance no language can fully express. Wo to the listless, useless dreamer, on the world's "enchanted ground," who trifles away the few fleeting moments allotted to human existence, forgetful that the night is far spent, and the everlasting day at hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is winter, and the storm howls fiercely through the deserted streets, carrying dismay to the heart of many a child of want who is destitute of food, and fuel, and clothing—but its terrors are unfelt in the warm, well lighted, and splendidly furnished apartment into which we are about to introduce the reader. Its only occupant is a lady in the prime of life, half buried in the cushions of a luxurious sofa, and toying with a favorite lap-dog which divides her attention with the last French novel. She is eminently attractive in person and manner, though a perceptible air of listlessness and ennui robs her fine features of half their power to charm. Every earthly blessing has been lavished upon her—health, beauty, talents, influence, wealth and affection, are all hers, yet still she is not happy. Mirth and levity indeed often dwell beneath her roof, but they deserve not the name of joy. "Like the sunflash on a standing pool, they are a mere surface gleam of light," while beneath them, the dark and turbid waters heave restlessly, casting up mire and dirt. From her earliest infancy, Mrs. — has been, in worldly parlance, the favorite of fortune. Cradled in the lap of ease and indulgence, every

wish was gratified as soon as formed, and she early learned to look down on the "vulgar herd," as beings who had little in common with herself and her chosen friends. Her education was received at the most fashionable schools, and neither trouble nor expense were spared in fitting her to shine among her associates, a star of the first magnitude. True, her parents were nominally followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, and had professed to seek first for themselves and their children, the kingdom of God and his righteousness; this sounded well in theory, but none except fools or fanatics would think of reducing to practice a maxim so obsolete. While in the world they must do as the world does, so their child was trained for the service of mammon, without any higher aim than to dazzle by her accomplishments, and to make a brilliant settlement in life. For this end she was educated, and when a suitor appeared who was unexceptionable in point of wealth and fashion, he was accepted without one inquiry in reference to his mental or moral qualifications. As a wife and mother, Mrs. — is satisfied to take the "world" (that is, the fashionable portion of it) for her standard of right, and has certainly no wish to be better than her neighbors. She procures the most expensive attendants for her children in infancy, and as they advance in years, they have masters enough in the various arts and sciences to enable them to rival even the "admirable Crichton" in his acquirements. But a mother's soft hand was never laid on the heads of those little ones in prayer—a mother's gentle voice never spoke to them of Him who blessed little children when on earth, and who pleads for them before the throne. She who should lead them to Jesus, is so busily engaged in the service of the world, that she has no time to train the minds and hearts of the immortals intrusted to her charge; no time to discharge those most important duties of every woman, her obligations as the guardian of the sanctuary of home. But in the aimless and useless life she leads—Mrs. — is not alone. She is the type and representa-

tive of a large class who thus live and thus die, the votaries of pleasure, the slaves of fashion, without having made one human being the better or happier for their existence—without having for one moment of life seriously aimed at any thing beyond their own personal gratification. And yet the world praises them—follows and admires them while living, and pauses in its mad career to cast one wreath on the splendid monument which covers their remains, then sweeps on, and soon forgets, in the whirl of folly, the very name of its former idols.

\* \* \* \* \*

In a mud-walled cottage among the mountain fastnesses of Asia Minor, with but one kind friend to smooth her dying pillow—but one familiar voice to whisper hope and consolation to the departing spirit, lay a young and lovely female calmly awaiting the king of terrors. She too was a wife and mother, and she was about to leave the husband of her love, and the little prattler who was dear to her as her own soul, in a land of strangers, without one earthly comforter near, to assist in rendering the last sad offices of affection, or to weep with them over the bereavement which was to leave their solitary home so desolate. She had hoped for their dear sake, and for the sake of the benighted people among whom she had come to dwell, that life might still be spared, but the will of God had been made manifest, and she bowed to it, not with resignation simply, but with the cordial, cheerful acquiescence of a trusting child. Few as her years had been, if

“That life is long which answers life's great end,”

then her days might not be numbered by hours and minutes, for they had been filled up with usefulness. Surrounded from infancy with all that can render life attractive, eminently lovely in person, and gifted with a powerful intellect which had been thoroughly and judiciously cultivated, she too might have shone in the circles of fashion, a “bright particular star,” to be gazed at and admired,

could she have chosen a career like this. But while yet a child, she was taught to feel for the wants and woes of others, and the benevolence which at first was impulsive became a principle and a habit which gave tone to her whole character. Her young heart, in all the freshness and strength of its affections, was laid a living sacrifice on the altar of the cross, and from that moment she had but one absorbing aim—to glorify God by seeking to advance the best interests of her fellow creatures. In her studies, her recreations and her employments—in the disposal of time, or talents, or money, the end proposed was still the same—the good of others. As a young lady, though possessed of unusual delicacy and refinement of manner, she was firm in the advocacy of principle, and always ready to engage in every good word and work to the extent of her ability. In the various departments of christian effort among her own sex, in the Bible class and the sabbath school, the vacant place she has left will not soon be filled. And when the desire of her heart was granted, and the providence of God appointed her lot among the wild hills of the savage Kurds, far from the scenes of her childhood, and the friends whose love had hitherto made life so sweet, she gave up without one sigh all the bright prospects that awaited her in her native land, and carried to her mountain home in distant Asia, the same calm energy, the same self-devotion, and the same buoyant cheerfulness which had distinguished her here. The joy of her spirit, was “a calm radiance illuminating the ocean depths, many a fathom down, as if the waters themselves were a mass of solid sunshine, which remains amid the heaving of the billows, unbroken and undisturbed.” In the darkest days of sorrow and trial experienced by the little band of missionaries, she was always calm, always joyful, and the heart of her husband, amid his multiplied cares and labors, safely trusted in her, for never once had he been disappointed in her character. But in the midst of her usefulness, and when in human estimation her life was most

valuable and necessary, death was sent to dismiss her from the labors of earth to the rewards and enjoyments of heaven. Sweetly as an infant sinks to rest within its mother's arms, the child of God obeyed the summons, and went to join the glorious company of the redeemed before the throne. No monumental marble marks the spot where she rests, far from the graves of her kindred; but angels watch over that hallowed dust, now reposing "in sure and certain hope" of the resurrection morning, when those that sleep in Jesus, God will bring with him.

Such may life be, and such, death, when "man's chief end" is kept constantly and steadily before the eye of the mind, and every energy tasked for its accomplishment. The picture is imperfectly drawn, but we thank God that there are even now, many who might furnish originals for the sketch, and pray Him to multiply the number a thousand fold. We long to see the day when woman shall understand the importance of her position in society, and the dignity of the mission with which she is intrusted—and redeemed from the thralldom of "self, and sin, and darkling sloth," shall set herself with earnest and true-hearted endeavor to fulfil her glorious destiny.

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SONNET.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

BE EARNEST!—why should'st thou for custom's sake,  
Lay a cold hand upon thy heart's warm pulse,  
And crush those feelings back, which, uttered, make  
Links in the chain of love? Why thus convulse  
A soul that overflows with sympathy  
For kindred souls, when thou art called to be  
The Heart's Apostle, loving, pure and true?  
The smooth hypocrisies, the polished lies,  
The cold dead forms and hollow mockeries  
Current among the many, by the few  
Who *know* their manhood, should be held in scorn!  
Speak freely thy free thought—and other souls  
To thine shall answer—as from living coals  
Together kindled, light and heat are born!



ORIGINAL.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY MRS. M. N. McDONALD.

Oh there are hours, when memory brings us  
A radiant glimpse of years gone by,  
When some old strain she fondly sings us,  
To wake the tear, the smile, the sigh.  
When o'er the heart comes softly stealing,  
A thought of scenes long passed away,  
Some blissful hour again revealing,  
We thought was lost to us for aye.

Oh sweet it is, when summer even  
Hath barred the dazzling gates of light,  
And one by one the stars of heaven  
Look over earth to cheer the night—  
To muse of those once near to bless us:  
Now, far those shining worlds above,  
To feel again their arms caress us,  
Or list in thought their tones of love.

Then faithful memory, ever bring me,  
At twilight hours, the buried past,  
I'll list the lays thy voice can sing me,  
Each dearer, holier than the last.  
Bring back, bring back those sun-bright hours,  
Which only by thy spells I see,  
Point me again the path of flowers,  
That I can only tread with thee.

ORIGINAL.

## ROMANCE AND REALITY.

BY MRS. E. LITTLE.

"TRUTH is indeed more strange than fiction, my dear E.," exclaimed my cousin M., as I entered the room on my return from a long ramble ; "you have missed an introduction to the heroine of as complete a romance as ever was penned ; but I presume you will have another opportunity of seeing the person who has just left us, and now as I see you are curious, I will tell you her story up to the present time."

"O," replied I, laughingly, "every one's life contains enough of incident to make out a very tolerable romance, if one of your poetic temperament had the task of relating it, my dear cousin."

"Yes, but this is real bona fide truth, and some of its most remarkable incidents have passed under my own eye, or been related to me by those who were most deeply concerned in them."

"Well, my dear cousin, I shall be happy to hear what you have to tell me, provided it 'ends well,' as the novel readers express themselves."

"I think it is not ended," she replied, "but I will relate to you what I know respecting her."

"You remember hearing of the horrors of St. Domingo, and though you were but a child, I think you must recollect soon after the insurrection there, the interest that I took in a family of emigrants, consisting of a widow lady with a little daughter and an unmarried sister. Soon after their arrival in this city, the little girl was taken by a lady who kept a boarding school, and though this was on some accounts a great favor to her mother, it was still attended with inconvenience, for the unmarried lady was a sad inva-

lid with rheumatism, and required more attendance than her sister could bestow on her, as her time was necessarily very much occupied in endeavors to earn a subsistence. When I first heard of them, they were wretchedly poor, and the widow was ill ; but they had somewhere found a little ragged girl, whom I saw on my first visit, and whose bright, intelligent countenance, pleased me exceedingly. My dear mother became as much interested in this distressed family as I was, and the little Julia used to come every day to our house for something from our dinner table to supply the necessities of these helpless ones. Finding that the poor child had been sadly neglected, I tried to give her all the instruction I could, but this was soon rendered quite unnecessary by the teachings of the poor invalid, who took great pleasure in her pupil, and was repaid by the most ardent love on her part.

“Matters went on thus for some years, the daughter always at boarding school, and little Julia supplying her place to her mother and aunt, until at length a wealthy friend in the island of Cuba sent for the family, promising to provide for them there. They embarked for Havana, and after leaving this port, to their great surprise and consternation, Julia made her appearance from some hiding place where she had been secreted. With tears she protested that she should die if they left her behind, at the mercy of her cruel stepfather, and declared that she would serve them as long as they lived. Touched with her grateful attachment, the captain told the ladies to give themselves no uneasiness on her account, for he would procure a home for her in case their friend could not receive her into his family. On their arrival, however, as might have been expected, the gentleman who had so kindly volunteered his aid to the ladies, did not withhold it from their warm-hearted little dependent. He sent her to school and clothed her as his own child, until she went to France with her protectresses, who hoped to regain some of the property they had lost. As I am not undertaking to give you the

history of these ladies, which, by the way, would furnish materials for a longer and sadder romance, I will conclude my story by telling you that to-day a carriage stopped at the door, from which an elegantly dressed lady alighted, who to my surprise greeted me on her entrance as an old friend, and exclaimed, 'Have you forgotten Julia, the little girl who came to your house in P. Street every day, and to whom you were so kind? You may not remember me, but I have never forgotten you, nor your kindness.' She paid us a delightful visit, and told us that she married the gentleman who was so kind to her in Havana, and who had lost his wife some years before. She brought us a basket of West India sweetmeats, which she remembered hearing me say I liked particularly, and has urged me very much to pass a day with her, and be introduced to her husband."

"Is she beautiful?" said I, with all the desire of a young girl that the answer might be in the affirmative.

"As an angel," was the reply; "I do not exaggerate, as you will see for yourself—there is no other word expressive of her style of loveliness; there is goodness in every trait of her countenance.

"When my cousin paid the promised visit, she found an elegant establishment, over which Julia presided with mingled sweetness and dignity, never betraying the lowliness of her origin to the closest observation. Immediately on her marriage, she had taken her sister to live with her, and sent her to school. My cousin was much pleased with all she saw of both ladies during the succeeding few months, but then Julia's health made a change of climate necessary, and the whole family sailed for France, leaving us without any expectation of tracing their future history."

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"Towards the close of 1828, my cousin was residing in Paris. One day in passing along one of the principal streets, her attention was attracted by a brilliant cortege of royal carriages, attended by those of some of the highest

nobility. From one of these, a friendly smile and nod greeted her, and to her surprise she recognised the sister of her friend Julia in the lady, who, surrounded by all the insignia of rank and wealth, thus followed in the train of royalty.

"A few days afterwards, she was surprised by a visit from the Comtesse de ———, one of the ladies attached to the court of Charles X., who proved to be the young girl she had formerly known in America as the sister of Julia, or, as we shall hereafter call her, Madame Hernandez. From the countess, Mrs. M. learned that her sister was absent at that time from Paris, and that she had therefore hastened to visit and invite her old friend, that an agreeable surprise might await her return, as she was sure that nothing would delight her more than the unexpected meeting with a person she so highly esteemed.

"Accepting the invitation of the countess with the same frankness with which it was given, my cousin found her the mistress of a splendid establishment, and was introduced to a brilliant and exclusive circle of the ancient nobility, not a few of whom had experienced kindness and hospitality in America during their years of exile, and thus had pleasant memories connected even with that painful period. In the midst of this assemblage of the nobility and refined elegance of Paris, not one appeared to greater advantage than the countess and Madame Hernandez, who united to the most charming manners, a loveliness of person as rare and peculiar as their fortunes.

"Both ladies were remarkable for frankness and simplicity, combined with extreme gentleness, which imparted to their countenances an almost child-like purity of expression; while in conversation, flashes of intellect and sentiment brightened and animated their beautiful features, until, in the case of Julia especially, one almost felt as if conversing with an angel.

"Every attention that gratitude and friendship could suggest, was lavished on Mrs. M. by these two lovely

women, by whom she was introduced to many distinguished persons in such a manner as to insure their respect and consideration. With Madame Hernandez, she felt all the freedom of a sister, and every day became more and more charmed with the sweetness of her character ; but she was yet to learn how truly christian was her magnanimity, and as she had already proved her gratitude for past favors, she was permitted to witness her forgiveness of past injuries.

"The daughter of Julia's early protectress has been incidentally referred to in the former part of this narrative. Without particularizing, we will mention, that the treatment of Julia by this person had always been exactly what might be expected from a weak, contracted, and envious character, while her own conduct as a daughter and a wife was so highly reprehensible, that, notwithstanding her high respect for the mother and aunt, Mrs. M. had entirely given up all intercourse with her.

"Going one day unexpectedly to visit Madame Hernandez, she met the individual above alluded to, of whose presence in Paris she had not been aware until that hour, though she had frequently spoken of her to Madame Hernandez. At first my cousin did not recognise her, and when at length she knew her, a recollection of many painful and humiliating facts prevented her from speaking to one whom she hardly knew in what manner to address. This embarrassment, however, was soon relieved by her departure, when Madame Hernandez inquired if Mrs. M. had forgotten her old acquaintance."

"By no means, my dear madam, but I am surprised to see her here in Paris, and above all at your house."

"She is here to see a daughter who refuses to acknowledge her, and she wishes me to exert my influence with her for the purpose of bringing them together," replied Julia with great simplicity.

"I wonder how she dared come to you at all, and especially to ask any favor at your hands."

“The beautiful eyes of Madame Hernandez filled with tears as she exclaimed, ‘O my friend, we who call ourselves christians, should not cherish such thoughts of an erring fellow creature. Sophia is poor, she is unhappy, and I shall bless God if I can render her any consolation. And you who were her mother’s friend, you will not reject the poor forlorn one!—is it not so? You will see her, and try to comfort her, will you not?’ She concluded her appeal with an endearing embrace, and obtained a promise from her friend that she would assist her in her work of benevolence to the utmost of her ability. In the fulfilment of this promise, she enjoyed frequent opportunities of witnessing the sweetness and forbearance of Madame Hernandez towards a most unlovely character, for the object of so much generosity had not the capacity of appreciating the motives of her kindness, and often severely tried the patience of her benefactress. Thus did she render good for evil, and love for hatred.

“In the breaking up of the court, and the departure of many of the nobility from Paris, on the abdication of Charles X., Mrs. M. lost sight of the beautiful countess, but Julia still remained there to bless her family who idolize her, and the poor to whom she is as a ministering angel.”

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D R E A M S .

“O! would that dreams were not the things they are,  
 Mere unsubstantial pageants, born and dying  
 With the light sleep that wakes them, coming, flying.  
 Like evening clouds, how beautiful and fair!

“Oh! they are thinner than the empty air,  
 And yet how blessed when they bend and smile,  
 How the heart flows away in rapture, while  
 Dear fond illusions, they are lingering there.”

PERCIVAL.

ORIGINAL.

## MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

How clear, how beautiful is this winter sky! Stars of all magnitudes, the grouping of constellations, and the cloud-like blendings of the milky way are over me. And though yon dome seems but a brilliant roofing for the thronged city, we know that it is a broad arc from the infinity of space—a hemisphere of the universe—that every light which twinkles there is a world, and that thousands more, as great and bright as any we behold, are hid by distance from our view.

And is not our metropolis, with its revolving life, its restless energy, a miniature universe? We gaze from our windows on the crowds which press along the pavement, and they are to us but figures in some fairy scene; their features and expressions flash but an instant on the eye, and are forgotten. And yet, each passer is a living world—yea, the centre of a system; for with him are linked and borne along the hopes and destinies of many hearts. We see not the energies and anxieties, the prospects and fears, which whirl each single soul onward in its orbit; we see no more the attractive forces of ambition, avarice, duty, affection, which bind him to his centre, or his satellites to him, than we can trace the chain which binds our planet to the sun: and yet our own spirits tell us, when we question them, that such elements of revolution and such bonds of union are in all natures; and that each flash of life, though it but twinkle to fade away, bursts from the blaze of an immortal soul. But not far from this brilliant promenade, though unnoted and unthought of here, are other human worlds, that, with such feelings and such memories



as the crowd's level life has never known, revolve in silent suffering. They shine not in this gay horizon; their orbits are obscure: but, ever and anon, a comet darts from thence to blaze before us in madness or in crime. And then the world is startled for an hour; but soon forgets the lesson and the warning, and moves on carelessly again: though, near its course of joy, are misery, passion, and neglect, fast gathering fuel for the conflagration of a soul.

Then let us go awhile beyond this glare of wealth and pride and beauty, and look on one, who from another sphere is gazing at the stars. The way is winding, though not long; in vain that single lamp is struggling with the shadows of this narrow street—tread carefully, these stairs are broken, and the railing gone—yes, up again, his room is in the garret. Bend your head, for it is low; draw your cloak around you, for the night is cold, and the fire is out, and the wind howls through that broken window by which he sits. Years would have left the bloom of youth still on that face, but suffering has blotted her record with wrinkles of care, which look like those of age; and want and watching have worn away the roundness from that cheek and brow. Upon that eye of blue are the red lines of passion; and the curling auburn hair, which once a mother's soft hand smoothed, has become so rough and matted now, that the bony fingers can scarce pass through it, as he leans his head upon his hand and looks up to the sky. Through memory, forms and scenes are passing, as stars reflected in a sea. And they rise so vividly, that they seem to pass beyond the mind, and paint themselves upon the sky, until, to him, its stars and constellations fade away, and upon the arching blue an image rises of the world within—the rosy dawning of his earlier days. A sun is there, a clear bright sun, with flashing rays, and strong attracting power; a moon, which borrows light from him, but flings it forth all sweetly, mellowed to a smile; and planets with their angel eyes. It is a picture of that happy home, where, beneath the brightness of a father's

virtues, and the sleepless vigils of a mother's love, a group moved beautiful with youth and hope, and dreamed that life was a ramble among flowers, the world a paradise, and their home a bower in it, where clustering vines would grow and bloom for ever. So full of peace and pure affection were those memories of his youth, that the man longed to be a child again, and gazed upon that scene with the gladness of a child, and read his own boyhood in its brightest star.

But as he gazed, a blight fell on that very star ; and suddenly it changed, now growing pale, now gleaming fitfully, now darting and now pausing in its orbit—as if it felt some influence luring it away, and struggled with the attraction of the bodies near it. Wildly thus it swept on in the system for awhile ; then dashed beyond it. The harmony was broken, the sun set ; the moon faded, and the stars vanished one by one, and he moved amid the deepening gloom alone. And then he thought how he had sold, in the bright spring time of his years, his birthright in a father's blessing and a mother's joy ; had, with his vices, dug the graves of those who loved him ; and rioted above the ashes of the broken-hearted. And that lone, passion-gleaming star, shone sad and sinkingly upon him, as he recalled the years which followed the ruin of his home ; the bitter years in which he tried to flee from memory ; and courted every storm, so it might sweep him from the past ; and drifted on the sea of life—a wreck.

But soon another scene arose within, and flung its image on the sky. There were two stars : the one, high in the zenith, shone calm and beautiful upon the frowning brow of night, and seemed to smile upon the earth a tale of truth, and trust, of love and home, as doth a maiden's eye : the other, pale and low and flickering, hung within the foldings of a cloud, which, when it shone a moment and strove to rise, would beat it back into the dark again. The cloud and star both felt the influence of that light above. It stole upon them, like woman's smile. The cloud shrunk

beneath it—rolled away ; and the star, free and growing bright, arose and met the other in the cloudless blue ; and then their rays were blended, and they floated on like two fond human spirits, who have their tendrils of true sympathy intertwined in some love-consecrated home, which is to them, however humble, all they ever dreamed of paradise. For sweet, during its brief hour, may be even human love, and sweetly shone upon the sleeping earth that night those kindred stars. But alas ! although the bright ones saw it not, the gazer marked a cloud, like to the one just vanquished, creeping up the sky, as crawls the adder stealthily to where the infant sleeps. Higher it comes, nearer and darker—now close beside them—and now, its dusky wing hath touched them. The star which latest rose, sways from its orbit—rolling wild and glaring luridly, as passion glanceth from a human eye ; while the soft consort planet trembles, like a dying flame ; wanes to a deadly paleness ; but struggles still to shine, and with the witchery of the past to smile him back again to virtue and to her ; but in vain—she fell ; and he was left again alone.

That pale man grew paler as this vision passed before his soul. He thought of his second—his own chosen home—of her, who, lovely as a poet's dream, had beamed in it with a wife's devotion, on him, whom her pure beauty had won from the wine-fiend's power. For he had sworn to her beneath the moon and at the altar, that he would truly love and cherish her in every hour, would shield from every storm, and would, with sleepless watching, guard for her his heart and home. She trusted in his love and in his vow, he trusted in his love and in himself ; and looked not up for higher strength, deeming that nought could add to fondness passionate as his—no power could lure him from that voice, which, sweet as Orpheus' lyre, had called him from the dead. Soft-winged hours wafted their days along. No warning note ; no dream of danger broke upon his joy. When suddenly the tempter, who was only slumbering when he thought him dead, awoke

stronger and fiercer from his long repose, and swept away the frostwork of his bliss, and coiled new fetters round his heart; until it died to virtue and to love—until again he bowed down to the fiend of appetite, and bore his burning brand of horror and of shame. And then he thought, how changed that quiet home became! how, day by day, that bright eye dimmed; that fair form faded; and yet, that true heart loved on, till it broke: and then, how stranger hands, while he looked coldly on, shrouded and confined her, and not a tear moistened the sod, beneath which slept the *drunkard's wife*!

Visions like these rose from the cells of memory and passed before his eye, each crowding on the other in deepening gloom, until they left him trembling on the verge of time, with scarcely strength to live, and yet afraid to die—shivering in that lonely garret between the fangs of appetite and the cold hand of death. As one, who hanging over a precipice, grasps a twig that bends and breaks beneath his weight; glances an instant to the earth and sky, and shudders, because he cannot rise, and dreads, with intensest agony, to fall.

Eternity seemed poised upon that hour; and thoughts and hopes and horrors surged like the waves of a deep, shoreless sea upon the spirit. And then the tempter came again, amid the dashing waters and the darkening sky, and whispered, "Up, and blaze, and burn; be warm and bright, if only for an hour. The world has scorned thee, but thou art yet a man—be brave—defy the world, and say to evil, 'Be thou my good.'" He hesitated. Is it strange? The drowning man, adrift upon the northern sea, will cling to the fatal iceberg; the freezing man will fire with stiffening hand his home, to gain another hour of warmth and life. The starving mother, in Jerusalem, tore from her breast her own—her laughing boy, and gave him up to death, that she might eat once more, and live another day. And he who felt his appetites sapping the citadel of mind—too proud to fall before his fellow men a

blackened cinder—all burnt out, into a drunkard's grave, with desperate hand, hurried his soul to judgment. . What wonder then that that sick, sinking heart, panted to quaff one cup of bubbling life, though brimmed with blood and burning hot with horror ! His body is a shattered wreck, and soon must fall ; his mind is flickering. Were it not better to go out a rocket, bursting high in air, and gazed at by a thousand eyes, than sink down, like a taper in a dungeon ?

But that pageant has melted away into thin air, while yonder, through the eastern pines, a new light is breaking. It twinkles not, but spreads along the mountain, and shoots in wide streams upward, as if it sought to bind the world in its bright embrace. Is it another mocking vision come to torture him ? No, a broad disc peers above the trees—the round, red sun of winter. The night has passed in that deep trance of memory, and now the dawn is breaking—" May there be a dawn for me ? is there no sun, that will attract and warm my soul ? Great Father, thou didst kindle it with heavenly fire, and place it in an orbit of love, that it might revolve in holy duty, and in humble gratitude, around thy throne. But it hath wandered far from Thee, and, corroded by its appetites, and darkened by passion, hath lost the light and lustre of the past ; and can fling back no more, in thanksgiving and praise, thy goodness streaming down upon it. I strove to live without thee, to form a system for myself ; to kindle from the glories of my mind and heart an ever-living flame, in whose light and warmth I might sit, and be a God unto myself. But I forgot, that I only shone when I reflected Thee. Oh, could I yet come back again to childhood and to God ! Oh, could his light fall on me, as it did when I was innocent and young !" He bowed his head—tears, the bitter tears of penitence, streamed through his clasping hands. They seemed to wash his soul. And when, on looking up, he met the sun's bright eye, it seemed to say to him, " Hope still, God's light ever shineth. It was around thee, strove

to cheer thee, but thou didst shut it out. Turn now, and open to it the barred windows of thy soul ; reflect it over the world, and soon thy spirit will be bright and warm again. The chains of truth and love, which come down from the throne of God, will bind thee to that glorious centre, to that eternal sun ; and thou wilt be no more a comet or a falling star, but a bright planet in the sky."

And then there rose a smile of beauty on that bloodless lip ; there streamed a glory from that sunken eye, which said to those who gazed upon him, " I live for God, and am a man again."

E. C.

*Union Theo. Sem., N. Y.*

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### A PSALM OF LIFE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream !  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !  
And the grave is not its goal ;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant !  
Let the dead Past bury its dead !  
Act—act in the living Present,  
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

## THE WINE CUP.

BY WILLIAM P. PALMER.

"Look not upon the wine when it is red."—SOLOMON.

Oh soft sleep the hills in their sunny repose,  
In the lands of the South, where the vine gaily grows !  
And blithesome the hearts of the vintagers be,  
In the grape-purpled vales of the Isles of the Sea '

And fair is the wine, when its splendor is pour'd  
From crystal and gold round the festival board ;  
Where the magic of music awakes in its power,  
And wit gilds the fast-falling sands of the hour !

Yet lift not the wine-cup, though Pleasure may swim  
Mid the bubbles that flash round its roseate brim ;  
For dark in the depths of the fountains below,  
Are the Syrens that lurk in the vortex of wo !

They have lured the gay spirit of childhood astray,  
While it dreams not of wiles in its radiant way ;  
And the soft cheek of Beauty they've paled in its bloom,  
And quench'd her bright eyes in the damps of the tomb.

They have torn the green wreath from the brow of the brave,  
And changed his proud heart to the heart of a slave ;  
And e'en the fair fame of the good and the just  
With the gray hairs of age, they have trampled in dust !

Then lift not the wine cup ! though Pleasure may swim  
Like an angel of light round its roseate brim ;  
For dark in the depths of the fountains below,  
Are the Syrens that lurk in the vortex of wo !

ORIGINAL.

## THE EVENING BEFORE MARRIAGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

"We shall certainly be very happy together!" said Louise to her aunt on the evening before her marriage, and her cheeks glowed with a deeper red, and her eyes shone with delight. When a bride says *we*, it may easily be guessed whom of all persons in the world she means thereby.

"I do not doubt it, dear Louise," replied her aunt, "see only that you *continue* happy together."

"Oh, who can doubt that we shall continue so! I know myself. I have faults indeed, but my love for him will correct them. And so long as we love each other, we cannot be unhappy. Our love will never grow old."

"Alas!" sighed her aunt, "thou dost speak like a maiden of nineteen, on the day before her marriage, in the intoxication of wishes fulfilled, of fair hopes and happy omens. Dear child, remember this—*even the heart in time grows cold*. Days will come when the magic of the senses shall fade. And when this enchantment has fled, then it first becomes evident whether we are truly worthy of love. When custom has made familiar the charms that are most attractive, when youthful freshness has died away, and with the brightness of domestic life, more and more shadows have mingled, then, Louise, and not till then, can the wife say of the husband, 'He is worthy of love;' then, first, the husband say of the wife, 'She blooms in imperishable beauty.' But truly, on the day before marriage, such assertions sound laughable to me."

"I understand you, dear aunt. You would say that our mutual virtues alone can in later years give us worth for each other. But is not he to whom I am to belong—for



of myself I can boast nothing but the best intentions—is he not the worthiest, noblest of all the young men of the city? Blooms not in his soul, every virtue that tends to make life happy?”

“My child,” replied her aunt, “I grant it. Virtues bloom in thee as well as in him; “I can say this to thee without flattery. But, dear heart, they bloom only, and are not yet ripened beneath the sun’s heat and the shower. No blossoms deceive the expectations more than these. We can never tell in what soil they have taken root. Who knows the concealed depths of the heart?”

“Ah, dear aunt, you really frighten me.”

“So much the better, Louise. Such fear is right, such fear is as it should be on the evening before marriage. I love thee tenderly, and will therefore declare all my thoughts on this subject without disguise. I am not as yet an old aunt. At seven and twenty years, one still looks forward into life with pleasure, the world still presents a bright side to us. I have an excellent husband. I am happy. Therefore I have the right to speak thus to thee, and to call thy attention to a secret which perhaps thou dost not yet know, one which is not often spoken of to a young and pretty maiden, one indeed which does not greatly occupy the thoughts of a young man, and still is of the utmost importance in every household; a secret from which alone spring lasting love and unalterable happiness.”

Louise seized the hand of her aunt in both of hers. “Dear aunt! you know I believe you in every thing. You mean, that enduring happiness and lasting love are not insured to us by accidental qualities, by fleeting charms, but only by those virtues of the mind which we bring to each other. These are the best dowry which we can possess; these never become old.”

“As it happens, Louise. The virtues also, like the beauties of the body, can grow old, and become repulsive and hateful with age.”

"How, dearest aunt! what is it you say? Name to me a virtue which can become hateful with years."

"When they have become so, we no longer call them virtues, as a beautiful maiden can no longer be called beautiful, when time has changed her to an old and wrinkled woman."

"But aunt, the virtues are nothing earthly."

"Perhaps."

"How can gentleness and mildness ever become hateful?"

"So soon as they degenerate into insipid indolence and listlessness."

"And manly courage?"

"Becomes imperious rudeness."

"And modest diffidence?"

"Turns to fawning humility."

"And noble pride?"

"To vulgar haughtiness."

"And readiness to oblige?"

"Becomes a habit of too ready friendship and servility."

"Dear aunt, you make me almost angry. My future husband can never degenerate thus. He has one virtue which will preserve him as he is for ever. A deep sense, an indestructible feeling for every thing that is great and good and noble, dwells in his bosom. And this delicate susceptibility to all that is noble dwells in me also, I hope, as well as in him. This is the innate pledge and security for our happiness."

"But if it should grow old with you; if it should change to hateful excitability; and excitability is the worst enemy of matrimony. You both possess sensibility. That I do not deny; but beware lest this grace should degenerate into an irritable and quarrelsome mortal."

"Ah, dearest, if I might never become old! I could then be sure that my husband would never cease to love me."

"Thou art greatly in error, dear child! Wert thou

always as fresh and beautiful as to-day, still thy husband's eye would by custom of years become indifferent to these advantages. Custom is the greatest enchantress in the world, and in the house one of the most benevolent of fairies. She renders that which is the most beautiful, as well as the ugliest, familiar. A wife is young, and becomes old; it is custom which hinders the husband from perceiving the change. On the contrary, did she remain young, while he became old, it might bring consequences, and render the man in years jealous. It is better as kind providence has ordered it. Imagine that thou hadst grown to be an old woman, and thy husband were a blooming youth; how wouldst thou then feel?"

Louise rubbed her chin, and said, "I cannot tell."

Her aunt continued: "But I will call thy attention to a secret which"—

"That is it," interrupted Louise, hastily, "that is it which I long so much to hear."

Her aunt said: "Listen to me attentively. What I now tell thee, I have proved. It consists of *two parts*. The *first part*, of the means to render a marriage happy, of itself prevents every possibility of dissension, and would even at last make the spider and the fly the best of friends with each other. The *second part* is the best and surest method of preserving feminine attractions."

"Ah!" exclaimed Louise.

"The former half of the means, then: In the first solitary hour after the ceremony, take thy bridegroom, and demand a solemn vow of him, and give him a solemn vow in return. Promise one another sacredly, *never, not even in mere jest, to wrangle with each other*; never to bandy words or indulge in the least ill humor. *Never!* I say; never. Wrangling, even in jest, and putting on an air of ill humor merely to tease, becomes earnest by practice. Mark that! Next promise each other, sincerely and solemnly, *never to have a secret from each other* under whatever pretext, with whatever excuse it may be. You must

continually and every moment, see clearly into each other's bosom. Even when one of you has committed a fault, wait not an instant, but confess it freely—let it cost tears, but confess it. And as you keep *nothing secret from each other*, so, on the contrary, preserve the privacies of your house, marriage state and heart, from *father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world*. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world. Every third or fourth one whom you draw into it with you, will form a party, and stand between you two! That should never be. Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow as it were together, and at last will become as one. Ah, if many a young pair had on their wedding day known this simple secret, and straightway practised it, how many marriages were happier than, alas, they are!"

Louise kissed her aunt's hand with ardor. "I feel that it must be so. Where this confidence is absent, the married, even after wedlock, are two strangers who do not know each other. It should be so; without this, there can be no happiness. And now, aunt, the best preservative of female beauty?"

Her aunt smiled, and said: "We may not conceal from ourselves that a handsome man pleases us a hundred times more than an ill-looking one, and the men are pleased with us when we are pretty. But what we call beautiful, what in the men pleases us, and in us pleases the men, is not skin and hair, and shape and color, as in a picture or a statue; but it is the character, it is the soul that is within these, which enchants us by looks and words, earnestness, and joy, and sorrow. The men admire us the more they suppose those virtues of the mind to exist in us which the outside promises; and we think a malicious man disagreeable, however graceful and handsome he may be. Let a young maiden, then, who would preserve her beauty, preserve but that purity of soul, those sweet qualities of the mind, those virtues, in short, by which she first

drew her lover to her feet. And the best preservative of virtue, to render it unchanging and keep it ever young, is *religion*, that inward union with the Deity and eternity and faith—is piety, that walking with God, so pure, so peaceful, so beneficent to mortals.

“See, dear heart,” continued the aunt, “there are virtues which arise out of mere experience. These grow old with time, and alter, because by change of circumstances and inclination, prudence alters her means of action, and because her growth does not always keep pace with that of our years and passions. But religious virtues can never change; these remain eternally the same, because our God is alwas the same, and that eternty the same, which we and those who love us are hastening to enter. Preserve, then, a mind innocent and pure, looking for every thing from God; thus will that beauty of soul remain, for which thy bridegroom to-day adores thee. I am no bigot, no fanatic; I am thy aunt of seven and twenty. I love all innocent and rational amusements. But for this very reason I say to thee—be a dear, good christian, and thou wilt as a mother, yes, as a grandmother, be still beautiful.”

Louise threw her arms about her neck, and wept in silence, and whispered, “I thank thee, angel!”

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## THE HUMAN HEART.

“Give me the human heart, with all its susceptibilities, sympathies and emotions, unchained and unblighted, and then diffuse through its quick nature the hallowing and harmonizing influences of religion, and earth has not an object of more thrilling interest and beauty.”—*Colton's Ship and Shore.*

## BRADDOCK'S FIELD.

See Engraving.

IN catering for the amusement and instruction of our readers, as in duty bound, we have in our present number brought before them a beautiful and correct view of Braddock's Fields; the scene of a conflict which proved one of the most disastrous and sanguinary known to our war with the French and Indians. Here Gen. Washington first displayed, by his advice to Braddock, traits of the great General, and good man, which have since enshrined his memory with a glory which no warrior before or since has ever deserved. Always on the alert to save life, he sought to dissuade the rash and impetuous Braddock from taking a position which threatened all the evil consequences that so truly followed. Braddock,—haughty, bold and self-willed,—would hear no advice, and fell a victim to his own imprudent bravery—sweeping with him to the grave sixty-four out of eighty-five officers that had followed his reckless enterprise.

War—disguise thee as we may—by solemn pomp and showy pageants—by enduring monuments of marble and of granite—or by the splendid imagery in which genius clothes her own creations—still thou art ever the same—and touched by the Ithuriel spear of truth, dost stand revealed, a monster of such loathsome and abhorrent mien, that nature herself shudders at thy presence. The laurel wreath, with which dreaming enthusiasts bind thy brow, is steeped in human blood—the trophies they exhibit, are gathered amid breaking hearts, and desolated homes, and murdered victims—the glory of which they boast, is the lurid light which marks the track of the incendiary, as he steals at midnight from the ruin he has wrought. A grateful country may erect costly cenotaphs above the remains of thy slaughtered victims—but—

“Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion, call the fleeting breath?”

Can they restore to the desolate widow, or the mourning orphans, the husband and father murdered in the midst of his days to satisfy the insatiate craving of the war-fiend, whose cry is still—“Give, give,” even at the very fireside from which his coming has banished hope and happiness for ever? Alas for the blindness and perversity of human nature! We shudder at the tale of the midnight robber, who, to conceal his crimes, adds murder to felony, and

wonder that the groaning earth does not open to swallow up the wretch whose tread pollutes her surface—but when we hear of whole cities and kingdoms ravaged, and of thousands slain on the field of battle, the wholesale robber and murderer straightway becomes a hero, and his deeds are chronicled in verse, to be read with wonder and delight by succeeding generations. Well may the youthful reader of history inquire—if one murder so surely conducts its perpetrator to the gallows, loaded with the execrations of his fellow men—why ten thousand murders should ennoble and almost deify the warrior who is accountable for their commission : if the firing a single house constitute arson with its dreadful penalties—why the burning of a whole peaceful village should be a glorious exploit, wondered at and admired by all the world?

It is time the painted mask were torn from this death's head, which has so long deceived the nations, and raised its hideous front in the very sanctuary of the living God. It is time the world understood that religion and war are antagonist principles, having nothing in common between them, and of which the prevalence of the one must necessarily subvert the other. The followers of the Prince of Peace have, if consistent in their profession, for ever sheathed the sword, at the express command of their Divine Master, and a christian soldier should be as great an anomaly as a christian robber, or a christian assassin. May God speed the time when the principles of his gospel shall so pervade the human heart universally, as to banish from it the elements of strife, and when one golden bond of brotherhood shall unite all the inhabitants of the redeemed, emancipated earth !

We have been inadvertently led, by a view of this battle-field, into a disquisition on peace ; but sure we are, that could the surviving relatives of the gallant men who perished there speak to us, they would say, "Give us back our noble dead, and mock not our misery, by telling us of the glory of such a death." There are, we trust, few Spartan or Roman mothers in this land of bibles and sabbaths, and fondly as the American matron loves her native land, she must feel that its truest interest, no less than its highest honor, is ever to be found in the cultivation of universal peace.

## INSENSIBILITY TO THE EVILS OF WAR.

BY WM. E. CHANNING, D. D.

“ ‘ Must the sword devour for ever ? ’ Must force, fear, pain, *always* rule the world ? Is the kingdom of God, the reign of truth, duty and love, never to prevail ? Must the sacred name of brethren be only a name among men ? Is the earth always to steam with human blood, shed by man’s hands, and to echo with groans wrung from hearts which violence has pierced ? Can you and I, my friends, do nothing to impress a different character on the future history of our race ? You say, we are weak ; and why weak ? It is from inward defect, not from outward necessity. We are inefficient abroad, because faint within, faint in love, and trust, and holy resolution. Inward power always comes forth, and works without. Perhaps we speak against war ; but if we speak from tradition, if we echo what we hear, if peace be a cant on our lips, our words are unmeaning air. Our own souls must bleed when our brethren are slaughtered. We must feel the infinite wrong done to man by the brute force which treads him in the dust. We must see in the authors of war, monsters in human form, incarnations of the dread enemy of the human race. Under the inspiration of such feelings, we shall speak, even the humblest of us, with something of prophetic force. This is the power which is to strike awe into the counsellors and perpetrators of now licensed murder ; which is to wither the laurelled brow of now worshipped heroes. Deep moral convictions, unfeigned reverence and fervent love for man, and living faith in Christ, are mightier than armies ; mighty through God to the pulling down of the strong holds of oppression and war. Go forth, then, friends of mankind, peaceful soldiers of Christ ! and in your various relations, at home and abroad, in private life, and, if it may be, in more public spheres, give faithful utterance to the principles of universal justice and love, give utterance to your deep, solemn, irreconcilable hatred of the spirit of war.”



## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"**LIGHT IN THE DWELLING**—or a *Harmony of the Four Gospels, with short and simple remarks, adapted to reading at Family Prayers—arranged in sections for every day in the year.*" By the author of "The Peep of Day"—'Line upon Line,' &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

THIS is a devotional commentary for the family or closet, constituting a neat and beautiful octavo volume of more than five hundred pages, and possessing, as a commentary for the domestic circle, or for private devotion, peculiar excellencies. Without professing to offer a critical exposition of the sacred word, the author has given us plain practical remarks on the passages selected for daily consideration, dictated by a clear head and warm heart, and adapted by their simplicity and directness, to the comprehension even of a child. Every thing that tends to make the Bible better understood and more highly valued, is a blessing to society, and in this point of view we welcome this work, as an important addition to the household treasures of those families that are consecrated to God, and seeking to train up their children for his service.

"**BOND'S GOLDEN MAXIMS**—or a *Thought for every day in the year—devotional and practical.*" Selected by REV. ROBERT BOND, author of "Sabbath Musings," &c. D. Appleton & Co., Broadway.


A little book full of noble and striking thoughts, and a valuable closet companion to the true christian, who, amid the bustle and cares of life, will find time to meditate and enjoy solitary communion with God. "The short sayings of wise and excellent men, are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of the diamond."—*Tillotson.*

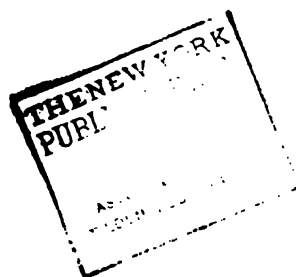
"**GRAHAM'S ENGLISH SYNONYMES.**" *With Practical Exercises, &c., designed for the use of Schools and private tuition. Reed's edition.* D. Appleton & Co., Broadway.

"The great source of a loose style," says Dr. Blair, "is the injudicious use of synonymous terms." The correctness of this assertion may be tested by reference to the light literature of the day, in which, so far as style is concerned, the incorrect application of words constitutes its principal defect throughout. The work before us is designed as a text-book in the study of our own language, and will be found eminently serviceable to all who wish to acquire an accurate use of words, and a perfect command of the rich stores of meaning contained in the English language, and which result from the combination of its Saxon and Norman elements. We recommend it especially to the young, as a book which should be always at their side when composing, that, by frequently consulting its pages, they may form the habit of using words—"truly and fitly, intelligently and conscientiously." The subject is one of more importance than it is usually considered, both in a critical and moral point of view.

"**WOMAN'S WORTH**"—or *Hints to raise the Female Character. With a commendatory notice by EMILY MARSHALL.* New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

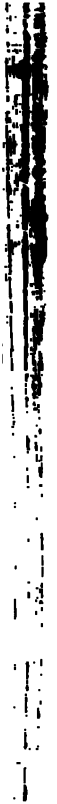
THIS is a reprint of an English work, and full of just remarks and wise counsels, intended for women of every age and station. It will be read with equal interest by young and old, and its highly practical lessons should be carefully studied and acted upon by every woman who seeks to know her duties, and to perform them.

 We must necessarily defer, until the next month, notices of several other new publications now before us.



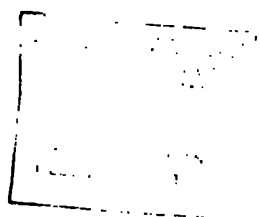








*Magnolia Glauca.*  
Drawn for the Ladies' Wreath



ORIGINAL.

## THE YANKEE GIRL.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

"Seest thou yon lonely cottage in the grove,  
With little garden neatly planned before;  
Its roof deep shaded by the elms above?  
Go lift the willing latch—the scene explore—  
Sweet peace, and love and joy thou there shalt find.  
For there Religion dwells; whose sacred lore  
Leaves the proud wisdom of the world behind,  
And pours a heavenly ray on every humble mind."

HUNTINGTON.

The long winter evening was drawing to a close—the books and work had been put by—the "big ha' bible" reverently deposited in its accustomed place at the close of family worship, and the cheerful circle that surrounded the fireside of farmer Lee, after an affectionate good night, had retired to their respective apartments. The farmer himself rose from his chair, and carefully covering up the glowing coals which sent a fitful light through the now darkened room, was about to retire, when a sudden rush of emotions seemed to overpower him, and throwing himself on the wooden settle which occupied one corner of the huge chimney, he covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud. "Father," said a soft voice at his side—"dear father, you are not well. What can I do for you?" "How is this, Grace?" he answered, almost sternly—"I thought you were all gone, why are you still up at this late hour?"

"Because I could not go to rest while I know that you are suffering. Father," she continued, "I have watched you and mother all day, and I know you have some sorrow of heart which you are hiding from us, while it is sinking you to the earth. May I not know what it is, that

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if I cannot assist, I may at least have the privilege of bearing it with you?"

While she spoke, Grace Lee had seated herself on a low bench at her father's feet, and clasping her hands upon his knee, looked up in his face with an expression of earnest entreaty, that might have moved a heart of stone. But farmer Lee's heart was made of no such material. It was full of the milk of human kindness; besides, he dearly loved the sweet girl whose blue eyes were gazing so tenderly into his, and had sometimes been tempted to feel a little proud of his "wild flower," as the good minister once called her. He cleared his throat, therefore, and fondly passing his hard and bony hand over her shining hair, said mildly, "you are a good girl, Grace, and a comfort to your parents, but this is a matter beyond your ability to manage, and trouble will come soon enough without meeting it half way."

"Oh do not say so, dear father—I am almost eighteen, and you must not look upon me any longer as a child to be petted and cared for, but a woman, who is both able and willing to take her share of the burdens it may please God to lay upon you. Tell me what it is that afflicts you, and do not fear that it will make me unhappy; I can bear any thing but to see you miserable, while I am ignorant of the cause."

"Child, you know not what you ask—are you prepared to hear that your father is a beggar—that we must leave the old homestead—where you were all born, and where we have been so happy?" a choking sensation prevented farmer Lee from proceeding, and Grace slowly repeated as if mechanically—"Leave the old homestead, and for what? Why must we go?"

"You were a child," her father answered, "and do not remember your uncle Barker. He was in trouble, and I tried to help him out, but in some way, before the business was ended, I was obliged to mortgage my farm for a small sum which could be raised in no other way. The interest

has been regularly paid until within the last four years, and I have always hoped to get together enough to pay the principal, but somehow or other, instead of this, I have got behindhand, and now the man who holds the mortgage threatens to foreclose, unless the interest, which amounts to more than two hundred dollars, is raised immediately, and this is impossible, as even you must know."

"But your brother—uncle Thomas," said Grace, eagerly, he has money enough, will he not help you in such a case as this?"

"Perhaps he might, but he would want better security than I can give him; and, moreover, if I cannot now pay the money on the bond, what reason is there to suppose that I could raise it any better next year to repay your uncle? No, no, Grace, there is no help for it, and we must bear it as well as we can, but the hardest part of it all, is the thought of poor Philip, who is doing so well in his college studies. Poor fellow, I can do nothing more for him now, and he must come back and try what he can do for the rest of you, by keeping school, or in some other way."

During her father's brief narration, Grace had remained gazing at him, every faculty absorbed in deep and painful interest, but as he ceased to speak, she started up, and with sparkling eye and glowing cheek, exclaimed, "Never shall Philip be called home on such an errand while I live to prevent it. I am young and strong, and can find a way of helping you all, little as you may believe it. Nay, hear me," she said, as she saw that her father's face expressed strong incredulity—"it was only yesterday that Sarah Carter, who has just returned from Lowell, told me what high wages some of the girls earn, who are not older than I, and which of them do you think would have a dearer object to work for than I, with the old homestead, and dear Philip before me?"

A tear had been slowly gathering in farmer Lee's eye

while his daughter spoke, and it fell on her neck as he kissed her, and replied to her fervent appeal—"you are too young, Grace, to know how impossible it is for you to do all that your love for me dictates—but I thank you for the will, and I shall never forget it."

"But you surely will not refuse to let me go, dear father. I have been for some time thinking about the factories, and now I am so certain that I could help you, and Philip too—it would be cruel to deny me. Mother, will you not plead for me," asked the ardent girl, "you know not how my heart is set upon this thing."

Mrs. Lee had been apparently intent on some household duty during the conversation between her husband and child, but thus addressed, she took a step toward Grace, and only replied by inquiring in a low voice, "And what do you think Lewis Dayton will say to such a plan, Grace?" Poor Grace! The blood rushed over cheeks, neck and brow at this question, and a convulsive movement of the lip told that a chord had been touched to which every heart-string vibrated—but it was only for a moment, and then she said rather proudly, "If Lewis Dayton cares any thing about me, he will like me the better for doing my duty as a daughter—and if his love cannot stand this test, it is better to know it now than hereafter."

"Grace is right, wife"—said the farmer, more cheerfully—"no man deserves our girl who would think the less of her for any kind of honest labor, and though I have little confidence in her plan of helping her old father, I am willing she should go and try her fortune, since she wishes it."

"Now bless you for that word, dear father. I am certain of success if I only have your approval, and that of my mother, whatever others may think or say."

It was with great difficulty that Grace obtained a promise from her father to wait six months before any thing was said to Philip about leaving college, but he yielded at last, and through her agency, an arrangement was

made with uncle Thomas, by which the interest was paid up, and the troublesome creditor quieted for the present. Farmer Lee was certain that it was all nonsense, and that he was only getting more deeply into trouble by this respite, but it was hard to deny any thing to the favorite child, who had never seemed so dear to him as now, when she was so soon to leave them.

The pleasant farm on Beech Hill had been in the Lee family for two generations, and they were respected and beloved by all the inhabitants of the little town of Meredith, in which it was situated. The news flew swiftly that Grace Lee was about to leave home, to go into a factory, and in that quiet community it occasioned quite an excitement. It was not, a few years since, as common for the daughters of respectable farmers to enter the mills for a season, as it now is, and Grace Lee, though a hardy mountain maiden, had been so much the household pet, that few imagined how much quiet energy lay concealed beneath her gentle and lady-like demeanor.

"I always knew that pride must have a fall," said Miss Priscilla Jones, whose envy of our sweet Grace had been nourished until it became an absorbing passion—and who had hastened to the store of young Mr. Dayton to tell him the news.—"Grace Lee has held her head so high that people thought she was the only girl in Meredith. I wonder what she will say now, don't you, Mr. Dayton?"

The young merchant only smiled, and said he presumed the whole affair was a mistake, but it was nothing to him certainly, what any young lady thought proper to do. But though he affected great indifference on the subject, he was far from feeling it, for he admired the wild flower of Beech Hill more than he would have chosen to confess, and his attentions had been so marked, that neither Grace nor her parents could misunderstand them. But to marry a factory girl—this, his foolish pride whispered, was not to be thought of, so he hastened to the house of farmer Lee, to hear the report contradicted by the lips he loved best.

It cannot be denied, that the heart of the young girl fluttered so wildly at his entrance, that she could hardly speak to bid him welcome, nor that a strange thrill of pain convulsed it, as he spoke of his surprise at hearing the rumor of her intended departure. But it was with a calm brow and firm tone that she assured him he had heard only truth, and that she was indeed to leave home for Lowell, perhaps to be absent for some years. There was no mistaking the expression of her lover's face as she said this—it gave the death blow to all the hopes she had unconsciously cherished, and taught her that henceforth, Lewis Dayton must be to her as a stranger. After an ineffectual attempt to induce her to relinquish the idea, and a few common-place remarks about other things, he took his departure, leaving Grace in a tumult of contending emotions, among which, gratitude that she had so soon learned the hollowness of his professions, became predominant. "Better now than later," she said to herself, while the tears of wounded feeling gushed from her eyes—"I might in time have loved him so well, that the discovery of his character would have almost broken my heart. I have now only to think of my duty to my parents, and dear, dear Philip."

Philip Lee was two years older than Grace, and though an invalid from childhood, was a young man of uncommon strength of mind, and loveliness of character. From his inability to labor on the farm, it was early decided, that, if possible, he should have an education, and it was the first wish of his heart to become qualified for the gospel ministry. By great exertions and self-denial on his own part, he had succeeded with the little aid his father could bestow, in fitting himself to enter college one year in advance, and the whole family were looking forward with eager anticipation, to the time when they should listen to his voice from the sacred desk. To Grace, particularly, who idolized her brother, this hope had become a part of her own existence, and she felt that no sacrifice was too

great, no labor too severe, to ensure its accomplishment. But Philip possessed a portion of her own independence, and she must conceal her plans and wishes from him, or he would have refused to profit by her generous affection.

The day of parting at length came, and accompanied by her father, Grace Lee left the beloved home of her childhood, to enter on the new and untried scenes that awaited her. All was at **first** strange and unpromising, and with a heart-sickness never before felt, she sought the solitude of her own apartment, that she might weep without restraint. But she was young and hopeful, and the morning brought happier thoughts and renewed courage, for was she not there to help those who were dearer to her than life itself—and would not this alone make every thing tolerable and even pleasant? It certainly was so, for the light of love shone on every object around her, gilding with its own radiant hues the monotonous labor in which she was engaged—and making even the ceaseless hum of the machinery sweeter music to her ear than the warbling of the songsters in her own native groves. It was important for her to secure high wages, and she did so, but not even for this, would she neglect the cultivation of her mind in the few leisure hours she might call her own. Her little room was a sacred spot, where order and neatness presided, and carefully-tended flowers—well-chosen books, and a good collection of music, spoke the taste and refinement of its occupant. Without in the least neglecting her daily duties, she was enabled, by a judicious improvement of time, in attending lectures, and following a course of reading, to acquire an amount of useful knowledge, far exceeding that of many a young lady who has spent years at a fashionable boarding school. Her manners, too, though perfectly simple and unaffected, were graceful and dignified, and no one could look on her sweet face, through which heart and mind were ever speaking, without a feeling of deep interest and involuntary admiration.

Four years had now passed away since Grace Lee became an inhabitant of Lowell—and in that time, the mortgage on the “home farm” had been paid off by her, and her father now sat in his accustomed nook, with the glad consciousness that the inheritance which had descended to him, would go down to his children unincumbered by a single debt. Besides this, Philip had been compelled, by her sisterly affection, to accept of her assistance in his course of study, and was now, thanks to her generosity, a licensed minister, looked up to by all who knew him, as a young man of more than ordinary promise. Once a year she had visited, for a few short days, the dear spot where her affections were garnered, and it always seemed to the household, after her departure, as if the sun shone less brightly than usual, when they missed the light of her smile and the music of her voice from their midst. But now the farmer and his wife were growing old, and could no longer spare her, and on the next Sabbath, her brother was to preach for the first time in the old church of Meredith, so Grace Lee bade farewell to the spot endeared to her by many recollections, and at the close of a bright summer day, found herself once more amid her earliest and dearest friends, under the parental roof from which she had been so long an exile. It was a happy circle that surrounded the family altar that night, and as the young clergyman, in a deep, rich voice, that trembled with emotion, thanked God for the way in which he had led them, and above all, for the safe return of her, whom he had made the messenger of mercy to her father’s house, Grace felt that such a moment more than repaid her for all the sacrifices she had made.

“Grace,” said a younger brother to her, a few days after her return—“Mr. Dayton doesn’t dare to look you in the face, though I saw him stealing a glance, when he thought no one was observing him. Poor man—his wife is any thing but a treasure, if report speaks truth, and if he did not sell rum to make money, he would have to shut

up his store. How glad I am, that you did not have him—but are you really going to be an old maid?”

Before the quick blush that crimsoned the cheek of our heroine, at this simple question, had subsided, Philip exclaimed with a smile—“I must not divulge the secrets of the confessional, but if common fame speaks truly, a certain manufacturer, whose wealth is his least recommendation, is about to visit Beech hill on a special errand. Our dear Grace has performed her part so admirably in his mill, that he wishes to try her services as a housekeeper—is it not so, Grace?”

“Never mind,” said the fond father, who saw her embarrassment, “what common fame says. Hear the voice of experience, while I say, that the woman, who as a daughter and sister, has, like our own Grace, been dutiful, affectionate, and self-sacrificing, will certainly, whatever her station in life may be, make a virtuous and excellent wife.”



#### TRIFLES.

Regard nothing lightly which the wisdom of Providence hath ordered;  
And therefore consider all things that happen unto thee or unto others.  
The warrior that stood against a host, may be pierced unto death by a  
needle;

And the saint that feareth not the fire, may perish the victim of a thought.

A mote in the gunner's eye is as bad as a spike in the gun;

And the cable of a furlong is lost through an ill wrought inch.

The streams of small pleasures fill the lake of happiness:

And the deepest wretchedness of life is continuance of petty pains.

A fool observeth nothing, and seemeth wise unto himself;

A wise man heedeth all things, and in his own eyes is a fool:

He that wondereth at nothing hath no capabilities of bliss;

But he that scrutinizeth trifles hath a store of pleasure to his hand.

TUPPER'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.



ORIGINAL.

## HOME MELODIES.

BY MRS. M. N. MCDONALD.

"To the energy which toil bestows, and the contemplative habits which seclusion induces, the Huguenots added the softening influences of music. Sometimes a provincial ballad, or a national air, warbled by those who had learned them as cradle-melodies in their own vine-clad realms, would touch, like the *Rans des Vaches*, the fountain of tears."—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Wake we the songs of home,  
Through the deep forest wildly ringing,  
A thousand echoes in our hearts upspringing,  
With answering voices come.  
Oh home, and native land!  
There are holy, holy ties,  
Binding an exile band,  
To thy mountains, and thy skies.

Wake we a solemn lay,  
The Sabbath tone of some sweet vesper hymn,  
Breathed by loved voices in the twilight dim,  
As fades the light away.  
Sung at the cottage hearth—  
Beside the cradle-bed—  
Or when to hallowed earth,  
We gave our cherished dead.

Wake we the martial notes,  
From trump and clarion pealed triumphantly,  
When plumes are waving, and flung out on high,  
Proudly a banner floats.  
Far from that land of flowers,  
O'er the blue and briny sea,  
Still we mark its festal hours,  
On the page of memory.

Wake we the gentle airs,  
Chanted at eve in moon-lit bower and grove,  
The lively serenade—the tale of love  
Told 'neath the silent stars.  
Or the songs of olden time,  
The blithe measure of the dance,  
Can we e'er forget their chime  
In the sunny vales of France?

Here in the desert dwelling,  
 Lost to our country, breathe each well-known strain.  
 They bear us to our father land again,  
 Out on the pure air swelling,  
 And the music of its streams,  
 And the beauty of its sky,  
 They haunt us in our dreams,  
 And their memory cannot die.

Why fades each pleasant lay ?  
 Can we not wake them now, and gladly swell  
 Our own home-melodies, beloved so well  
 In places far away ?  
 Oh no, for tears are springing,  
 With longings wild and vain,  
 In our ear loved tones are ringing,  
 And we cannot wake the strain.

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ORIGINAL.

## SABBATH SONNET.

BY MRS. E. LITTLE.

THE day of God, the hallowed day of rest ;  
 How my soul loves its stillness,—earth recedes  
 Before its duties, while the soul, oppressed  
 With cank'ring care, finds all the aid it needs  
 To nerve it for new conflict with the foes  
 Whom Satan arms against us,—vain desires  
 And sinful doubts that aim the deadliest blows  
 Against our peace, and passion's lurid fires  
 Unquenched by aught but Christ's atoning blood,  
 That fountain opened for the sins of men,  
 For ever flowing, as a healing flood,  
 In which once cleansed, none need to wash again.  
 O may we use this sacred day of rest,  
 To fit our souls to soar among the blest.

ORIGINAL.

## THE BIBLE THE HOPE OF OUR COUNTRY.

BY REV. D. C. LANSING, D. D

THE people of France once professed atheism, and voted the Bible a fiction, and death an eternal sleep, at an expense of three millions of lives, and six billions of treasure. But France could not live without a Bible, although its truths were shrouded under the mystifications and fooleries of Romanism. Where no Bible is, there is heathenism, and superstition, and degraded ignorance, and revolting wickedness, and human suffering. Would we visit the land where the glad song of the cottager, and the elevated music of the palace, are heard side by side—where the thrilling tones of the church-bell vibrate upon our heart-strings, on “the sweet Sabbath morn,” and the cleanliness, and order, and the tender salutations of the attendants upon the sanctuary of God, exhibit to us human nature under the delightful aspects of individual and associated sympathy and respect—where are institutions of instruction, and care, for the rising race, the aged, unfortunate, and infirm, we must go to the land where the Bible is believed and loved. Deceit, and fraud, and villany, exist not where the Bible maintains a controlling ascendancy. The men who tempt others to sin—who riot in the day time—who neither fear God nor regard man, are the men who hate the Bible. Among what portion of mankind do we find sobriety, industry, honesty—the love of order, respect for the laws both of God and man, the tender charities of life, the feeling heart, the relieving hand, the safe, life-giving example in all the relations of society? Among those who believe and love the Bible. These views are the teachings of experience, observation, history.

Every good citizen, every patriot, every true friend of

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human kind, will scarcely fail to acknowledge his obligation to make an appliance, as far as he is able, of those means which afford the highest promise of alleviating the suffering, and promoting the happiness of our race; and we appeal to the good sense and conscientiousness of every individual, whether we do not find in the doctrines and duties of the Bible the most powerful tendencies to subdue the turbulence of the human passions, and to command upon the sea of life the calm and the peace of heaven.

See you the deep lines of sorrow upon the brow of that aged sire? His son is a drunkard, and abandoned to crime. See you that youthful female, the wonted flush of whose cheek has given place to the paleness of melancholy? The man who but a few years ago, amid all the softnesses, and charm, and brilliancy of her bridal night, did vow, in the presence of God and man, eternal fidelity and eternal love, is a drunkard, unkind, and faithless. Would it be a blessing to restore such a husband—to reclaim such a son? How shall this be done? Let God speak—"Honor thy father and thy mother"—"Husbands, love your wives." Let the power of the *Bible* be felt, and the work is done.

"Precious Bible! what a treasure  
Does the word of God afford?"

It enlightens the ignorant, reclaims the vicious, restores the wandering, succors the tempted, invites our youth into the paths of virtue, and early impresses upon the hearts of our little children the fear and love of God, and teaches their infant lips to hymn his praise. Are these things so? And, can they claim to love the rising race, their friends, their neighbors, their country, the world, their God—who would withhold the Bible from the masses, and interdict its introduction into our schools of primary instruction? It is much to be feared, that appropriate attention has not been given to this subject, by those who are the most deeply and tenderly interested in it, the parents and guar-

dians of our children and youth. It is doubtless true, that neither the wakefulness of christian benevolence, nor the zeal of boasted patriotism, have ever yet so faithfully and patiently inquired after the claims, the wants, and the peculiar circumstances of the rising race, as to feel the danger of separating moral from literary culture in the education of our youth. Are the means of primary instruction as pervasive among the masses of the *littlehood* of our nation, as the intellectual elevation, the political influence, the manufacturing, agricultural, and commercial enterprise and activity, and the prospective power of this growing empire among the nations of the world, both justify and demand? If we love our country, and would perpetuate its free institutions, to bless the generations to come through all time, we must love our country's children, and train them up both to virtue and intelligence.

It is much to be feared, that the numerous poor of our population, notwithstanding the commendable zeal on the subject of education that has characterized the efforts of some years past, are too much forgotten and overlooked, amid the perpetual changes that are rung in our ears, of *money—money—money*. What multitudes of children and youth are growing up among us, who see not the inside of a school house from one year's end to another, and who only know that the Sabbath has come, by the suspension of business, and the peals of the church-going bell! What efforts are made—what appropriate appliances are employed, to turn the attention of the entire youth of our nation, in all the departments of industrious pursuit, to useful and solid reading? As history, biography—treasures on the practical arts of life; on political and social economy; and, above all, that Book of books, which tells us of human responsibility and destiny; whose author is God, whose matter is truth, whose inspirations are the life of hope, and whose rewards are the rest and the glory of heaven. What giant intellect is there among us, what combination of talent and influence, either ecclesiastical or

civil, that has boldly and perseveringly resisted those fictitious writings which are pouring in upon us like the locusts of Egypt, and are turning the heads, and poisoning the hearts both of youth and age, male and female, with a vicious taste, and a sickly sentimentality as devoid of sense, as it is of principle? These are the miserable productions which command the time of the majority of our reading community. Strange as it may seem, I will yet venture to say, that it had been well for this generation, if nine out of ten of the so-called literary caterers to the morbid appetite of the reading public, had stolen their way through the world, "like subterranean streams, unseen, unheard," instead of awakening human sympathy by the presentation of fictitious wo, while the real wrongs and sufferings of society remain uncared for, and unwept.

The Bible, in all its departments of history, narration, biography, poetry, descriptive sublimity, grandeur and truthfulness of doctrine, and preceptive reformatory influence, stands alone, without either competitor or rival, bearing upon it the impress of the Divine hand, commending itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God, and redeeming its promise in the sweet anticipations of hope, that it will make us wise unto salvation.



## CONSUMPTION.

ALONG her cheek, a deepening red  
 Told where the feverish hectic fed;  
 And yet each fatal token gave,  
 To the mild beauty of her face,  
 A newer and a dearer grace,  
 Unwarning of the grave.  
 'Twas like the hue that Autumn gives  
 To yonder changed and dying leaves,  
 Breathed over by his frosty breath—  
 Scarce can the gazer feel that this  
 Is but the spoiler's treacherous kiss,  
 The mocking smile of Death!

WHITTIER

ORIGINAL.

## TWENTY YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

COUNT Stammern and his wife were esteemed a most amiable and enviable pair. Their union was the result of a tender affection, which had imperceptibly grown out of an intercourse of years. They had loved with romantic passion. Each was formed for the other, both were handsome, good, warm-hearted; they harmonized in all their views and wishes.

The scenes which passed between them are still remembered, when after having already been betrothed, their parents quarrelled, and the match was broken off. The countess became dangerously ill from grief, and the passionate lover threatened to end his life like Goethe's Werther or Miller's Siegfried. Well, to save the life of the young countess, and to prevent the count from taking such a desperate step, their parents, willingly, or unwillingly, were obliged to become reconciled, at least in appearance. The reconciliation saved the lives of the pair; but as soon as the countess was out of danger, her parents renewed the strife, and sought to defer the marriage for a few years. Upon this, the lovers got up one night, rode over the borders, were united at the altar, returned as man and wife, and with this, earth seemed transformed into paradise.

Their marriage was viewed by all the world as a most happy one, and their life everywhere held up as a pattern of harmony and peace. From morning to evening, the young people seemed to think of nothing but how to please one another. In the first year they even wrote

poems upon each other, the most tender and moving in the world; in winter as well as in summer, they filled each other's room with significant flowers; every piece of household furniture was endeared to them by some affectionate remembrance. In the second year, indeed, these flights of sentimentality, which bordered upon affectation, somewhat subsided, but still in all circles, societies, balls and diversions of whatever sort, they beheld only each other, sought only each other, and lived only for each other. In the third year, they laid aside this amiable impoliteness in public, but at home they remained the same. Not until the fourth year did they seem so far to recover from their first delirium of love, that they could visit separately, and he in one place, and she in another, could spend an evening, and at times a day, in society, without home sickness. So much the more delightful was the pleasure of meeting again. In the fifth year, the count could travel for weeks, without a heart torn with grief, or without her swooning at his departure. But the letters thou shouldst read that they then wrote to each other! Truly, Heloise, with the pen of Pope, wrote not more tenderly and glowingly. In the sixth year, they were at last so reasonable, that one or two friendly letters sufficed for an absence of weeks. In the seventh, both felt that they could love just as ardently without it being necessary for them by word and writing to repeat the assurance from morning till evening. This was already a good deal. Their happiness had now reached the highest point, because they had at last found for each other the silent confidence of tender friendship. In the eighth, they stripped their love of so much of its egotism, that they felt some regard for the rest of the world, and lived no longer solely for one another, as if they alone were the living actors, and the rest of mankind dead figures upon the scene. In the ninth, they were the most amiable, benevolent, agreeable, obliging persons abroad as well as at home. In the tenth, they were like the rest of us,



children of men as we are, and as good people commonly are who have been married ten years.

In the first year of the second ten, they both remarked in each other, that their tenderness was no longer so violent and stormy. They found that very natural. One can love without being impetuous. In the following year, they discovered various little foibles in each other, which hitherto had been covered by the mantle of affection. Well, they were forbearing, and each endured the faults of the other with kind indulgence. In the third, a gentle rebuke passed now and then; but they were still considerate, and if it so happened that the feelings of either were wounded by harshness or contradiction, it was certain that the offender would make the sweetest reparation. But in the fourth year, each one believed that this making reparation came too often to his or her turn. Each accused the other of being disposed to pardon every thing in himself, in the other nothing. In the fifth, they would often vex and tease each other, and without being conscious of it. In the sixth, they began to weigh their words carefully, in order to preserve good harmony. In the seventh, misunderstandings often occurred, and nothing was more common than for one to feel sensitive at some expression of the other's. They interpreted this, however, as a proof of affection and tenderness; the wounds of a hostile sword smart not like the unkind looks of one we love. In the eighth, frequent wranglings occurred, but they were followed by no consequences. In the best marriage such things take place. They were angry with each other for a few days, and then became reconciled. In the ninth year, their mutual irritability brought them to the wise resolution of avoiding too frequent interviews. "Thou art sensitive and excitable," said the count, "and I am sometimes so also. That will never do. Thou might'st become violent, and I might become so likewise. The best way is, that I should leave thee thy will in every thing, and do thou leave me mine. Let us live cheerfully together, with-

out continually tormenting each other. We love, but we must not plague ourselves to death with our love." The countess thought so likewise. From this time, their domestic arrangements were on a separate footing. They saw each other seldom, except at table. Neither asked whence do you come, or whither do you go? They found quiet days again, and lived politely together in peace and harmony. If either was vexed at the words or actions of the other, they parted with a compliment, and the most friendly aspect in the world.

One evening, in the tenth year—thou hast here the history of twenty years—both came from a concert, supped together, and then drew towards the fire to chat away an hour. Both were still filled with the emotions which the sweet and impressive music they had heard had excited in their tender hearts.

"Alas!" said the countess, "all were well, if one could only continue young."

"Thou needst not complain. Where is the woman whose youth is so well preserved as thine? I see no difference in thee to-day, and on the evening of thy wedding. Some humors, perhaps! But one must bear with these. Our union is one of the most enviable upon the earth. Were I unmarried, and should see thee, I would offer my hand to none other."

"Very prettily said," replied the countess, with a sigh. "But, only think, my dear, twenty years already! What am I now? What was I then?"

"Now a charming woman, then a charming maiden. I would not exchange the one for the other." He arose, and kissing her, pressed her to his bosom.

"We have been happy, very happy. Only one thing is wanting, only one, which crowns the happiness of other marriages."

"I understand thee; a child that would inherit thy grace and virtue."

"Oh, how happy this would make us! Yet one child

gives as much sorrow and anxiety as pleasure. The least accident might rob us of it. But—yes, two children”—

“Thou art right. And not two, but three. For with two—if one should die, we are in the same anxiety as before. I am certain heaven will hear our prayer. Three children will yet sport about us.”

“My dear,” she said, smiling, “that were almost too much. That would bring us into new perplexity. For example, if they were sons?”

“Well, we have five and twenty thousand crowns income. Enough for us and for them. The oldest I would place in the army; the second should enter upon a diplomatic career. Both will be a great expense to us, it is true, but they will rise. We have connexions, rank, and interest.”

“But, my dear, you have forgotten the youngest.”

“The youngest? Not at all. He shall enter the church. He shall be a prebendary. The benefice will not be wanting.”

“What? A prebendary! My son a priest! No, indeed, that will never do.”

“Never do! And why not, if I may ask? He may become an Abbot, Bishop, Cardinal.”

“Never, never, never! I will never be the mother of a monk, and see my son in a cowl, and with a smooth-shaven pate. Fie! what an idea to enter thy head. If I had a hundred sons, I would not consent to it.”

“Thou art in a very strange temper to-day, dear wife. What is for his happiness and ours, thou wilt certainly consent to, with all thy ill humor against the clergy.”

“Never! I declare it—I firmly declare it. Call it humor, if you please. I know this, that it is often thy humor to be lord and master. But forget not, that even a mother may be in the right.”

“Not at all. The judgment is found in the father.”

“But if this does not always suffice?”

"If mine does not suffice, my lady countess, I certainly would *at last* apply for yours. I will answer for it, when the case occurs, I shall know how to make my wishes respected."

"Oh, yes, I know well enough you are my husband and master, but I have not the honor to be your slave."

"Nor I your puppet, lady countess. I have always shown you indulgence in every thing—perhaps too much. But as mildly as I endure caprices, pardon me, but there are some fancies which are too silly."

"I am greatly obliged to you for the information, of which you have just given me a rude and practical proof. Which of us, let me ask, has been the most indulgent? For years long I have borne your improprieties in silence; I have generously pardoned them, viewing them more as faults of the understanding and of education, than of the heart. But the most angelic patience wearies at last."

"There you are perfectly right. Mine has long since been severely tried by your whims and singularities, and you may congratulate yourself that I have not thrown off the yoke before this. For, in truth, it is not the most delightful thing to be the humble servant of your follies. I must for once speak plainly."

"If I had spoken plainly with you, you would long since have known that you are a proud and conceited egotist, with whom it is hard enough to be on good terms; a form without a heart, continually speaking of the feelings, because one always makes the greatest parade of that of which one is destitute."

"Indeed? For this reason you are so ready to boast of your judgment, your delicacy. You may deceive others, but as for me, I have been long undeceived. Virtue with you is, after all, mere woman's grimace. You are, with your fine airs, so much the more disagreeable to me, the more I know of your heart. Except for pity, I had long since sent you to your family for the sake of peace."

"You anticipate me in my wishes. A precise, tedious egotist, is not the character to please a sensible woman. And after such a declaration, you can easily understand, that I have no greater pleasure to expect than to be soon freed from you."

"Most excellent! The mask is at last thrown off. I take you at your word, and ask for nothing better. Adieu! Pleasant dreams! To-morrow the whole affair shall be arranged."

"The earlier the better, sir count."

They then parted. The next day the notary was summoned; witnesses came; the act of divorce was drawn up and mutually signed, notwithstanding the entreaties and warnings of friends, of relatives, and even of persons of the highest distinction. The separation followed.

Thus was a long and apparently happy union suddenly severed. A ridiculous quarrel about the future lot of three sons, who were not yet in the world, rent the tie which they had supposed a bond for eternity. And, in truth, the count as well as the countess are most amiable people. There is nothing wrong about them except weaknesses, which we all have.

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#### THE VOICE OF NATURE.

Is not nature's worship thus,  
 Ceaseless ever, going on?  
 Hath it not a voice for us,  
 In the thunder, or the tone  
 Of the leaf-harp, faint and small;  
 Speaking to the unseal'd ear,  
 Words of blended love and fear,  
 Of the mighty soul of all?      **MOSES MÆCONZ.**

## THE LABORER.

BY WILLIAM H. GALLAGHER.

STAND up—erect! Thou hast the form  
And likeness of thy God!—who more?  
A soul as dauntless mid the storm  
Of daily life, a heart as warm  
And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a man  
As moves the human mass among;  
As much a part of the great plan  
That with Creation's dawn began,  
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? the high  
In station, or in wealth the chief?  
The great, who coolly pass thee by,  
With proud step and averted eye?  
Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,  
What were the proud one's scoff to thee?  
A feather which thou mightest cast  
Aside, as idly as the blast  
The light leaf from the tree.

No:—uncurb'd passions, low desires,  
Absence of noble self-respect,  
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,  
To that high nature which aspires  
For ever, till thus check'd;

These are thine enemies—thy worst;  
They chain thee to thy lowly lot:  
Thy labor and thy life accursed.  
O, stand erect! and from them burst!  
And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!  
The great!—what better they than thou?  
As theirs, is not thy will as free?  
Has God with equal favors thee  
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust!  
Nor place—uncertain as the wind!  
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust  
And water, may despise the lust  
Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,  
True faith, and holy trust in God,  
Thou art the peer of any man.  
Look up, then: that thy little span  
Of life may be well trod!

ORIGINAL.

## A GLANCE AT THE PAST;

OR FRANCE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

AT the present day, when infidelity, and consequent indifference to all systems of faith, pervade every part of France, it is difficult to conceive of the fierce and unrelenting bigotry, which, a few hundred years since, characterized that beautiful country, and which, after deluging its fertile plains with the blood of martyrs, drove for ever from their native shores thousands of its best and noblest inhabitants. The page of history is stained with crimes and cruelties, perpetrated under the guise of zeal for the true religion, by the gayest and most polished people of Europe, and some of our own distinguished fellow citizens are descendants of the persecuted Huguenots who fled to this country for refuge, when the fires of persecution were blazing in every province of their native land.

Among all the records of the dark and stormy period to which we refer, there is not one which displays, in such fearful colors, the true character and consequences of religious intolerance, as the massacre of the Huguenots by royal authority, on the 25th of August, 1572, usually termed the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, as it was on the day consecrated to the worship of that saint, that the dreadful scene began. Charles the Ninth, an indolent and dissipated young man, then filled the throne of France, but the supreme power was in reality exercised by the queen mother, Catharine de Medicis, one of the most heartless and unprincipled women that ever wore a crown. Like most of the noble, but profligate family to which she belonged, Catharine united shameless intrigues and corrup-

tion with the most abject superstition. She sought to make peace with an offended God, when trampling habitually on all his commands, by pouring out, like water, the blood of those whom she chose to consider as heretics ; and surrounded by unscrupulous agents, who knew no will but hers, she was never at a loss for instruments suited to her purpose. But there was, in France, a large party of Protestants, who, under the command of their valiant leader, Henry of Navarre, afterwards the great Henry Fourth of France, and the brave Admiral de Coligny, had so often displayed their prowess on the field of battle, that all hope of overcoming them in open warfare was abandoned by Catharine and her advisers. Nothing remained but to try the effect of some of those tricks of state policy, with which the wily Florentine was so familiar, that her own sons seldom attempted to understand her movements.

A proposition was accordingly made, on the part of Charles and his mother, to the young and ardent Henry, to unite for ever the contending interests of the hostile parties, by a marriage with Marguerite of Valois, the daughter of Catharine, a princess of great beauty and wit, but like most of the court, utterly destitute of modesty or virtue. The most liberal offers were made to Henry and his followers, and a promise given of full amnesty for all previous offences. The unsuspecting prince caught the bait, and with a large retinue of faithful friends, among whom was the noble old Admiral Coligny, came to Paris to solemnize the nuptials which were to give peace to a distracted country. They were received with warm expressions of affection and esteem, the sincerity of which was at least questionable, coming as they did, from the lips of those who had so recently been arrayed in deadly hostility against them. But the devoted Huguenots seem to have had no misgivings, no doubts of the good faith of the royal party by whom they were so hospitably entertained—though a circumstance, that occurred soon after their arrival in Paris, might well have awakened suspicion



that evil was in store for them. Jane d' Albret, queen dowager of Navarre, a zealous Protestant, and a woman of uncommon excellence of character, came with her son, to witness a bridal which her heart too truly foreboded would be productive of evil rather than good to the cause she loved. Soon after her arrival, she was seized with violent illness, after wearing a pair of perfumed gloves which had been presented her by Catharine, and died in great agony, a victim of one of those subtle poisons which an Italian confederate of the queen-mother knew so well how to prepare. Her death carried dismay into the ranks of the Protestants throughout France, for while she lived, they were certain that her heroic but volatile son, would never swerve from the faith of his ancestors. Whatever anguish or alarm Henry himself may have felt on the occasion, it was studiously concealed, and the frankness and cordiality of his manner so won upon his royal brother-in-law, that the two princes were almost inseparable companions.

At length, the marriage of Henry of Navarre, and Marguerite of Valois, was publicly solemnized amidst unexampled scenes of festivity and rejoicing, in which the Protestants fully participated, little aware of their approaching doom. The time had now come, when a plan formed by queen Catharine, and for which she had watched, and labored, and dissimulated so long, was about to be accomplished. This was nothing less than the entire destruction of the Huguenots throughout the kingdom, together with that of Henry and his brave adherents. For this purpose, she had projected the union between the prince and her daughter, well knowing, that in no other way, could he be induced to enter Paris. Every thing was understood and prepared by her chosen agents, and at a given signal, an indiscriminate massacre of the hated Huguenots was to commence in Paris, and extend to every part of France. No quarter was to be given in any case—no tie of blood or friendship to be recognised—the watchword was—“death

to every heretic." It was not easy for Catharine to obtain the consent of Charles the Ninth, who, though a weak and profligate king, was not naturally cruel, but she so wrought on his political jealousies, and his superstitious fears, that at length he yielded, though with the express condition that the life of his brother and boon companion, Henry, should be spared. The queen mother secretly resolved to find some method of evading the promise thus extorted from her, and but for the watchfulness of Charles, and the quick wit of Marguerite, who was not yet weary of her youthful bridegroom, she would certainly have succeeded. He who has all hearts in his hand, and makes the wrath of man to praise him, preserved the life of this prince in an hour of imminent peril, by the most unlikely instruments, for both the king and his sister were so notorious for their intrigues and insincerity, that nothing good could have been expected from them.

It was on the eve of St. Bartholomew's day, the 24th of August, 1572, that the blow was to be struck, to which Catharine looked forward as the final overthrow of her enemies, and the triumph of her own cherished plans. The aged Coligny, who had spent some hours at the palace of the Louvre, in which the king then resided, had retired to his lodgings and was wrapped in peaceful slumber, and profound stillness brooded over the whole city, when the bell of St. Germaine de l'Auxerre struck the hour of twelve. This was the given signal, and instantly, as if a legion of fiends from below had been let loose upon mankind, the city resounded with the shouts of the infuriated populace, the tolling of bells, the cheers of the soldiery, and the cries and groans of the poor victims who were shot down in the streets, or murdered in their beds by scores and hundreds. Charles Ninth, "the father of his people," stood in the balcony of the Louvre, pale and trembling, and beside him, flushed with the consciousness of gratified revenge, was the cruel Catharine, encouraging the excited mob in their work of death. Everywhere they were

forcing open houses, crying—"Kill, kill, massacre the Huguenots!"—and declaring that the order was to slay even infants at the breast. The noble old Admiral, who next to the deceased queen, had been regarded as the chief pillar of the Protestant cause, was dragged from his bed, pierced with innumerable wounds, and his dead body thrown into the streets, to gratify the malice of his hereditary enemy, the Duke of Guise. Henry of Navarre and the Prince of Conde, only escaped, by being forced into the chapel where the priests were saying mass, by Charles, who loudly proclaimed the fact of their conversion to their blood-thirsty enemies. During that night of horrors, three thousand were slain in Paris alone; and throughout the kingdom, more than *seventy thousand* perished during the eight days of carnage that succeeded. But even this fearful slaughter did not satisfy the hatred of the queen mother, since Henry, who was its principal object, had survived the massacre of his brethren and subjects. No means were left untried to effect his destruction, but they were defeated by his own presence of mind, and the vigilance of Charles, who knew his mother, and was always on the alert to counteract her deadly purpose. His attachment to Henry was a mere caprice, liable at any moment to change, but it saved the life of the latter, when nothing else could have ensured it for a day. Weary at length of her ineffectual endeavors, Catharine devised a plan which promised complete success, and which was intrusted only to her Italian confessor and her youngest son, the Duke of Alencon, who fully shared her hatred and malignity towards Henry. A rare and curiously illuminated work on hunting and hawking, two sports of which Henry was immoderately fond, and which he had expressed a wish to examine, was to be the instrument of his death. Every page of the book was saturated with a poison so powerful, that the portion absorbed by the finger in turning them over, was sufficient to destroy life by the most excruciating tortures. It was then placed by Alencon on a table in the

room occupied by the prince, so that on returning from the hunt, he might examine its pages, and thus fall into the snare so artfully laid for him. But—

“There’s a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will.”

Instead of Henry, the first one who entered the room was the young monarch of France, who saw the volume, and with his characteristic eagerness and curiosity, began to turn over the fatal leaves, more and more delighted with them, until a loud howl from his favorite hound, who had followed him into the room, attracted his attention. The dog had caught up a stray leaf which had fallen on the floor, and was busily engaged in tearing it with his teeth, when he was seized with violent spasms, which, after an hour of frightful tortures, ended in death. Charles, who had for some time been conscious of strange and alarming sensations through his whole frame, understood at once his danger and its cause, and sending instantly for the Italian compounder of *medicines* for the queen, drew from him a confession of the whole plot. Powerful antidotes were immediately given him by the miserable tool of another’s vengeance, but the poison he had imbibed was incorporated with the vital current, and after lingering a few months, in intense suffering, he expired, charging Henry with his last breath, to leave Paris immediately. This he did, and some years afterward returned in triumph, to ascend, amidst the gratulations of a rejoicing people, the throne, for which Catharine de Medicis had stained her soul with so many crimes.

It is not easy for us, in this favored land, to imagine scenes such as we have briefly described in this sketch; but surely the far-off echoes that fall upon our ear, when we turn toward the past, are sufficient to awaken devout gratitude to Him who has given us so goodly a heritage. Let us remember, that “eternal vigilance is the price of” religious no less than civil “liberty,” and while we bless

God for the possession of both these priceless treasures, let us earnestly endeavor, in our own sphere, to guard for ourselves and our descendants, the hallowed institutions with which they are inseparably connected.

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### OUTLET OF LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

See Engraving.

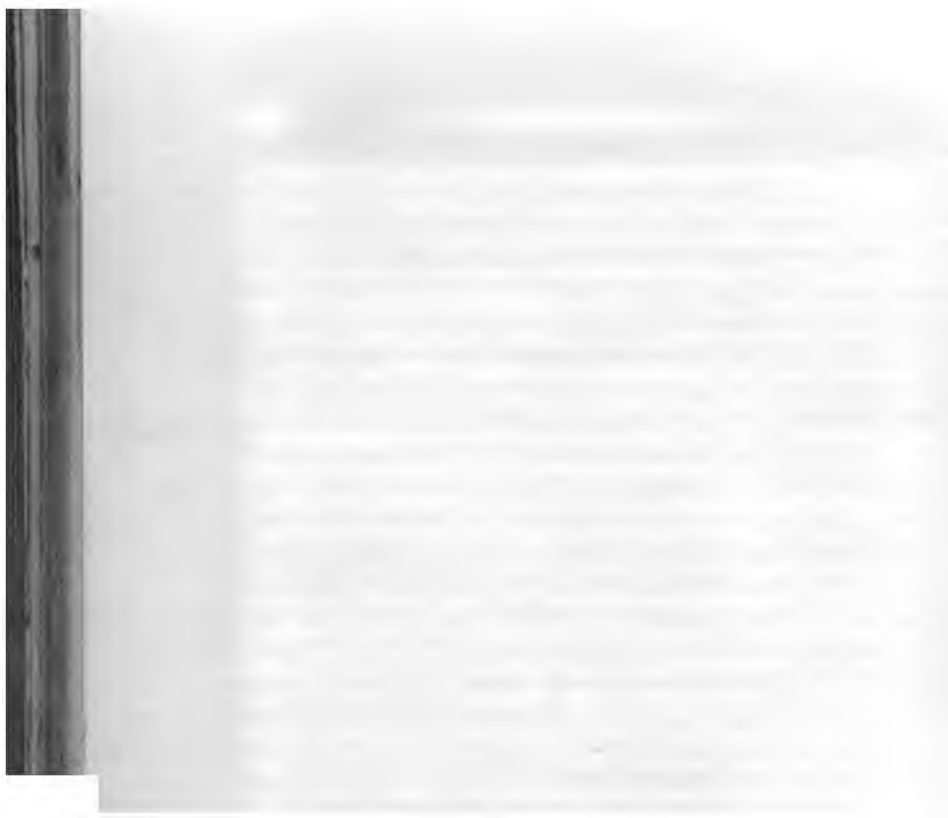
WE give our readers, this month, at the close of the first volume of our magazine, an uncommonly beautiful original engraving by Osborne, whose spirited and life-like views have so often enriched our pages. This lake with the long name, (a name which was the terror of our childhood,) is one of the loveliest of those sheets of water which render the northern part of New Hampshire and Maine so full of interest and beauty to the traveller. No engraving can do full justice to the charms of this lake scenery, beautiful as a poet's dream, which is daguerrotyped on the memory of those who have once beheld it; but the artist, in the view before us, has succeeded admirably in placing the landscape, with its points of permanent interest, before the spectator. The noble lake, with its indented shores and verdant islands—the rustic bridge thrown over the stream which forms its outlet—the little cluster of houses in the back ground—these form a picture of still life which the lover of nature cannot fail properly to appreciate. Of the execution of this engraving—its high finish, and the harmony of light and shade that pervades it, and which characterizes all the works of this artist, it is unnecessary to speak. The public verdict has placed him in the first class of our engravers, and the plate before us will not detract from his well-earned reputation.

We have in preparation, for the first number of our second volume, a plate of a character entirely different, which we are confident will be pronounced one of the most striking and beautiful of the kind ever published.

## A WORD TO OUR PATRONS.

THE present number closes the first volume of the "Ladies' Wreath." In our initial number, issued May, 1846, we pledged ourselves to the publication of a work, whose moral, as well as literary character, should be such as to entitle it to the confidence of every friend of a pure literature throughout the land. This pledge has, we feel assured, been fully redeemed. By the generous co-operation and assistance of some of the most gifted minds of our country, whose friendship is an honor, we have been enabled to bring before our patrons a rich variety of matter, from which almost every one might select something suited to her taste. We have aimed, to the utmost of our ability, not simply to interest, or amuse, but to benefit our readers, and so far as our humble influence extends, to leave the world better than we found it.

We commenced this work, one year since, without a subscriber, and now our subscription list numbers between six and seven thousand, and is rapidly increasing. For this success we thank the Giver of every good gift, and next to him, the kind friends whose approbation has hitherto cheered us in our work, and to whom we confidently look for continued patronage and support. The expense of getting up our Magazine, in the superior style in which it is issued, and of the plates and flowers, is so great, in proportion to the extremely low price at which it is offered, that less than ten thousand subscribers will not support it. We have made arrangements for the coming year, which will render the Wreath still more valuable, by adding a short botanical department, for the benefit of our fair readers who love and cultivate flowers. No expense or trouble will be spared to render the work still more worthy the popularity it has already gained; and in return, we trust our subscribers will not only continue with us another year, but wherever practicable, exert their influence with others in our behalf.









JUL 2 1957



